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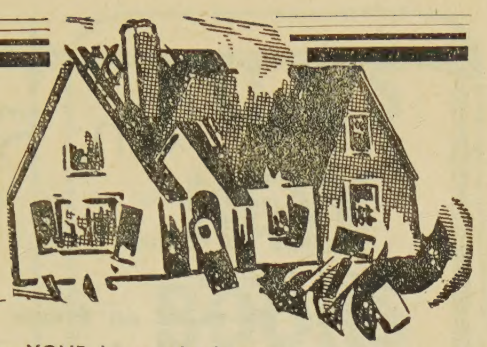

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ART, MORALITY AND CENSORSHIP

BY P. J. GANNON, S.J.

IT is not a question of prejudice or pious belief; it is not even a thesis in dispute; it is the verdict of history that art owes its origin to religion. It was in hymns to their God or gods that men's thoughts first learned to soar and burst spontaneously into song. It was in building temples to their conception of the Deity that they felt the earliest impulse to lift the vaulted dome, carve the column or mould the arch. To honour the immortal Gods the painter first plied his brush, the sculptor swung mallet and chisel, the jeweller cut his gems, the weaver fashioned cloth of purple or gold. Earth was rifled of its treasures and fruits to be laid in homage at the shrine of the Great Being whom man has always apprehended, with varying degrees of metaphysical accuracy, behind the phenomena or outward appearances of things, above the shifting kaleidoscope of the world. It was thus in Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, India, China, Greece, Rome, Mexico and Peru. It was preeminently so among the Israelites and in Christian Europe.

As an immediate consequence of this, art in the beginning was informed by such morality as the various religions taught. It reflected their ethical standards. In the case of pagans these were not always of the highest, though usually higher and purer the more we reach back to primitive simplicity of creed; for, contrary to what may be read in many works of pseudo-science, the pagan cults show traces of degeneracy in course of time rather than of that progressive evolution which is the basic assumption of so many modern writers.

We may note also, in passing, that in proportion as even pagan peoples weaken in their beliefs their art deteriorates from the purely aesthetic standpoint. Inspiration, sublimity, grandeur tend to vanish and be replaced by mere perfection of technique. Thought is sacrificed to style. Creative genius gives place to imitation, growing more and more servile, or to pedantic dulness, till in the end life evaporates completely and art passes through an unlovely dotage to an unhonoured grave. This process is entirely natural. For how can a soul growing sceptical, tired, despairing, which feels itself lost in a universe it cannot remotely understand, experience that *plenitudo essendi*, that fulness of being which it is the function of art to convey.

But though art be the foster-child of religion, we cannot deny that, grown to maturer years, it has, only too frequently, forgotten its beginnings and broken abruptly from the tutelage. Nay, it has often turned on its foster-mother and directed barbed and poisoned arrows against her.

This unnatural conduct could be exemplified from all cultures, ancient and modern. For brevity's sake we shall confine ourselves to our own.

The Christian religion watched over the cradle of all our arts. It tended them in childhood and was their most powerful patron in adolescence. Again, I need hardly labour the point. The miracle plays of medieval Europe were the forerunners of our drama. The hymns of the Church were the first essays of European peoples in literature and song. The Scriptures in the vernacular moulded most of the languages we speak to-day. Churches and monasteries were the first edifices of beauty or dignity. Painting, sculpture, carving, weaving, engraving, illuminating, stained glass—all show a sacred origin. In many cases the pioneers and inventors were religious, who alone had leisure or taste for aesthetic pursuits.

But the arts, though in the beginning repaying this service by making religion the chief theme of their activities, soon directed their attention to other aspects of life. There could be no quarrel with this. There really never was any quarrel with such a normal and entirely healthy development. Art according to the Greeks was meant to be an embellishment of life. It was also, in their sane judgment, a nepenthé or anodyne for human sorrow. A modern poet agrees :

'Tis ours anew to fashion
The dreams of long ago
And crown with large compassion
All things that deathward go.

Pale petals of worn roses
We gather ere they fall
And beauty that uncloses
We sing ere past recall.

Art has nature and life for its subject and enjoys a wide latitude in its choice of subject, as also a large liberty in its manner of treatment—a liberty to be jealously guarded till abused.

Art is not religion. Its purpose, though in many profound aspects akin to that of religion, is yet specifically different. Its object is aesthetic beauty ; that of religion is truth and moral beauty. Both are or should be spiritual. Both should tend to rescue man from the tyranny of the gross, the material, the brutal ; and lift him to higher planes of thought and emotion. Art, no less than religion, should mirror the essential, the ideal and the eternal. It should seek truth, but truth under the aspect of beauty. If all reality were beautiful, then the principles of realism in art would be unassailable. But since in this imperfect world there is physical and moral ugliness, all reality cannot be called the subject matter of art.

Hence, even on aesthetic grounds, we must condemn a great deal that is now paraded as art. But let us not lose ourselves in the labyrinth of criticism. Tastes are notoriously different and critics will dispute interminably on aesthetic problems. For our purpose here

we need not take sides in this clash of minds and sentiments. Even if it were granted that art could be great and yet immoral, then it stands condemned on this latter ground alone; for art is not the *summum bonum* of life. The theory of "art for art's sake" is an evident fallacy. The obvious truth is "art for man's sake"; and it must subserve the higher interests of man or be indicted at the bar of reason and religion alike.

Now man, I take it, is a moral being. Of course if this be not granted, all my contention falls to the ground. If man be merely an evolved primate, then I can neither understand him nor his art, nor the meaning of his existence. I can see nothing in life but an enigma, and I can advance no proposition at all with any confidence that it is true. Truth itself becomes the mysterious and ever changing sense impression of an evolving brain. From such a starting-point no man can construct any intellectual or spiritual edifice whatsoever. Philosophic speculation is ruined at the base. And all that our lips can utter on this or any other subject is just chatter—simian chatter. But as we find it hard to acquiesce in such a conclusion—as men will continue to speak and act as if truth, absolute truth, existed—so we shall here assume, for we must, that man is a moral being, with moral interests—and these his highest.

This being so, we can surely claim that, whereas these interests are not entrusted to art and are not the specific or necessary purpose of art, they do constitute a negative norm at least by which to judge it. That is to say, art cannot run counter to them under the plea that it is a law unto itself. In the totality of life art has its place, a legitimate and an honoured one, but not an exclusive right of city, nor any right at all if it abuse its ample charter and turn itself into a source of moral and spiritual infection. Even on sociological, as distinct from religious or philosophical grounds, the state has the right and the duty to protect itself from the manifold evils which spring inevitably from moral decline among its subjects. Nobody contends that, in insisting on those laws of sanitation and physical hygiene which are needed to prevent the ravages of plague, the state is acting tyrannously. Nobody proposes that we should go back to the conditions which caused the Black Death in the Middle Ages. Why then should a community be bound to sit inactive and look on complacently while the wells of life are poisoned for its members by conscienceless men and women moved by the passion for gain or notoriety, or some less worthy motive.

The excuse often offered for the veritable deluge of problem plays, novels, pictures, films and phono-films which is flooding the world—namely, that they are true, that they represent real life, that prototypes of all the characters can be found in our cities or villages or hillsides—is no excuse at all, either from the aesthetic or ethical point of view. For, first of all, these pathological specimens resemble bodily tumours and cancerous growths. They are moral deformities, as repulsive in themselves

as leprosy or lupus. They may be actual, in the sense that they do occur; but they are hardly typical. And certainly they are not beautiful; and therefore they are not the subject matter of art. Painters do not usually set their easels before a manure heap or a sewer and call it art to depict faithfully that which is in itself only offensive to the senses. There is just as little excuse for descending into the moral sewers which unfortunately do run under life, particularly in great cities where crowded populations lead a life divorced from the healing influence of nature and now, very often, of religion.

The success attending these works is not due to their truthfulness or beauty at all. The fact that men do not turn away from them in disgust, as they would from scenes of physical ugliness, is to be traced entirely to the morbid curiosity on sex and sex-problems which is inherent in nature since the Fall. The literati deliberately trade on this weakness, the most humiliating weakness of mankind, and offer as an excuse a passion for truth or, sometimes more hypocritically still, a zeal to correct the excesses of instinct by portraying them in the most vivid colours. It is just cant this whole campaign for unrestrained licence in art. Such licence is not necessary; it is not even good for art; and if it were, it would have to be repudiated on other and weightier grounds.

For have not the plain folk, who are not highbrows or moral perverts or introverts or inverts, but just ordinary men and women, conscious of a weakness they must guard against and genuinely desirous that the difficulties shall not be deliberately increased—have not they a right to some consideration? Are their claims not to be voiced at all? To do so now requires a considerable measure of courage. For if anyone ventures to protest, he is likely to be met with the insinuation that it is only his own evil mind which can see anything wrong in the grand, sincere, and curative picture of life as it is. He will be dubbed a philistine, a puritan, an early Victorian. It will be hinted that only a double dose of nastiness in his own make-up causes him to object. He will be told that all present sexual troubles spring from the unwholesome reticence which leads to ignorance in the young and through ignorance to vice.

These high-souled artists are, if we accept them on their own valuation, the real reformers. Men and women shall be truly moral when all are initiated as early as possible into all the mysteries of iniquity which may anywhere exist. Nay, I have seen the contention urged, in all seriousness, that the great remedy for concupiscence is nakedness and that the specific against dangerous curiosity is to satisfy its first promptings.

It is not easy to decide how much honesty lies behind these assertions; but it is easy to see how little truth is in them and how little they are borne out by experience. We have, for a whole generation at least, been subjected to a progressive campaign of enlightenment on these matters by the press, the stage, the novel, the film and certain pretended works

of science. We have gone a good deal of the way towards a return to the fig-leaf in costumes. If the contention mentioned were true, it ought to follow that the young people at present far surpass their grandfathers or grandmothers in conduct; that, knowing all things early, they only approve the good and embrace it.

But can that be really maintained by any one who reads the daily press? Are not the police courts, the divorce courts, the statistics of illegitimacy, and all the other sources we have for controlling sociological facts, eloquent in a flat denial of such a plea? Are not all those most competent to decide nearly unanimous in admitting a sharp decline in morality, and particularly in sexual morality, in most countries of the world? Even here in Ireland must we not frankly admit that there are many alarming symptoms of a growing lack of restraint, a spreading licence threatening our one time high standard of domestic life.

And again can anyone doubt that modern novels, magazines, illustrated journals, dubious plays, vicious films, with the allied agencies of immodest fashions and improper dances, are largely responsible for this result? There may be other causes; there are. But these are potent factors in the rake's progress; and if we are wise, we shall endeavour, before it is too late, to call a halt to them somehow. And in doing so we must be prepared to hear all sorts of wild and whirling epithets hurled at our heads. These will not hurt us, if we are sure of ourselves and take the measure of our accusers. We should insist boldly and intransigently upon the principles of Christian morality. Let us remember that two of the greatest virtues known to men—charity and chastity—might almost be said to be exclusively Christian—in this sense that, though Pagan peoples may have dreamed of them as ideals, Christianity alone had the power to implant them in the breasts of men and lift fallen nature to the practice of them. It realised the ideal which floated before men's minds but surpassed their power of attainment without the teaching, the example and the grace of Christ.

At present, of course, all pay lip-service to these ideals. But as outside the Church men are endeavouring to base them on merely naturalistic principles, they are failing to live up to them; and the failure must grow more and more pronounced in proportion as the dogmatic basis disappears. We at least, to whom the Christian faith is still a reality, should build upon it as a sure foundation. We should remember what Lord Hugh Cecil said many years ago in the British Parliament: "The shadow of a great apostasy is brooding over Christendom. The maxims of the Christian law are pure and high. Men are feeling that they are a burden. Everywhere they are being set aside." That apostasy has widened and deepened in the interval. And surely the consequences are now written in letters of fire on every horizon. Only the wilfully blind can fail to see

in recent events the judgment of God falling upon apostate peoples, who thought to flout the moral order of the universe and get away with it. But the moral law is like the law of gravity. To sin against it is to be broken by it. And a whole civilisation is now reeling under the repercussion of its own crimes. Nor is the end of the retribution in sight. It will continue till men repent.

The Church has the right to preach this doctrine from the housetops, for it never lowered the flag of dogma, never wavered in its moral teaching. It is for the men who have long been denying the faith and tampering with its moral code to open their eyes or perish in an inferno of their own creation.

In Ireland we have still a valid religion. Let us live up to it, or we too shall lose it in time and drift with the vast tide of irreligion and immorality to the degradation and the spiritual despair which is finding an echo in the literature and art of a world for which the meaning of life and its dignity, the nature of man and his destiny are becoming as enigmatical as the smile of the Sphinx.

This means mobilising public opinion in defence of the ancient sanctities of the home. It means insisting on such safeguards as are possible for the young. It means protecting them from the seductive influence of an art and literature charged with the germs of death and decay. It means also, I fear, legislative action. This is deeply to be regretted. No one wants the multiplication of laws. No sensible person likes the slightest unnecessary interference with the liberty of the individual. But after all the complexity of modern life, its vast and tangled problems growing every day more insistent and more difficult, has forced upon us an amount of interference unknown in the past. We cannot, for example, leave motorists free to run us down at sight. Traffic regulations are necessary, not because all drivers are potential murderers but because some are. We have had to legislate about eggs and butter, because some individuals are too stupidly selfish to act wisely in their own interests or those of the community.

Similarly the film plague, for it is little less, has forced every people to take action in order to safeguard itself from demoralisation. Our previous censor of films once wrote " Ireland is not so much in danger of Anglicisation as of Los Angelesisation," and he had reason to know. It is a terrible commentary on the producers of films in what are technically called Christian lands that the Japanese censor, where Pagan standards rule, had to cut out 800,000 feet of their films in a single year.

Later the Saorstát felt constrained to institute a censorship of books, periodicals, journals and the like. Everyone remembers what a storm of protest the very notion of it aroused. You would fancy that all the liberties of the land were in danger. Characteristically enough, the campaign was led by a newspaper which, throughout its history, fought

with all its influence against political liberty and had no word of protest against the suppression of such organs of opinion as voiced the aspirations of the Irish nation for political emancipation. It stood for " law and order," when law and order were synonymous with British Rule. Writings criticising this were dangerous pabulum for the impressionable Celt. But writings criticising the basic truths of Christian morality, writings advocating divorce and Malthusianism, writings steeped in a sickly eroticism were not so dangerous to impressionable youth as to call for any legal restraint. The hackneyed gibe of Milton, apologist for divorce, at " a cloistered and fugitive virtue " was quoted, and the *Areopagitica* was taken down from the shelves where it had gathered dust as long as Dublin Castle was making a forlorn stand to maintain the Ascendancy regime.

Many of our " Intellectuals " grew apoplectic in their rage. From England the redoubtable G. B. Shaw intervened with a contribution which had not even the dialectical acumen or seasoning of humour rarely absent from his iconoclastic pages. Lesser lights naturally gave us still more crude philosophy. An Irish lady wrote from Paris, the city of Zola and Anatole France, the spiritual home of George Moore and James Joyce: " The superstitions of morality are geographical. If Christianity has not supplied standards for mutual (*sic !*) self-respect, suitable to the chemistry and climate of the Irish Free State, it seems hopeless to add hypocrisy to other afflictions." Another Irish lady, speaking in London, declared the bill ridiculous and impossible, saw in it somehow an infringement of women's rights, and added: " Such legislation is fostered or suggested by the monastic, celibate type to whom women are not only dangerous and explosive, but also a rather indecent quantity." But she concluded with a brave defiance: " I think, as far as we women are concerned, we may let them go on with their Censorship Bill; for we shall probably read in the end exactly what we want." We were informed that the Free State would become the laughing-stock of the world. And of course we were told that we were setting up a new barrier to the unity of Ireland.

One would imagine that we were inaugurating an unheard of thing. But what were the facts? Fascist Italy had passed a far more stringent measure. Republican Germany had taken to itself power to suppress both " dirt and rubbish." Republican America exercised a censorship through the mails and could prosecute the producers and actors of offensive plays. The Lord Chamberlain in England could ban dramatic representations, which are here even yet uncontrolled.

I do not often find myself in agreement with Mr. St. John Irvine. But during the great hub-bub of those rapidly receding days he wrote in the *Observer* some sensible paragraphs: " There are some, but not many, daring souls who demand that all censorships shall be abolished.

Let every form of expression, they insist, be free and untrammelled. Whoever has anything to say must be allowed to say it when and where and how he pleases, no matter what may be the consequences to the rest of the community! This is not a doctrine that is ever likely to be popular in a world containing more than one person, and no time need now be spent in demonstrating its silliness. If all men were reasonable, censorship might not be necessary. But since all men are not reasonable and seem unlikely to become reasonable for at least another couple of years, we may assume that some regulation of opinion will not only continue but will be desirable. No officer of the State is more often or more vigorously assailed than the Censor of Plays; yet he remains in his office and appears, at present, to be stronger than ever."

He has also something to say about the plea that literary merit redeems indecency: "There is a form of cant which causes woolly-witted persons to assert that a man of genius, when he takes to indecency, is either not harmful or not so harmful as a common-minded author. Zola is supposed to be more able to undo a man's morals than Anatole France. Shakespeare cannot disturb febrile emotions so effectively as Mrs. Elinor Glyn! The which is bosh . . . . . The greater the man, the greater his ability to affect us; and, if a genius chooses to be salacious, he is certain to be the more effective in stirring up the silt in our natures than any common hack. I am, therefore, opposed to the canting snobs who, while willing to be rigorous with the cheap-jack, are anxious to be lenient with the genius. If there is to be any hard dealing at all, let us be harder on the great men than we are on the little ones."

"Stirring up the silt in our natures"—that is a good phrase for the effect produced by many books and dramas of recent decades. And the philosophy informing these books is just devastating in its gloom and pessimism. It lowers man's self-respect, chills his hopes, kills his ideals and makes him a prey to all forms of spiritual maladies. Lacfadio Hearn was certainly no pietist. He abandoned, in the East, whatever faith he ever possessed. Yet he could write: "After reading Zola, the sky seems less blue and the sun much farther away." A similar result is occasioned by reading his successors of the naturalistic school, which has now unfortunately spread to other lands.

Half-a-century ago English literature was still singularly free from indecency and profanity. It was at least not sex-obsessed. But all that has now changed. There are some writers true to the older and the nobler tradition. But there are only too many men and, what is more abhorrent, women who permit themselves a licence unexampled in English literature since the Restoration. Sir Max Pemberton was not, as far as I know, a puritan or a philistine, and his words are emphatic: "Cynicism is the fashion. In pictures, plays and books we can see the record of our decadence. One fellow even goes so far as to say that we are 'back at

the Restoration.' And nobody has come forward to challenge this assertion. For my part I am convinced that it is true. Nowhere in the history of literature and the theatre can I read of an age when so much witless filth was foisted upon an unprotesting people or when young men and women demanded so boldly to be quit of all ancient restraints . . . . . Even William Wycherly would walk out of many a room where the Bright Young People are scattering the flowers of their wit " (*Daily Mail*, Feb. 1, 1930).

A lady critic wrote about the same time, in a far from puritanical magazine, an indictment of her own sex who, she says, now compose the majority of the audiences : " Young, middle-aged and elderly women queue up for all kinds of suggestive and hectic plays ; they make them profitable ; they can stand things that in the old ribald days would have disgusted a stockbroker . . . . . They demand ever stronger meat, and the demand creates the supply. Plays grow nastier and more plain-spoken. The effect on those who attend them is evident in daily life. It is a bad effect ; and unless something is done, and done soon, it will grow worse. It lies largely in the hands of the most popular actresses to clean up the stage. They could unite and refuse to play in unsavoury plays. They could, but will they ? "

It is also, alas, to be admitted that the contagion has affected many of our native novelists and playwrights. Nothing is to me more puzzling or humiliating than the fact that, among Anglo-Irish authors of the present and the last generation, so many have acquired quite an unenviable reputation for the grossness and impropriety of their work. Some of them undoubtedly display talent, even great talent. But talent is no excuse for indecency. They also display a marked preference for the hard, brutal and sordid side of life, with a positive delight in depicting their country and its people in the most unpleasing colours. We have not any greater objection than other nations to seeing the wens upon the national visage appear in the portrait. But any outsider who judged Irish life from the pages of these authors would get a far from true impression of it. It would at least be a very one-sided impression. There will be plenty of cruelty, selfishness, meanness and immorality in any large agglomeration of human beings. But why it should be considered art to fix on these unlovely traits, to the exclusion of all the amiable and noble ones which balance these vices, is hard to comprehend. It would seem as if " the Island of Saints and Scholars " cliché had got on the nerves of our men of letters and dramatists. Hence they appear eager to pour ridicule on it. We may, perhaps, as a nation have fallen from grace ; but we have not fallen just so low as our new interpreters depict us. It is these latter, rather, who have fallen below the moral standards of the people.

When the censorship bill was passed most people felt that it was a

weak and halting compromise, too limited in scope to exclude the most dangerous of all works—namely those which preach and propagate false philosophies subversive of society. Neither did it deal with those subtly subversive books in which—if the proprieties were not outraged—the ethics of naturalism were substituted for Christian asceticism and the Great God Pan came shambling in with all that follows in his train. But it was something to have a barrier, however imperfect, against the inroads of open indecency. Our literati, of course, were indignant. They spoke and wrote as if the measure was just a wanton attack upon their liberty, inspired by small and petty motives on the part of those who, lacking culture themselves, were incapable of appreciating it in others.

Accordingly, these self-appointed defenders of liberty inaugurated a campaign against the censorship which has never quite died down and has risen, from time to time, into major offensives. The latest of these has even led to a formal debate in the Senate from which, according to the editor of the *Irish Times* (19 Nov. 1942), " the Senate has not emerged with any great credit." This is curious ; for his own report of the debate makes it clear that it was the literati and their mouthpiece, Sir John Keane, who were discredited. The editor himself admits that Sir John was " badly briefed ". By whom, if not by the literati ? But he went beyond his brief and floundered into a profession of ethical relativism, which makes him (unwittingly, for he failed to see all the implications of his words) a greater social menace than a mere purveyor of what the *Observer* of Nov. 15, 1942 calls " shoddy-bawdy." He said, as reported in the *Irish Times* : " I think it is important to remember that the standard of judgment on these moral matters is changed." Changed ? By whom ? By what authority ? Christian moral standards do not change. They are as fixed and firm as Christian dogma. And it is mere confusion of mind to fancy that one remains a Christian while abandoning either the creed or the code of Christianity. Yet the code is here abandoned, in open avowal, by the admission that *standards* change. This is, in substance, exactly equivalent to the words (cited above) of the Irish lady in Paris : " The superstitions of morality are geographical . . . . . suitable to the chemistry and climate " (of a country). Our good Senator will doubtless object to the comparison and reject the inference. But if standards are relative at all, they may as well be attributed to climate and chemistry as to the flux of time.

It follows also from this ethical relativity that cannibalism is moral where custom endorses it, that adultery or sodomy become moral when they become prevalent. In a word, according to Sir John Keane's ethics, any vice whatever has only got to grow general, in order to turn into a virtue. This is the logic of the situation. Needless to say, I am not charging him with formally professing this conclusion. Yet, if he gets up in our Senate Chamber and seeks to alter our laws in favour of

an absolutely devastating error, he cannot complain if he is called to account and held responsible not only for what he says but for all that his words involve. And his words do involve the most pestilential error of our days, which makes it quite impossible to call even mass murder a crime, if the perpetrators profess that they are acting in the higher interests of the State.

The editor of the *Irish Times*, in his leading article on the debate, divides the nation into two classes—one in power but not in the majority, the other outlawed (to which, of course, himself and the literati belong)—and writes : " One, an outlawed class, maintains that mankind possesses a fundamental sense of decency, and that the Irish people are not worse than the rest. This is the class which insists that virtue sooner or later finds its level, that the naturally decent mind remains uncorrupted even by the dirtiest book, and that a nation which is prone to sin will not be distracted therefrom by Act of Parliament or by any process of constraint." This passage, implicitly if not formally, denies the Fall of Man. It also flatly contradicts Scripture which says that " man is prone to evil from his youth." But its worst characteristics are its evasiveness and disingenuousness. It asserts (1) " a fundamental sense of decency," which is too vague a phrase to be worth uttering ; (2) " that virtue sooner or later finds its own level," which conveys no meaning whatever and has no bearing on the question in debate ; (3) " that the naturally decent mind remains uncorrupted even by the dirtiest book," which is just untrue and very like what the Americans call " boloney." It insinuates that, because restraint cannot make the heart virtuous, it cannot prevent a dirty-minded scribbler from pouring his own indecent ideas into the " naturally decent mind." It is the very worst form of sophistry and has only served to harden the hearts of the general public, who believed that there might have been some real grievance behind the clamour. Now it is manifest that our censors, who have banned 1,600 publications and are challenged on four, need no defence. They have the common people of Ireland on their side, and it is in the interests of the common people of Ireland that they exercise the unpleasant and unrequited functions of censorship.

P. J. GANNON

THE MENACE OF HOLLYWOOD

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY
Film Censor 1923–1940

ABOUT twenty years ago thoughtful people expressed a fear that the cinema—which was then about ten years in Ireland—was becoming an ever increasing danger to the manners and morals of our people : the state had already taken action, by the passing of the Censorship of Films Act 1923, to install a sort of sin-filter, and an effort was being made through schools, colleges and universities to foster a national culture. Many felt that the newly formed Free State was still in danger of Anglicization, as every evening boys and girls, from our educational institutions, crowded the Picture Houses in the cities, while in every little town—and in some remote villages—people flocked from shop and farm to the cheapest of all amusements—absorbing ideas of life which, with few exceptions, were vulgar and sensational. Could any people for long preserve a distinct national character in face of such a bombardment?

At that time I read a paper, privately, to a very small audience, pointing out that Anglicization was not the greater evil, but that Hollywood from its film factories in Los Angeles was waging a fight with national cultures everywhere, and that England itself had become aware of its danger. I called my paper " The Menace of Los Angelesicization " (a clumsily coined word I admit, but fairly expressive). I also wrote a few articles, anonymously, in the *Irish Statesman*; and as the subject is as topical as ever—owing to a recent breach between the American League of Decency and the U.S.A. film trade—I am again using a revised version of the title and a little of the matter.

The war has not led to an exaltation of morality—on the contrary—and the task of the Film Censor is harder than ever. Although the Movies have had a comparatively short life, they have changed very much in character, type and quality, in content and technique ; but it is interesting to note that the charges made to-day are, for the most part, the same charges that were made in 1910, '15, '25 and '30. The charges may be summarized : offensive or shocking to moral sensibilities, violation of moral principles, obscenity, corruption of public manners, formation of vicious habits, adult immorality, injury to health of children, creation of false notions and unfounded opinions, warping of character during formative years, cause of juvenile delinquency. The tenor of these charges is essentially similar to Christian and Platonic criticism : Plato and Aristotle thought primarily—if not exclusively—of the young. Christianity in objecting to the theatre did so without making this distinction. The

contemporary situation is different, as adults and children share in the enjoyment of the same art and go to the same theatre for amusement.

Plato asks " Shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tale which may be devised by casual people and let them receive into their minds ideas, for the most part, the very opposite of those we should wish them to have when they are grown up? . . . . . it will be necessary to establish a censorship." In the Encyclical " Vigilanti Cura " His Holiness Pius XI said : " Recreation in its manifold variety has become a necessity of people who labour under the fatiguing conditions of modern industry, but it must be worthy of the rational nature of man, and therefore must be morally healthy . . . It admits of no discussion that the motion picture has achieved, in these last few years, a position of universal importance among modern means of diversion."

The problem of the effect of the films on the child mind is the most difficult with which censorships are confronted. It is obvious that both good boys and bad boys attend films ; but whether badness is the result or cause of Picture House attendance, or whether it is entirely dissociated from it is a disputed point. There can be no denial of the fact of the growth of juvenile delinquency ; but, as in the case of adult criminality, there is a balance of affirmative and negative opinion in regard to the effect of the cinema. So far as there are any scientific data even remotely relevant to this point, they are extremely unreliable and plainly inconsistent. I have read *The Cinema in Education* by Sir James Marchant. It is a very full statement, with elaborate graphs and statistics. Children were grouped in various classes and directed to write essays to show the amount of information received by them from certain films. The results obtained are confusing, and I don't wonder. It is very difficult to get from a child —or in most cases from grown-up people—a full statement of what has been carried to the brain visually. The fitting of words to an experience is by no means the same thing as remembering someone else's description of it. The following statement is made in the report : " The residuum of history left after reading a historical novel is small ; still less is that after witnessing a film." Personally I question this conclusion.

I plodded through the volumes of the Payne Reports on this subject, when preparing this article, and " came out through the same door as in I went." The conclusions are that age is not always a matter of chronology. The precocious child is not rare in the U.S.A., and you may find a cynic of ten and an infant of sixteen ; but here is a summary of an examination of many experiments taken from, probably, one of the most valuable and thoughtful works on the Cinema, *Art and Prudence* by Professor Adler (Chicago) : " The scientific work that has been done is of little or no practical value on the crucial point, the influence of motion pictures on moral character and conduct ; science has not altered or improved the state of existing opinion. In the few instances in which the work has

been well done and reported with proper scientific restraint . . . . . the findings do not warrant any moral judgements about the effects discovered."

Provision was made in the Censorship of Films Act 1923 to permit the issue of a limited certificate for films which might not be considered suitable for children ; but, up to this, it has not been utilized. Films with such a limited certificate might arouse the curiosity of adolescents—at a dangerous age—and tempt them to gain admission to a Picture House under false pretences—thus fostering a contempt for the law. Films are passed, as far as practicable, free from features calculated to influence injuriously the child mind. Consequently drastic cuts and frequent rejections are made, which the use of the limited certificate would render unnecessary.

Part of the code voluntarily adopted by Hollywood refers to films for children : " Laws regulating the attendance of minors at motion pictures . . . . . have been evaded by both parents and exhibitors . . . . . The production of films for exclusively juvenile audiences . . . . has been attended by financial failures. The economic factor cannot be disregarded. The practice of using a theatre for adults only has not been found completely satisfactory, and is only partly effective."

When the almighty dollar was " telling the world " that, although Britannia ruled the seas, America ruled the screen, England woke up to the danger and passed a quota Act, which ordained the compulsory screening of a growing percentage of British films in every British Picture House. Millions of English pounds poured in for the equipment of studios, but somehow the results were so poor that many exhibitors risked heavy penalties rather than exhibit them. Hollywood was already an acquired taste ; it had trained a distinctive type of film actor and had boomed the mummer into stardom by elaborate advertisement of how these stars, with their princely salaries, lived, loved, and divorced.

The English actor regarded the screen as a side-line—more or less—not to be taken seriously. The producers also thought in terms of the stage plays. But English audiences wanted something more realistic than the celluloid equivalent of the Crummles real pump. Wardour Street, which gave a name to cheap theatricality in the days of Dickens and Thackeray, became again a synonym for tawdry and sometimes bawdy films. However, in the fulness of time, an improvement set in, and in pre-war days there were many creditable productions—particularly when they tried to express themselves and did not attempt to copy Hollywood.

When the Cinema was born, the eighteen-nineties were writing fin-de-siècle on the pages of the Yellow Book, and art, which might have fostered the wonderful babe, was reposing in the fantastic and exotic retreat from morality created by Beardsley. Maybe this, from the moral aspect, was all for the better. It was an " Art for Art's sake " period. A story is told that the late W. B. Yeats, who was one of the original

members of the Film Censorship Appeal Board, had a conversation on the censorship with one of the Plain People of Ireland. " Art has no sympathy with ethics," said W. B. ; " vice and virtue are merely materials in the hands of an artist with which to achieve beauty." " Sure you took the words out of my mouth, Mr. Yeats " said the Plain Person. If the story is true, Yeats was quoting from the preface to *Dorian Gray*, where Wilde also says : " All art is useless." Would Plato have admitted the poets of the nineties into the Republic ?

Neglected by poets and artists, the foundling was adopted by the showman, who placed it in his caravan with the bearded lady and other freaks, and there it was found by what U.S.A. journalists call the Big Gain Hunters, who sensed its possibilities for mass entertainment : they made it a parasite instead of an independent art. What a great wonder the Cinema would have been to-day—wonderful as it is—if it had not fallen into the wrong hands in its early childhood. It is not only a new interpretative art form, but it is the only new one that historic man has ever known : drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture and music have evolved with us from the dimmest dawn of pre-history and are tied up with traditions ; but this method of projection on a screen of a visual flow, giving unity to a trinity of light, shadow, and motion, is unique : anything the mind of man can imagine and project in visual image is within its scope. Motion for its own sake is within its essence. Notwithstanding its having fallen into the wrong hands in childhood, it is still in its youth ; who can predict to what marvellous evolution it is tending ? Sight and sound projection has reached such heights of technical excellence that imagination is tempted to predict marvels in a few years ; perceptible change is no longer a matter of centuries.

Goethe says : " Art is called art because it is not nature." The Cinema as an art fails when it gives an illusion of complete actuality—and, unfortunately, this seems to be the ambition of most producers ; they build in Hollywood a replica of an old cathedral or, as in " How Green was my Valley," an English mining-village ; but is an exact replica necessary ? France and Germany have shown that such literal realism is not essential. The artist selects and eliminates to convey his ideas of the beautiful. Whistler has said : " Nature contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music, but the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science these elements that the result may be beautiful, as the musician gathers his notes and brings forth from chaos glorious harmony. To say to the painter that nature is to be taken as she is—is to say to the player that he may sit on the keyboard."

It is of interest to recall how Los Angeles got its stranglehold on the world. What we called " The Great War " gave America her opportunity ; the Cinema from 1914 to 1918, and after, had no chance to develop in

Europe ; California offered constant sunlight in beautiful natural surroundings. The country's intrinsic shrewdness suggested that here was an opportunity to start an industry capable of almost illimitable expansion ; so Hollywood came into being, and fortunes were made by promoters and actors. When the war ended, the banks gave their help, at a time when poverty-stricken Europe was engaged in licking its self-inflicted wounds. Even now, during the horrid slaughter, America stands predominant.

I am one of the few who feel that the evolution of the Movies towards being an independent art was arrested by the introduction of speech ; the aim of the " Talkie " is not only actuality but realism. If only speech had been delayed a while, an admirable " silent " convention would have arrived. A German film, " The Last Laugh," gave one of the finest character sketches ever mimed by that outstanding actor, Emil Jannings. We saw not only the acts of a man but his feelings—and all without an explanatory sub-title ; speech would have ruined the artistry of this acme of cinema art, although it was slightly marred by an anticlimax put in as a sop to the Box Office. The " Gold Rush," Chaplin's silent masterpiece, was revived recently with a running commentary, but it was annoying and distracting to have something said in words which already had been far more subtly expressed in visual images.

The Cinema, instead of developing as an independent art, has been made the parasite of the theatre. The commercial exploiters have not recognized that every art has its limitations, which are strictly controlled by its medium. You cannot do silversmith work in terms of granite, oil painting should not imitate water colour, and tapestry and mosaic should not try to imitate the other arts ; they can achieve beauty within their own legitimate limits ; literature and the drama have their own distinctive boundaries ; Dickens was a great novelist who did not trust his genius for the novel, but was persuaded that it could be bettered by learning from the drama—from the very bad drama of his time ; he was a great creator of character, but he has cast his wonderful creations into the stagiest of plots. Take *Nicholas Nickelby*—where that nurseling of immortality, Vincent Crummles, struts his brief hour. Quiller Couch has said in one of his Cambridge lectures : " Vincent Crummles could have written the greater part of *Nickelby*, but Crummles could only have written it after Dickens had made him."

The financiers of the Cinema industry take a story which is a best seller or a play which has had a long run, and consign it to Hollywood. Turn a director and a cast loose on a story or a play and even the author would scarcely know his work. Remember the object of the producer is mass entertainment ; so he must appeal to the dullest intellects and the smallest minds, and there is no surer sign in the world of a small mind than inattention. Therefore inattention in an audience makes for stereotyped forms of entertainment—direct, emphatic, vehement. Hence the

continuous sensationalism. The producer has his formula for the composition of a picture; the ideal plot—stated in all seriousness in a Trade Paper—is made up of sex-appeal, human interest, story-value, and artistic merit. Give percentages in varying values and it can be understood why censorship is as necessary as supervision is to insure pure food and drugs. Prior to the action of the League of Decency—and again, as will be stated later on—some producers concentrated on sex-appeal, as if it were the only thing in the world; their pictures of womanhood were so far below the standard of oriental morality that they lowered all decent conceptions of manly honour and womanly virtue. Triangle plays are the revolts of passion against a high ideal. They take the pleasure calculus as a criterion and challenge the whole Christian trend of marriage. The movies are the outcome of a highly organized machinery supplying a standard quality of entertainment; appetite feeds on desire, and the producer is now the victim of the Frankenstein he has created. Even if he aspired to better things, his monster won't let him.

It has been said, if a film has a good run in the Middle West, that the greater part of the cost of production is paid. This may or may not be correct; but there are three books by Sinclair Lewis which are said to give an approximate picture of this region, and if so, we may assume that there are millions of " Babbits," in thousands of " Main Streets," listening to hundreds of " Elmer Gantrys." Up to a very short time ago, there were Ku Klux Klansmen filled with bigoted zeal against Catholics, Jews and Negroes. There were also lynchings carried out with abnormal savagery. Such factors must be taken into account when considering the outburst of crime that came with Prohibition. These factors explain why sadism took the place of eroticism when the League of Decency started to disinfect the movies. This Middle West is the largest and readiest film-market in the world. It is peopled largely by a primitive rural community known to the cinema trade as the " Hicks," and consequently the world must take what the " Hick " desires. The Hick is about three generations from the Cowboy—and is still Cowboy at heart. I read an authoritative article in which it was told how the taste of this ready-to-hand audience was gradually led to sex-appealing rubbish; this appeal was found essential when Broadway had to be catered for; so the controlling magnate adjusted the films to his own reactions—he knew that the tired business man turns from a day of frenzied finance to a night of frilly frollics. Hence the succession of back stage intrigue, racketeers, bootleggers and their molls, and bare-bodied blondes in all the Woolworth glitter of tawdry tragedy.

It is hard to understand the mentality of the U.S.A. film industry; it controls the most powerfully suggestive machine ever known, yet it spends its time showing the whole country as a hot-bed of every kind of vice. If we were to judge the country on its film presentation, we might

infer it as a land whose inhabitants had the minds of nit-wits obsessed by sex to the exclusion of everything else. Seduction is shown as a national pastime, with a marriage interlude that inevitably leads to a Reno divorce for a "Happy Ending." The co-educational features, showing boys' and girl's schools and colleges with love intrigues and petting parties, are both tiresome and objectionable. I once asked the late T. P. O'Connor, when he was British Film Censor, why he passed them. He said he often wondered why the American Government let them out of their country, as they showed precocious adolescents, in training for their future positions, in the usual triangles.

"Vigilanti Cura," to which I have already referred, was issued in June 1936. His Holiness says: "In an agreement entered into by common accord in March 1930, solemnly sealed and signed and published in the Press, they [the directors of the film industry] formally pledged themselves to safeguard for the future the moral welfare of the patrons of the cinema . . . . . Nevertheless, in spite of this wise and spontaneously taken decision, those responsible showed themselves incapable of carrying it into effect, and it appeared that the producers and operators were not disposed to stand by the principles to which they had bound themselves" . . . . .

In this crisis millions of American Catholics signed the pledge of the Legion of Decency "binding themselves not to attend any motion picture which was offensive to Catholic moral principles or proper standards of living"—and not only Catholics, but also high-minded Protestants, Jews, and many others gave their approval and offered their co-operation "in restoring wise standards, both artistic and moral, to the cinema."

The code to which His Holiness referred runs into about 2,000 words and, although the temptation to reproduce it here is strong, still limitations of space and paper rule it out. It gives an idea of the conditions governing production when the code was published. Here is an extract: "The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant though not necessarily evil subjects should be subject always to the dictates of good taste and regard for the sensibilities of the audience. Obscenity in word, gesture, song, joke, or by suggestion (even when likely to be understood only by part of the audience) is forbidden . . . . . The effect of nudity or semi-nudity upon the normal man or woman, or much more upon young or immature persons, has been honestly recognised by all law-makers and moralists. Hence the fact that the nude or semi-nude body may be beautiful, does not make its use in the films moral . . . . . Nudity can never be permitted as being necessary to the plot. Semi-nudity must not result in undue or indecent exposure. Transparent or translucent materials and silhouettes are frequently more suggestive than actual exposure."

The provisions of the code regarding sexual matters are explicit and almost embarrassingly comprehensive. They deal with dances, kisses,

and all such actions as violate decency or are " intended to excite the emotional reactions of an audience."

Most arts appeal to the mature; the art of the Cinema appeals to every class—mature, immature, developed, undeveloped, law-abiding, criminal. Music has its grades for different classes; so have literature and the drama. The art of the cinema—combining, as it does, the two fundamental appeals of looking at a picture and listening to a story—at once reaches every class of society. By reason of the mobility of a film, the ease of picture distribution, and the possibility of duplicating pictures in large quantities, this art reaches places unpenetrated by other forms of art. Because of these two facts, it is difficult to produce films for a certain class of people. The cinema theatres are built for the masses—the cultured and the rude, the young and the mature. Films, unlike books and music, can with difficulty be confined to certain selected groups. " Hence the larger moral responsibilities of the motion picture," as fully acknowledged by the code.

In 1934 Mr. Joseph Breen was appointed by the Hays Association to control the affixing of the Purity Seal to its certificates. The code was accepted by affiliated circuits controlling 2,800 theatres out of approximately 17,000. This number may seem small, but the 2,800 represented 80 per cent. of all metropolitan first-run houses, from which is derived the greater portion of film rentals. Mr. Breen, who had the confidence and respect of the Catholic Hierarchy, conducted his department with ability and courage; but he was forced to resign in May 1941, as he was unable to resist the numerous and powerful demands made by some of the major producers that the code be relaxed.

Section 7 (2) of the Censorship of Films Act 1923 provides for the suppression, in whole or in part, of a film " by reason of its being indecent, obscene, or blasphemous, or because the exhibition thereof in public would tend to inculcate principles contrary to public morality, or would be otherwise subversive of public morality." In my opinion this provision, in conjunction with other sections of the Act and the two amending Acts, has proved to be a fairly effective barrier against the screening of unsuitable films.

These provisions have been criticised by some as not being sufficiently comprehensive and as lacking in detail. Definitions are limitations; it all depends on the type of film: expressions and incidents which might be harmless in one type, might be quite objectionable in another. Reliance on a rigid code might lead to many judgements which could appear absurd to an impartial normal person. As an illustration take this code in a Southern State of the U.S.A.: " No kiss shall exceed forty feet in length." The rate of projection being 90 feet per minute, one can picture a conscientious censor with a stop watch timing what the Japanese consider an immoral and unsanitary act.

Having escaped, so far, the actual horrors of the war, we should include the cinema in our plans for the future—when the smoke of battle has blown away. Thanks largely to the efforts of Father R. S. Devane, S.J. an Inter-departmental Committee was appointed in 1938–39 to report on the Cinema industry. I gather that their report was practically prepared when the war broke out and necessitated the transfer of the members of the Committee to other work of immediate and vital importance. This report should be made available at the earliest opportunity. Also, a statistical survey of a most illuminating character was made by Miss T. I. Beere, M.A., LL.B., and read by her before the Statistical and Social Inquiry Society in May 1936. She should be invited to make an up-to-date investigation, backed by official authority, in order to obtain precise results.

With these reports in hands, it should be possible to consider the chances of starting an Irish Cinema Company—financed by Irish money and inspired by Irish ideals—producing films of Irish life, but free from a narrow nationalism. There are not sufficient Picture Houses in this state to provide a profitable market for the products of such an enterprise, but the Government could help by the imposition of a quota which could be used as a means of bargaining for an export trade. It must, however, be stressed that the U.S.A. Film Trade is so well organised that even England has found it difficult to secure a market in America.

It may be objected that the climate is unsuitable. Well, climatic conditions did not deter Sweden, and the masterpieces of Eisenstein and Pudovkin proved what Russia could do. Besides that, Robert Flaherty made " Man of Aran " here and hoped to come again, and John Ford, Hollywood's best director, is an Irishman and expressed a wish to make a film in Ireland. And as to actors, some of Hollywood's best known stars are from Dublin, and we should remember with pride that the Abbey was not only the first of all the small theatres in the world, but its technique of holding an audience by the silent content of a scene has influenced the stage of to-day. An enormous advance on the old illusion of compulsory restlessness, it allows a play to develop an atmosphere and to establish such relation between playwright and audience as gives scope for richer and subtler art than was possible before.

Maybe a renaissance of cinema art may blossom on this island after the dark age we are now enduring, and maybe—as of old—we may again spread a new light on a wounded world. I often think that the Cinema (that beautiful child of brightness which science has given us) is like the baby who was stolen by gypsies and put to do ignoble work. Let us hope that, as virtue triumphs in all the old romances, the child will be rescued some day and that—wedded to art—she will give us glimpses into realms at present undreamt of—the healthy and ennobling creations of our finest brains.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

CENTENARY OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE

BY REV. THOMAS O'DONNELL, C.M., PRESIDENT

ON the northern side of the City of Dublin, in the suburb of Drumcondra and on the rising ground above the Tolka, there is a stately well-preserved Georgian mansion, more than two hundred years old. It stands solid and serene amidst a variety of fine trees, in its own grounds, facing south and east. For the first hundred years or more—from 1730 to 1840—it was the home of several highly placed families, who belonged to the ruling class in Ireland, a class made up of landlords, bankers, rich merchants, the Judicature and the Executive. The first tenants were the Coghills, Sir Marmaduke and his sister. Chancellor of the Exchequer, a judge and a member of Parliament for Trinity College, Sir Marmaduke Coghill was held in high esteem for his learning and benevolence by all his contemporaries—excepting the ladies, who called him an acidulous old bachelor for holding the view that husbands might be allowed to chastise a delinquent partner. On his death his sister became the next tenant and, being wealthy, built the neighbouring Protestant church as a memorial to her pious brother, thus establishing for herself and her successors in title a permanent claim to a pew near the pulpit. Her niece, Lady Charleville, was the next occupant of the demesne. She, a rather romantic and wealthy widow, signalized her tenancy by an unusual mode of marriage which amused her contemporaries, for she agreed to take as her second husband an army officer only half her age on condition that he assumed her name, Coghill, and accepted her hand by moonlight and within the precincts of a handsome old Roman temple, which had been brought from Sicily to give a savour of classical antiquity to the grounds. A Scottish family named Kirkpatrick, whose motto was "i mak sicker" (sure), succeeded Lady Charleville. They were bankers and linen merchants, and owned much landed property in the country. Some years later, about the year 1800, just after the rebellion of '98, John Claudius Beresford came to reside at Drumcondra House. He belonged to the richest, the most powerful, and the most extensively connected family in all Ireland, and proved himself the stern enemy of the United Irishmen and of all rebels against the established order. Strangely enough, Claudius was succeeded by the daughter and grandchildren of an illustrious Irish rebel of that day, namely by Pamela the daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and by her husband, Sir Guy Campbell, and their children.

In the summer of 1842 a very different tenant sauntered up the avenue, beneath the shelter of the beeches and oaks. He was so different from the former tenants—only a poor man's son, a papist, and a priest—that

the *genius loci* must have rebuked his intrusion and asked in wonderment: who is this black-robed trespasser? how did he obtain possession of this home of the oligarchs?

The new tenant was John Hand, tall, nearly six feet, slightly built, brown-haired, grey-eyed, quiet of manner and pleasing in speech. He was young, only thirty-five; not long ordained, for he had attained to the priesthood only with great difficulty and after surmounting many hardships and obstacles in his boyhood and youth.

His father, who was a small evicted cottier, could not pay for the education of his son; but John, by his industry and resourcefulness and encouraged by his pious mother and by the parish priest, the excellent Father Leonard, managed to secure a good classical training at Oldcastle and to complete his secondary education as a day boy at Navan Seminary. He failed however at the *concursus* for Maynooth, because he was only a day boy; but a little later, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he succeeded in entering the great national College by accepting the office of assistant bursar, which the Bishop of Meath offered in substitution for his pension.

The office had its unpleasant side, for it invited the raillery of his fellow-students, who poked fun at the double role of poor scholar and adjutant to the Bursar. Their boyish raillery, though it rankled for a time, did not deflect him from his high purpose; for he was strong-willed, and his spirit of prayer and his patient disposition had enabled him to surmount greater obstacles than a little transient mockery. When in the early thirties a group of eager, enthusiastic young men, with Father Peter Kenrick, afterwards Archbishop of St. Louis, at their head, decided after their ordination in Maynooth to adopt a sort of community life, it is not surprising that John Hand linked himself with them. After a short interval the majority of these young men became the nucleus of the Vincentian Congregation in Ireland; but John Hand, now a priest of the Archdiocese of Dublin, did not join them. He continued, however, to live with them for six years and helped them in all their priestly works, teaching classics at Usher's Quay, preaching and hearing confessions at St. Peter's, Phibsborough, and, by the special direction of the Ordinary, giving catechetical instructions at the Model School, Marlborough Street.

It was in 1838 that his vocation took definite shape. He had begun to read the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, recently published for the first time in Ireland. They made a strong appeal to him. He admired the achievements of the intrepid missionaries, and he felt pity for the multitude who had no one to speak to them and comfort them in the name and by the power of Christ. He felt pity especially for his own fellow-countrymen who were leaving Ireland in thousands—two thousand embarking every month in treacherous emigrant ships for Canada and the United States. He was influenced, too, by the appeals for missionaries that came from abroad, from great Churchmen such as

Dr. England of Charleston, U.S.A. and Dr. Ullathorne of Sydney, Australia, and he knew that the Irish Bishops could not give much help as they were pre-occupied with the problem of supplying priests for the ever increasing population of Ireland, twice as numerous in the early forties as it is today. So the thought took hold of him that something could and should be done for the people who had none to give them the Bread of Life. He daily meditated on the need for a missionary college; he sought the advice of his elders, and above all he prayed fervently for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. But the difficulties ahead, coupled with his native modesty, held him back. "He was young," writes one of his Vincentian confrères, "penniless, unknown outside the presbytery where he lived, without friends and without influence." How could he hope to succeed?

Only, thought Father Hand, after the fashion of Teresa of Avila. Like her he felt helpless, and like her he felt confident; for he remembered what she said: "Teresa and a few ducats can do little; but Teresa, a few ducats and Providence can do much." Providence was with him too, and quite unexpectedly gave him two powerful patrons and friends, a great Irish prelate and a great Irish statesman, Archbishop Murray and Daniel O'Connell.

When Archbishop Murray first heard of the projected college he had grave fears and misgivings; but, after reflection and after some interviews with Father Hand, he gradually came to the conclusion that one with the strong faith and strength of character of this young priest deserved the blessing and the support of his Bishop. So Father Hand was sent for, and this is the greeting he received: "My young friend, I know only too well how ardent are your hopes, how fanciful they appear to others, how hard and almost impossible it will be to build and staff and maintain a new college in this impoverished country of ours; but all the same I am with you and will be with you, for I believe that God's blessing is on you and on your work. Go ahead and start at once for Paris and Rome. I will give you all the necessary credentials and my full approval, and I will ask others to help you."

These words were like the breaking of the dawn for the young priest; they lighted up the road in front of him. Within a few weeks he set out for the Continent, and spent half a year in Paris, studying the rules and practices of the Parisian missionary colleges, and another half year in Rome, interviewing important ecclesiastics and making plans for the future. He won the esteem and favour of Cardinal Franzoni, the friendly Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, and he had an audience of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI, whose apostolic blessing and authorization he secured before returning to Ireland.

On his return from Rome Father Hand lost no time in carrying out his project. For a brief interval, however, he hesitated on one point and

weighed the arguments on both sides. Some persons urged him to establish a Missionary Society, the advantages of which seemed obvious. The members would be bound together ; they would take full and exclusive charge of some ecclesiastical vicariate, or they would accept parochial or other work under the jurisdiction of a Bishop or a Vicar Apostolic. But in all circumstances they would remain attached and subject to their Society, and, for some good reason, such as ill health, they could return or be recalled to the parent house. The other alternative before Father Hand was to train missionaries who would become adopted, affiliated, incardinated in a foreign diocese, thus transferring their allegiance from their Bishop of origin to a Bishop who would, as it were, naturalize them. It was this alternative course that Father Hand adopted. It greatly pleased the Bishops abroad, as it brought them new subjects. " Une idée descendue du ciel " wrote Bishop Pompalier of Auckland.

In 1842 Father Hand called at Merrion Square on the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who, by good fortune, happened to be no less a person than Daniel O'Connell.

" What can I do for you, Father Hand ? " asked the great Tribune, while courteously receiving the young priest.

" I will tell you, Sir," replied Father Hand. " I want to become a enant of the Dublin Corporation, and you can help me—and help me especially to get a long lease. I intend to open a missionary college at once and to call it All Hallows College. My reason for the name is the fact that the lands formerly belonged to the Monastery of All Hallows, which was situated on the site of Trinity College, or rather of the Provost's House, till it was suppressed by Henry VIII and its property given to the Dublin Corporation."

" I am indeed glad," replied O'Connell. " I have listened to what you say with admiration and pleasure. Your cause is the cause of God, and, as it has for its special purpose the salvation of our Catholic exiles, I promise to assist you as long as I live with my influence and my purse."

Father Hand's heart was gladdened by the kind and encouraging words of the great man, and still more gladdened some weeks later when the news came that he had been accepted as tenant of Drumcondra House. On the first of November 1842, on All Saints Day, the feast of All Hallows, the college was formally opened. We have a record of the event written by one who was present on the occasion, Dr. Woodlock, afterwards Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise : " With what feelings do I recall the first feast of All Hallows, when the saintly Father Hand, Father Clarke, and I offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on a little sideboard in the drawing-room of the old mansion, in borrowed vestments and with only one student to serve us."

On January 5, 1843, the first priest was ordained, and twelve days later sailed from Cobh for his mission, British Guiana. " We are now,"

writes Father Hand in his earliest report, " a community of secular priests without vows, who have dedicated themselves gratuitously to the education of missionaries for places abroad." And in 1844 he writes again : " We have now forty-eight students and a staff of eight zealous Professors, including Dr. Bennett, Dr. Woodlock, Dr. Moriarty, Fathers O'Ryan, Kavanagh, O'Brien, and Flannery."

In 1845 the founder says in his last report : " We have added to the college a new wing, containing a refectory and additional rooms ; nevertheless we are free from debt and have a balance to our credit. Many of the wealthier classes have contributed handsomely to our work, but the poor have been our mainstay. The weekly penny collection organised amongst them has produced surprising results. Under Divine Providence, I attribute our success to the zeal and generosity of our plain simple people."

In the following year Father Hand caught a fatal cold while on a questing tour in the counties of Dublin and Meath—travelling, as was his wont, with a pony and trap. On his return phthisis rapidly developed and brought on a haemorrhage. His grieving colleagues gathered round him and heard from his faltering lips his last testament : " Be united. Let the love of Christ bind you to one another and to your pupils, and bind them to their future flocks." Thus ended the life of the founder of All Hallows, eminent as a Priest and as an Irishman.

The professors whom the first President had selected, or who had joined the staff subsequently, were all men of high distinction. Many of them became Bishops : Dr. Woodlock, Dr. Moriarty, Dr. O'Connell, Dr. Conroy, Dr. McDevitt, Dr. Delaney, and Dr. Flannery ; and even those who were not raised to the episcopate were men of more than ordinary virtue and ability ; such men as Dr. Bennett, Father Potter, Dr. Barry, Mr. Bedford, Dr. McDevitt, Dr. Fortune, and Dr. O'Mahony. All of them served the College gratuitously. They did not ask any salary. Had they done so, the resources of the College would have been greatly strained. Those resources were very limited. Indeed it would be true to say that, apart from the annual pensions paid by the students (only £25 till recently), the Directors have had all along to rely on the generosity of benefactors. From the beginning down to the present day, many priests and lay people, at home and abroad—*quorum pietates non defuerunt*—have taken a deep interest in the work of All Hallows and, by means of donations and burses, have enabled the Directors not only to provide for the upkeep and maintenance of the College, but to erect and furnish new buildings.

The present writer had the privilege of knowing intimately three of the second group just mentioned : Dr. O'Mahony, Mr. Henry Bedford, and Dr. Fortune. He lived with them for many years and looked up to them with reverence and affection. They differed very much from one another in many respects. Dr. O'Mahony was a Corkman, small,

wiry, ruddy of cheek and with a merry twinkle in his eye, a poet of the school of Donne, a linguist who spent his holidays in France, Italy, and Spain, above all a Thomist of the first rank, who wrote a brilliant analysis and synthesis of the *Summa*, and lastly a rebel to the innermost core of his being; Mr. Henry Bedford was an unbending and defiant Englishman, a convert parson, a friend of Newman, an M.A. of Cambridge, a professor of mathematical and physical science, a widely travelled and cultured man; Dr. Fortune was a Wexford man, from the Barony Forth, half Norman, half Gaelic in his forbears, very tall and well poised, with the stamp of strength and nobility on his features, but withal as courteous, gentle and affable as Father Hand himself, a fine exponent of theology, and an able administrator who, as President for a quarter of a century, wisely watched over the interests of the College, spiritual, intellectual and material. These three differed in many ways, but in all the things that matter most they were one; they were kindly, tolerant, unselfish; they had dedicated themselves, without hope of earthly emolument, to service of the College; they had served that College together for fifty years; they hardly ever missed a class; they were hardly ever absent from the students' morning prayer and Mass—in a word, they gave an example, as did with them their other colleagues, of order, discipline and unaffected piety that lived in the memory of the students and exercised the magic of a personal appeal when books and sermons and class-rooms were forgotten.

The destination of the missionaries trained by those men and by their successors has varied from one decade to another; but speaking generally we may say that the great bulk of those ordained have gone to dioceses in Canada, in Australia, in the United States of America (chiefly the Western States), in South Africa, and latterly also to dioceses in Britain. The number of students in the College has for the most part remained stationary, somewhat under two hundred. Thus in the course of a century over four thousand young levites have entered the College, and of these nearly three thousand have been ordained priests. It can be safely said of these priests that they were manly as well as priestly, that they were endowed with the moral fibre of the Celt, with his courage, his love of liberty, above all his sincere and solid piety. They came from the middle-class families of our country, from those honest, hard-working, tenacious folk who have guarded our faith and our nationality through dark and evil days. Before entering the College for a six or seven years' course, it was always essential that they should have obtained a sound secondary education in the classics, in mathematics, and in English.

It is not possible to give here even a partial survey of the labours and experiences of the men who went out from the College. Much no doubt is known and much could be written about many of them—about all those who were great pioneers or who were honoured by the Church and

enrolled amongst the *patres purpurati*, perhaps even raised to the episcopate, as was the case with at least ten in Australia and a like number in the United States. But how is it possible to do justice to the rank and file, to the workers who went early into the vineyard and laboured the whole day unobserved—unnoticed except perhaps in an obituary notice? What can we say of these better than what Archbishop Mannix said on one occasion: "The work done by the great pioneers of All Hallows bears fruit deep and strong in the hearts of the Australian people. Their records are not found on the printed scroll, but in the faith, the fidelity and the affection of those whom they made strong by the ministry of the word and of the Sacraments." What Dr. Mannix said has been said by many other foreign Bishops of different foreign dioceses when writing to the College to express their appreciation of the students they had received.

A few passages taken from letters written by past students will give some idea of their lives and of the conditions under which they have lived.

"I am serving a district," wrote a priest from Armidale in 1863, "as large as two provinces of Ireland and containing a scattered population of about three thousand Catholics. I am scarcely ever off the road . . . and often away from home for two months at a time. I do all my journeys on horseback and many a day I do sixty miles in the saddle. . . . Such spiritual desolation as I often strike I will not tell you of; still less can I tell you the joy and gratitude my visit brings to people who haven't seen a priest for years. All the gold in Australia is worthless compared with such an experience."

"My little brick church," wrote Lawrence Scanlan, afterwards Bishop of Salt Lake, Utah, "is the only church in an area three times as large as all Ireland . . . I visit the scattered mining camps and get in touch with the wild hard-working miners. The Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, are numerous here. A group of these insisted on singing at my Mass and on hearing me preach. They are very decent to me."

"Our churches here" so runs another letter, "are nearly all frame buildings, which we can move when necessary or convenient. The people are very friendly, even those of another fold. They love instructions on dogma and the liturgy. I hardly ever speak on moral subjects. Many non-catholics come to our church and like to hear our religion explained. As I have no catholic school, I teach catechism three times a week. The people are gay, fond of pleasure, and we cater for them as best we can in our parochial halls with plays, dancing and lectures, etc."

Father Gwynne of Charleston writing in 1907 says: "I have twenty-eight regular stations scattered over a territory as large as an Irish province. Only seven of the stations have chapels, two with congregations of fifty, the others with a smaller number. This year I have travelled 11,500

miles in attending those various stations. The great mass of the people are Methodists or Baptists, conservative, and prejudiced against everything Catholic. I, being ' one of them ' and raised up in the State, have received many evidences of good-will and friendliness, and on my part I try to smooth away their prejudices. Under the beautiful trees of All Hallows I used to dream of what I might do, but now I am thankful to be kept busy and to be happy in my work, and to hear now and again the remark : ' You Catholics are not so bad after all '."

" I am here on the Mississippi," writes another missionary, " near the very apex of its great bend ; and though the population is mainly Protestant, we have some staunch Catholics. Our little frame chapel, painted in emerald colours, is an oasis *in partibus infidelium*. It forms the weekly centre of devotion for scores of families who left their homes in Tipperary in the black '47. Hither they come every Sunday in all weathers from a radius of ten miles all round."

Here is an extract from the letter of a Newfoundlander : " My parish is on the most westerly portion of Newfoundland, very beautiful in its scenery, and my congregation are chiefly of French descent, with a few of Irish and English extraction, and a small mixture of Micmac Indians. In passing I may say that the Indians in this island are all splendid Catholics ; they still retain their migratory and hunting instincts. I visit all parts of my parish, which is as large as the County Cavan, sometimes by boat, in summer by horse and wagon, in winter by horse and sleigh and, when the ice is thin and the snow soft, by sleigh and dogs. Our schools are denominational ; each school receives a government grant according to the number of each denomination."

" I am here in an industrial English town of about twenty thousand people," writes a young priest recently ordained, " with about thirteen hundred Catholics in the midst of Christians of various hues and not a few who profess no religion. A good half of the R.C.s are steady and faithful ; I am proud of them ; but a large percentage are lukewarm. Some of these latter say with a shrug : ' Father, those who go nowhere are as good as churchgoers. We don't see the value of church-going.' Others just drop off one by one. There are many strong currents all round them, which they never encountered before. So we lose them through public schools, mixed marriages, and various social functions. I wish I could often meet those drifting brethren ; their hearts are true, and if one could have a friendly talk with them now and then, the root of faith would not die. I am coming to know my non-Catholic neighbours. Once the ice is broken—you must break it yourself—they are friendly and kindly and very easy to get on with."

These quotations have been selected almost at random from the letters of Pastmen and could be multiplied indefinitely. They all tell of personal experiences in a new environment, of people whom the writers met and

of a priest's never ceasing struggle to guard himself and to guard his flock. They often glance back wistfully to their happy days in college, to the friends now dispersed abroad, to little amusing incidents in class, to the chapel and its abiding influence, and to all they had learned from the good example of those around them. "Frequently," writes one, "my thoughts go back to the cloistered life of the dear old College, and I feel lonely and I wish I were a student again. We knew not how carefree and gay we were as students." All the letters, and the present writer has read them all with keen interest and pleasure, all reveal more than they say—they reveal the character of the writers. That character would appear to be a blend, a well-tempered blend, of a strong faith in our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, a sincere affection for their own flock, a friendliness with their non-Catholic neighbours, and a grateful and vivid remembrance of their College and of the hopes and aspirations and purposes it inspired. Not only by letter, but also by personal visits, the sons of All Hallows have kept in touch with their College and their former Professors. Many a time have we welcomed them back joyfully and proudly, especially on Ordination Day, and we are very disappointed and grieved that we cannot receive them in scores, from their far-off stations, in this the hundredth anniversary of the College.

The present writer has known the students of the College for nearly fifty years, to be exact for forty-seven, and during all that time he has known also, with fair accuracy, what their Bishops thought of those same students serving under them in their dioceses. He can truly say that in the College the students always impressed him by their manly qualities, their intelligence and good sense, their earnestness and their genuine goodness, and that on the mission, with very few exceptions indeed, they won the esteem and confidence of their Superiors. It is to be hoped that the missionaries of the future will be as true and as good. The future is obscure and ominous. A dark age may be ahead, but the Catholic Church has known and survived many a dark age and the dangers external and internal that form part of such an age. Today, thank God, her strength is not weakened from within, and we may hope and we should pray that, after the war, her external enemies may be more temperate and more alive to her beneficent influence. Should Divine Providence raise up good men in different countries, men who will believe in religion and practise it and who will realize that religion is the only sure basis of human dignity, human liberty and human brotherhood, then we may hope also that ministers of religion, whether at home or abroad, will, if they are truly spiritual and well trained, be welcomed as benefactors of society as well as ambassadors of Christ.

THOMAS O'DONNELL, C.M.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: JESUIT—POET*

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J.

THE serious attention that Gerard Manley Hopkins has attracted, since the publication of his poems by Robert Bridges in 1918, has shown no sign of falling off. Within the last few years three volumes of his letters, followed by a volume of his notes and journals, have been carefully edited and published. An early prize poem has been expensively produced. He is well represented in all modern anthologies ; and the body of critical study on his poetry and art is already large. Hence no one feels any movement of protest when Father D'Arcy speaks of Hopkins as " amongst the first English-speaking poets of the nineteenth century and perhaps of any century " or when Mr. Charles Williams, in his valuable preface to the second edition of Hopkins's poems, tells us that " poets will return to him as to a source not a channel of poetry ; he is one who revivifies, not merely delights, equivalent genius."

The sheer originality, the individuality, or what he himself would call the " self-hood " of Hopkins's poetry is what first attracted serious attention to it. His matured poetry presents an important problem to the critic—that of literary antecedents, the problem of determining what were the decisive influences which affected his work. His *juvenilia* and, in general, the poetry he wrote before he became a Jesuit, show definite markings, and can be easily classed and derived. They show the unmistakable promise of genius, but they are equally clearly part of a tradition. From his letters we know the writers he read and discussed with Bridges and Dixon ; they were the classical English poets from Shakespeare to Wordsworth. His pre-Jesuit poetry shows clearly the influence of these masters. Then came his vocation and the period of his formation as a Jesuit, during which he deliberately gave up all poetry. After eight years he broke that silence by the *Deutschland*, in which he revealed for the first time his distinctive voice and manner. Those who read this poem in 1876 must have felt the shock of something entirely new, something that had apparently no poetic lineage and owed nothing to tradition. There is no English poet of the century who is so much of the *novus homo* in poetry as Hopkins. It would be difficult to indicate any feature he owes to his contemporaries or even his predecessors. " When I read a masterpiece " he said to Bridges " I admire and then I go and do otherwise." His reaction to great models was not to imitate, but to be still more himself—which is the way of all authentic genius.

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* *Gerard Manley Hopkins : Priest and Poet.* By John Pick. (Oxford University Press. 1942. 8/6).

But native genius is never sufficient for itself ; it must be stimulated and developed from without ; and the problem Hopkins presents is that of determining the forces under which his genius found its true expression. That problem can be solved only by a study of Hopkins as a religious poet. Strange to say, his recognition as a religious poet has been curiously slow and reluctant. His first critics were so struck by his metrical audacities, his stylistic oddities, that they paid little attention to the core of his message. Yeats, discussing him in *The Oxford Book of Modern Poetry*, confesses that he does not understand his thought and is interested only in his metrical experiments. Then, rather grudgingly, critics were brought to admit that he was a religious poet—but only accidentally, as a professional or official attitude to be expected in a priest. But all recent critics, while differing as to whether he can be called a mystic poet, are unanimous in admitting him to be essentially a religious poet.

The latest contribution to this discussion is Dr. Pick's *Gerard Manley Hopkins, Priest and Poet*, which is a work of permanent value and marks a definite stage in the critical estimation of Hopkins. It is an exceptionally well-informed study, based on an understanding of the spiritual sources on which the poet's mind and soul were fed during his formative years. Dr. Pick's main point is that the secret of Hopkins's art lies in the unity in him of the poet, priest, and Jesuit. He establishes conclusively that not merely is he a religious poet, but that he is a Jesuit poet—that his ideas, formation of soul, his spiritual " inscape," his outlook, and consequently his art are distinctively Jesuit. The former estimate, vaguely expressed but widely felt, of the poet as cramped by the Jesuit—of a great natural talent in which " the roll, the rise, the carol, the elation " had been quenched and stifled by a rigid, impersonal vocation—must be abandoned. Any future estimate of Hopkins must take account of Dr. Pick's book.

While making a study of the ascetical and religious formation to which Hopkins, in virtue of his vocation as a Jesuit, was subject Dr. Pick institutes a most enlightening comparison between his spiritual notes and his poetry ; between Hopkins the Jesuit and Hopkins the poet. There is much light thrown on Hopkins's art by considering his notes as the matrix of his poetry and by comparing the expression of his religious ideas and experience in the double harmony of prose and verse. By this fruitful comparison Dr. Pick illumines some obscure stanzas in the *Deutschland*.

The key then to the understanding of Hopkins's art is to be found by studying the influence which the Jesuit in him had on the poet. His idea of joining the Society of Jesus had come to him shortly after his conversion at Oxford in 1866. Newman, who had been consulted by him in his religious crisis, approved of his vocation : " I think it is the very thing for you. . . . Don't call ' the Jesuit discipline ' hard ; it will

bring you to heaven. The Benedictines would not have suited you." Newman certainly showed uncommon judgment and understanding in recommending a man of such artistic and poetical sensibility to an order and system which value art and poetry in the strictest subordination to the end of life—the service and glory of God. To Hopkins himself his vocation seemed to be a turning away from art and poetry. He tore up the poetry he had written; with full deliberation he made the sacrifice not merely of a literary fame, which he could not help knowing to be within his reach, but even of all poetic activity, all the writing of poetry—a much greater and constant sacrifice. He accepted conscientiously the position which his vocation assigned to literature—that it was something of a lower order and value than the spiritual activity which was the purpose of his life. He told Canon Dixon, to whom he could speak on such matters more easily and with more certainty of being understood than to Bridges, that to give time to art and poetry seemed to him a kind of betrayal of the lofty ideal his vocation put before him. For eight or nine years he kept faithfully his resolution—and what it must have cost him to stifle down the recurring urges to expression who can tell? And then quite unexpectedly it was shown him that the exercise of his great talent would enter into his vocation; that the instrument he had sacrificed would be given back to him forged and tempered to a higher excellency.

The occasion of the call was this—a German ship the *Deutschland* was wrecked in the English Channel on the 7th of December 1875; and among those drowned were five Franciscan nuns who were being exiled from their country by the laws of Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*. Hopkins's religious Superior was so affected by the account that he expressed a hope that someone would write a poem on the incident. Hopkins took this as an invitation and wrote *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. " To read this brings to mind pent-up flood waters at last released by the bursting of a dam " says the editor of his letters; " and indeed " says Dr. Pick " all the immediacy and intensity of seven years of religious life becomes articulate in this great ode born of silence " (p. 40). This is Hopkins's longest and greatest poem; but it is more important to consider it as the first work of his maturity. Here for the first time we have the distinctive accent of Hopkins's manner and mind. All that he will write for ten years he had to live will unmistakably come from the same mint.

And here again we are faced by the literary problem that he presents. The *Deutschland* differs so greatly from anything he wrote before, that it scarcely seems to come from the same poet. None of his pre-Jesuit poetry could in any way forecast his later utterance. The problem of bridging the chasm that separates the two manners of the same poet is reduced to this—what were the chief influences which brought about

the change in his mind and art? It is the merit of Dr. Pick's book that he clearly estimates this nourishing influence under which Hopkins the poet came to his full stature.

It may be safely asserted that no religious founder embodied his spirit in an institution, and moulded his individual followers through that embodied spirit, to a greater extent than St. Ignatius ; and the instrument of this lasting influence is beyond all doubt the Spiritual Exercises. Hopkins's published notes and journal show how the Exercises, from the very beginning, gripped and fashioned him. They gave him his spiritual formation ; they determined his whole outlook on life. " For twenty-one years " says Dr. Pick (p. 25) " Hopkins dedicated himself to the Society of Jesus ; for twenty-one years he studied, meditated, and practised the Spiritual Exercises. They became a part of his life and attitude. They gave direction to all he experienced, thought, and wrote. They influenced his most joyful and exuberant poems ; they were part of his sufferings and desolation. He delivered sermons suggested by them, started to write a commentary on them ; he gave them to others. They fashioned his reaction to nature and beauty. Their echo is found in his humility, his asceticism, in his scrupulousness, his consciousness of imperfection, in his abnegation and in the integrity with which he faced hardship and disappointment. His attitude towards poetry and fame was shaped by them. They moulded his native temperament and sensibility to an ideal of perfection. Without knowing something of them we can hardly know the poet-priest."

Hopkins's reaction to the Exercises had nothing odd or eclectic about it ; it was loyal and integral. But as the Exercises constitute a complete spiritual system, it is to be expected that different aspects of them will strike different minds and that consequently there may be a great variety of spiritual physiognomy even within the distinctive school they produce. There is no doubt about the aspects of the Exercises which most deeply and permanently affected Hopkins. They occur so frequently in his work that they constitute the groundwork of his thought.

We may indicate briefly the three ideas which he got from the Exercises and which had most influence on him. The first—which he drew from the opening meditation called the *Foundation*—was the transcendent position of God in the world. The meditation draws in a few firm lines the essential pattern of the world, showing God as the absolute value and all other things, man included, as the essentially relative and dependent. This meditation struck Hopkins with unforgettable force ; and he had written on it at length in his spiritual notes. It is entirely characteristic that the first poem he wrote as a Jesuit should open with his own artistic expression of this truth. We might say even that the whole of the first

part of the poem is a statement of it—a statement, in a powerful and distinctive way, of his dependence on God :—

Thou mastering me
God ! giver of breath and bread ;
World's strand, sway of the sea ;
Lord of living and dead ;
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing ; and dost Thou touch me afresh ?

The second leading idea he drew from the well-known Ignatian meditation, closing and crowning meditation, the *Contemplation for obtaining love*. In this we have only another aspect of the opening meditation ; we are given a new aspect of the relation of the world to God. God is shown here as the infinite source and fountain of all created beauty. Hopkins's poetry, and even still more his note-books, show a quite extraordinary sensibility to all forms of beauty—to the beauty of colour, of form, of flower, cloud, leaf, earth, sky, of living things, of men and birds and animals ; they also show to what trouble he went to train himself to express with fidelity, vividness and feeling what he saw. The meditation of St. Ignatius came to him with peculiar satisfaction ; it enabled him to give full significance to his sense of beauty ; it taught him to see where it came from and to what it should lead. This idea is expressed in many places in his poetry. " The world is charged with the grandeur of God." The world is now transformed for him ; he saw it before as a place full of beauty ; now he knows that it is full of God. He had now the true " inscape " of the world ; it bore clearly the pattern or form of God's beauty. In " The Windhover," " Pied Beauty," " God's Grandeur," and in many other poems he sees the world bathed in that divine light it gets from its divine origin.

It follows also that he came to be convinced that it was blasphemy or sacrilege to admire the created beauty for itself, without seeing it as the ray or the stream from the Infinite Beauty. Only thus can the dangerous fascination of worshipping the creature be counteracted. This was especially true of human beauty :—

The dappled die-away
Cheek and wimpled lip,
The gold-wisp, the airy-grey
Eye, all in fellowship—
This, all this beauty blooming,
This, all this freshness fuming,
Give God while worth consuming.

This idea also gave him his hierarchical system of beauty, which put

above the beauty of colour or form the beauty of mind and heart, when spiritualised by " God's better beauty grace " :—

> Mannerly-hearted ! more than handsome face—
> Beauty's bearing or muse of mounting vein,
> All, in this case, bathed in high hallowing grace.

The third leading idea which he got from the Exercises, this one from the well-known meditation *The Kingdom of Christ*, is the *rôle* of Christ in the world both of nature and of man. The sudden vision of Christ that came to the Franciscan nun on the deck of the foundering vessel, expressed so powerfully in the stammerings and aposiopeses of his poem :—

> But how shall I . . . make me room there ;
> Reach me a . . . Fancy, come faster—
> Strike you the sight of it ? look at it loom there,
> Thing that she . . there then ! the Master,
> *Ipse*, the only one, Christ, King, Head.

That arresting vision of Christ seemed to be before Hopkins's eye wherever he looked. The achievement and mastery of the movements of the windhover are a reminder of Christ " a billion times lovelier." The ripe abundant beauty of harvest sets him looking for Christ :—

> Summer ends now ; now barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise
> Around ; up above, what wind-walks ! what lovely behaviour
> Of silk-sack clouds ! has wilder wilful-wavier
> Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies ?
> I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes
>
> Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour ;
> And eyes, heart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
> Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies ?

And the sonnet ends with the splendid image of the seeker for Christ who, in his desire to fly to him, " half hurls earth for him off under his feet." Still more in the world of man is Christ transcendent. The spring beauty of boy or girl is best given to Christ " before it cloy, before it cloud . . . and sour with sinning." But the full rôle of Christ is found only in the order of grace, in which the just man

> Acts in God's eyes what in God's eyes he is—
> Christ—for Christ plays in ten thousand places
> Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
> To the Father through the feature of men's faces.

It must then be admitted that Hopkins's spiritual formation, which

he got from the Spiritual Exercises, changed his whole outlook on life and consequently modified profoundly his art. His early poetry, often sensuous and exuberant, expressed an attitude to nature that was that of Keats and Swinburne. The immense distance he has reached in his later poetry, that view of life, of nature so much intellectualised, so spiritualised, and yet so none the less poetic, the strength and spareness of style, the fierce compression and twisting of language, the growing liberties taken with syntax, the obscurities, the turns of thought as sharp as the flight of his windhover—these characteristics of his mature work are the signs, the expression of a new vision of life that his spiritual formation had given him. The ideas from the Spiritual Exercises could not have affected his art if they had remained purely intellectual ideas. They could not have become the matter or inspiration of great personal poetry unless they had entered into his sensibility, emotion and imagination —unless they had become an experience. With Hopkins these ideas had become a part of himself—of that self which is the source of distinctive personal expression :—

> Each mortal thing does one thing and the same ;
> Deals out that being indoors each one dwells ;
> Selves—goes itself ; *myself* it speaks and spells ;
> Crying *What I do is me ; for that I came.*

It has not at all been realised—and to point it out is not the least of the merits of Dr. Pick's book—how much of Hopkins's poetry is the expression of his religious experience. For example the *Deutschland* becomes a different poem when we come to see it as an account of the poet's own spiritual movements of soul : of his terrors, his gropings, his attractions, his certainties—in a word, an account of the contact with God to which the Spiritual Exercises brought him. In prose Hopkins was reticent about his inner life, giving only odd hints to his correspondents— very little to Bridges, who could not follow him here, more to Dixon. Yet even to Bridges he asserted the reality of the spiritual crises referred to in the poem : " What refers to myself in the poem is all strictly and literally true and did all occur ; nothing is added for poetic padding."

The question of the true religious significance of some of Hopkins's later sonnets, written " in tears and blood," has been a good deal discussed. Are they the expression of a melancholy and depression due to natural causes, or are they the expression of those spiritual sufferings which mark the road of the mystic ? Dr. Pick is of opinion that, while Hopkins may well have been a mystic, there is no trace of mysticism in his poetry. Whatever about his view on this single point, Dr. Pick has certainly written the most important book up to date on Gerard Manley Hopkins —and a book that will not be quickly superseded. He has established that Hopkins may well be called the Poet of the Spiritual Exercises.

H. KELLY

SOME THOUGHTS ON INDIA*

BY FREDERICK C. KING

Late Commissioner, Central Excises and Salt, Northern India

IN India there are powerful forces at work for good or evil in the world's future, forces which we in the West do not fully understand, but which claim our attention and which we can disregard or misjudge only at our peril. It is true that India is not a great military power, though no one who knows India and its peoples and is aware of the great industrial development which has taken place during the past 30 years can fail to be impressed by the vast sources of military power which the country holds. It is not, however, on account of its military and industrial capacities, great as they are, for which India chiefly deserves to be studied, but for the spiritual and social forces which it contains. How many people realise, in all its implications, the fact that, through Hinduism and Buddhism, India has given religion to roughly half the population of the globe? This consideration alone, apart from the intense interest India has always held for Europeans, fully justifies a brief examination of some facts, problems, policies, philosophies and ideas which the mention of the word, India, sets stirring in our minds.

I must, however, at the outset disclaim any pretensions to being an expert in Indian problems. It is true that India has claimed half my life, for I worked and learned there for seven and twenty years. There, I became acquainted with a country old and historic beyond most countries in Europe and beyond all in America. There, I learned that life is seen from a different angle in the leisured Orient from the hurried and impatient glimpses we take of it in the West. As I look back over the years I spent in India, I see a tangled mass of memories and impressions, a flashing kaleidoscope of images, too numerous and too disconnected for me to attempt to convey them to the reader as the travel writers do. But through all those fleeting memories, impressions and images there runs, as a constant current, the thought of a simple, hardy, faithful and friendly people with whom and for whom I have worked. I do not propose to turn over, leaf by leaf, this photo-album of my Indian life. Instead I shall glance at some trends in a much more impersonal record in the writing of which my share was infinitesimal—the recent history of India.

The reader will like to hear about the religions and customs of the people, about their social life, about the administration of the country and the political situation. I shall try to say something about each of these aspects of the subject and about various other miscellaneous matters.

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* From a paper read before the Catholic Association for International Relations in Dublin on 9 November 1942.

At the outset, however, let me utter a caution against a common cause of fallacy in treating Indian problems. The Indian has not the same type of mentality as the European. An Indian is most uncomfortable sitting in a chair. He prefers to sit on his haunches on the floor. I am speaking, of course, of the Indians of the villages and not of the small class of Europeanized Indians who have received an English education and who have acquired English habits. Ordinary Indians would be at a complete loss if presented with knives, forks and spoons to eat their meals. They are still at the stage when they find fingers more satisfactory. They regard windows as nasty, draughty things through which thieves can enter their homes. Consequently they live in dark, unventilated houses. They keep their women shut up from God's pure air and light. No one will persuade me that they have any faith whatever in the equality of man. Their caste system and their religion are totally opposed to such an idea. It is clear to them that men are in no way equal and cannot have equal rights. Democracy may be a good political game for those who hope to garner the loaves and fishes of political preferment, but it is only a system of make-believe by which the British delude themselves. Democracy is, of course, only one of the many delusions with which they are afflicted. Why, for instance, does the European beckon inwards when he wants to call a person, whereas the Indian makes an outward motion with his hand. Why does an Indian write from right to left, which is, to our mind, backwards. Why does he take off his hat and put on his shoes when he enters a church or a house? Are not all these peculiarities instances of a different type of mentality from ours?

One of the troubles in India is that there are two opposing cultures at work, the English culture and the Hindu. There is a third culture, the Mahommedan, which being largely Oriental, though permeated with European ideals, is not so definitely opposed to the native Hindu culture as is the British. The real clash is between English education on the one side and the Hindu civilization on the other. The conflict has been gaining momentum since 1835 when, under the influence of Macaulay, it was decided to foster English education as opposed to Orientalism. This was a momentous decision, and possibly a wise one, but to it may be traced back many of the discontents which afflict India to-day. The new policy once adopted was pursued with vigour, and there are now hundreds of state-owned and state-aided Middle English Schools and High Schools throughout the country and no less than seventeen Universities. Even this is, however, but a beginning for India's 390 million of people. English education has as yet left untouched 94 per cent. of the people; it is a powerful ferment, but it has not yet penetrated deeply. The top layer is saturated with the new culture, but deep down in the mass of the common people, 88 per cent. of whom are illiterate, the old Hinduism remains unaffected.

This has produced a curious result. The political leaders are drawn almost entirely from the top layer, the English educated section. They have imbibed notions of liberty and equality, democracy and brotherhood, which are entirely alien to the cherished traditions of the masses whom they lead. These ideas are sincerely held by some of the more enlightened of the leaders, but very many have adopted them without conviction—merely as a passport to a political career. The mass of the people have no faith in these new-fangled principles, but they are great realists. They judge their leaders by results; they find that this jargon of democracy works in the political game. Their leaders thunder forth in the Central and Provincial Assemblies as if they were in the House of Commons and are listened to with attention and deference. What is more, they have been given power and honour. It would almost appear as if the Sarkar (the Government) were afraid of them. Therefore, without understanding what it is all about, the masses follow them for their success and because at least they are men of their own race.

The elective principle was introduced into the Indian Constitution by the Morley-Minto reforms in 1909. Previous to this, the Government had associated nominated Indians with them in a consultative capacity, but this was the first occasion on which the people were given a direct voice in the Government. The demand for representative institutions had been created by the English education which the British had themselves imposed on the people. Strength had been given to the demand for popular government by the support of Congress which, under Gandhi's leadership, is now in full revolt because the British will not quit India forthwith. It is interesting to recall that this Congress—which, by the way, is not a Congress at all in the sense in which we speak of the American Congress, but merely a political party—was founded by an Indian Civil Servant named Hume under the patronage and encouragement of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909 did not, of course, satisfy the newly acquired Indian taste for democracy. The 1914-1918 war, which was fought for the principles of self-determination and in which the Indian troops played such an important part, gave a great impetus to political ambitions. A new advance towards self-government was due. This was granted by the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms of 1919, which set up Dominion Status as the avowed goal of Indian political development. Under the 1919 reforms elected assemblies with a non-official majority were set up in each province and given control of certain important departments of Government—such as education, public health, public works and forestry—while other departments—such as land revenue, police and justice—were reserved for official control.

The next advance to Dominion Status was the Government of India Act of 1935, which gave the elected assemblies full control over

all branches of provincial government and which also provided for a self-governing Federation of India consisting of the provinces and groups of federating states as the units of the Federation. The Central Federal Government was to be based on the elective principle so far as the provinces of British India were concerned. The method by which the federating groups of Indian States would appoint their representatives was to be decided by themselves. All departments of the Central Administration were to be under the complete control of the Federal Government except Foreign Relations and Defence. The Federation never came into existence, as the negotiations with the Indian States did not lead to any agreed terms of federation before the War broke out. The outbreak of the War also saw the resignation of the Congress Governments in seven of the eleven provinces of India as a protest against India having been brought into the War without the vote of the Central and Provincial Legislative Assemblies. The present situation is that elected Ministries hold office in five of the eleven provinces while, in the remainder, Government is carried on by the Governor and his officials under a provision of the Government of India Act to deal with such constitutional break-downs.

On the outbreak of the War, therefore, the position was that complete autonomy had been attained in the provinces and that legislative provision had been made for a representative Federal Government at the centre to govern British India and the Indian States as one federal nation and with complete control over all branches of government except the Army and Foreign Relations. The Cripps Mission took matters a stage further. India was offered complete and unrestricted independence under a constitution to be chosen by herself after the War. In the meantime the representatives of the principal parties were invited to participate in the Government under the existing Constitution—it being understood that, if the parties could agree amongst themselves, the present members of the Viceroy's Executive Council would resign to make way for a National Cabinet. This plan fell through (1) because the mutual co-operation of the principal parties, the Congress and the Moslem League could not be obtained, and (2) because agreement could not be reached on the immediate transfer of power. The British Government was not willing to hand over full control of the Army in India to an unfettered Indian Cabinet during the War. This was the crux of the negotiations with Congress—which, then, under Gandhi's lead, entered on their revolutionary campaign to oust the British from India.

In assessing the present situation in India there are several points to be considered. The first is: How far is it true to say that India is a nation? The second is: How far does Congress represent the people of India? Many other questions suggest themselves which probably

only time can answer, notably the question whether any transfer of power will not lead to civil war.

First then " Is India a nation? " Congress asserts that it is. The Moslem League denies it and maintains that there are at least two nations : Pakistan and the rest. Even now all India is not under a single Government. British India comprises little more than half of the total area of the country. The rest is split up into numbers of independent native states. The people, too, are deeply divided by history, by religion, by race and by caste. The chief division is, of course, Hindu and Mohammedan—three parts Hindu to one part Mohammedan. That division is accentuated by the fact that the Mohammedans were the conquerors and rulers of the country prior to the British. As late as 1857 a Mohammedan Emperor sat on the imperial throne of Delhi and was recognised as Emperor even by the British Crown. In addition to the Hindu-Moslem split and the division of the country into two parts, one ruled by the British India Government and the other by native Princes, there are many other lines of cleavage in the country. There is a large section of some 50,000,000 untouchables, who are slowly waking up to the fact that they have been assigned a sub-human status in their own country by their own co-religionists and who consequently feel little in common with their oppressors. There is also the very considerable aboriginal population of different race, customs and religion. These aboriginals are not included either in the Hindu or Mohammedan fold. A considerable percentage of them are Christians and the rest are Animists.

Such are a few of the disintegrating factors which force themselves on our attention when we consider the subject of Indian Nationality. On the other hand we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that, despite diversity of race and language, despite the clash of cultures and religions, despite repeated invasions and partitions, there is an underlying sense of unity throughout India. One factor in that unity is undoubtedly the Hindu religion, which is the predominant religion throughout the greater part of India, the Indian States as well as British India. Linked with the Hindu religion, there is another ancient Indian institution, the joint Hindu family system, which is the form in which the patriarchal system has survived in Indian society. This great social institution, which extends to all parts of the country, links together distant members of remote degrees of relationship. They all look back to the family home as their home, wherever their separate abodes may be. There is yet another institution, dating back to pre-Aryan days and spread throughout the land, which is of the essence of India, the system of village organisation known as the Panchyet system. These village Panchyets or councils, old as they are, are a living and a powerful force in village life in very many parts of the country to this day. They have welded the villages of India into close, self-contained communities with a strong and irrepressible

communal life. The tide of conquest and of anarchy has passed over these villages, time after time in the last 3,000 years, without crushing out the living spirit of their communal organisation. There is nothing to indicate any weakening of that organisation, which will doubtless carry the people through any break-up of empires yet in store for India. These three factors—the Hindu religion, the joint family and the village Panchyets —are the old traditions which unite all India. There are new influences for unity also, and they are of British origin. First there is the Pax Britannica, which has not been broken by an external invader for nearly two centuries. Then there is the rule of internal law and order established by the British Raj: a splendid penal code, codes of civil and criminal procedure, along with a clear recognition and enforcement of Hindu and Mahommedan law in family and religious matters. English education and the English language, the one universal speech in the babel of 150 tongues, provide other unifying influences. Lastly, India has forcibly asserted herself as a united nation through the prowess of her magnificent army in two great wars, that of 1914-18 and the present war.

I have shown the elements of disunity and the elements of unity. Each of my readers will answer in his own way the question whether India is a nation or not.

If India is a nation, does Congress represent that nation? I do not propose to enter into controversy. The following of Congress may be large or overwhelming. Anyone who can afford to pay 4 annas a year can belong to it. The actual membership is perhaps in the neighbourhood of four million. This is just a guess. Many others who are not members of the organisation may be followers of Congress, and many millions who know little or nothing of Congress are followers of Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi has a unique influence in India. He has been educated in England and is a barrister of one of the London Inns of Court. But no one would know it to look at him. Naked, spare and fragile, he looks exactly like any Indian peasant who had never travelled five miles from his village home. He has shed from his external appearance every vestige of Europeanism. He is to outward appearance the typical Indian. Inwardly, who shall say what he is? English manners and English raiment are gone, but he has not forgotten the lessons he has learned from his English education and his contact with English civilization. These, however, are strictly subordinated to the rôle of man of the people which he has assumed. Most of his colleagues are members of an intelligentsia which has imbibed a culture alien to the mass of their compatriots. There is little in common between the ambitious, wealthy, unorthodox, sophisticated politicians one finds in the Council Chambers of Delhi and the simple, god-fearing, caste-bound, priest-ridden, tradition-loving toilers of the Indian villages. The difference between the intelligentsia and the peasant is not merely a difference of degree of education. It is a difference

in cultural outlook and way of life. It is not merely a difference of wealth, the difference between the hovel and the palace. It is all this, combined with the difference between the feudal ways of bygone ages and the most modern twentieth-century materialism.

Gandhi is the one man who has succeeded in bridging the gap of centuries which yawns between the Indian politician brought up in English democratic traditions and the peasant whose mind is narrowed by the tyranny of caste and priestcraft. Whether he is a charlatan or a saint, his methods have certainly won for him the trust of the millions of India. His naked body and his ascetic way of life make him one of them. When he goes amongst them he tells them that he is struggling for " Purana Swaraj," the old form of self-government, whatever that may be, and his spinning wheel is taken as a token of his desire to get back to a simpler form of life. Strange, is it not, that the old fox who decries mill-made cloth and twentieth-century industry finds many of his most devoted supporters amongst the merchant princes of Bombay and Calcutta and the cotton mill owners of Ahmedabad? It is they who provide the funds which pay for Congress propaganda and organisation throughout the country. Gandhi himself is, of course, the best propaganda for Congress; and at times one wonders whether Congress could have maintained its hold and its unity, were it not for the immense contribution of this strange mystical propagandist who has so dazzled the imagination of the Indian peasant. He has had only one great failure. He has failed to dazzle or win the Mohammedans. While 90,000,000 of the toughest warrior section of the Indian nation not merely refuse to recognize his leadership but, on the contrary, regard him as an outrageous impostor, he cannot be considered the leader of a united India. Congress is merely a pale shadow of Gandhi. Apart from Gandhi's personality their sole political asset is racial prejudice against the foreigner. They have been divided on every issue of national importance: participation or non-participation in the elections and legislatures, non-violence or military preparedness, civil disobedience or collaboration. In every case Gandhi has swung Congress to his view.

Passing from politics, I will say something about the religions of India. It is a vast subject and one on which I can do no more than make a few disjointed observations. No discussion on India would, however, be complete without some reference to her religions. Of the four great religions of the world—Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedanism—two, which embrace nearly half the population of the globe, were born in India. These religions are, of course, Hinduism and Buddhism, and they share with Christianity the distinction of being religions of peace in contrast with Mohammedanism and Shintoism, which are essentially warrior creeds.

Hinduism is the main religion of India, being followed by nearly

three-fourths of the population. It is not a well-defined creed, as full knowledge of it is a well kept secret of the Brahmin caste and is not imparted to " lesser breeds without the law ". The chief god in the Hindu pantheon is Brahma, the creator ; but he is, in practice, a pale non-entity compared with the more popular deities : Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva, who presides over production and destruction. In addition to these three gods there are hosts of other gods and goddesses—Kali, Ganesh, Hanuman, Saraswati, Parvati, &c.—each with its own band of devotees.

One of the most notorious features of Hinduism is the caste system. At the head of the scale is the Brahmin ; at the bottom are the pariahs or outcasts. In between there is a nice gradation of castes descending from the Kshatrayas, the warrior caste, downwards. The artisan class are low in the scale. Very near the bottom are shoe-makers and those who work in leather, which is regarded as an unclean material. The scavenger class, sweepers and the like, are an exceedingly polluted class. Lowest of all come the out-castes. A great many of these castes are untouchable, that is to say, their touch pollutes. The custom of untouchability prevails throughout the whole of India, but it is particularly strong in Madras, where (it is said) the distance within which an untouchable may approach a Brahmin without polluting him, has been worked out in great detail. For instance, blacksmiths and carpenters can pollute at a range of 24 feet, toddy drawers at a range of 36 feet, while beef-eating pariahs contaminate at a distance of 64 feet. To such an extent is the doctrine of untouchability carried that in most parts of the country the lower castes are not allowed to enter the temples to pray, their children may not attend public schools to which higher caste children go, and they may not draw water from the public wells. I remember some years ago reading of a low caste youth being severely beaten—I am not sure that he was not killed—for having polluted a well in some village in the Central Provinces by jumping into it to save the life of a high caste girl who had fallen in !

When one considers that one Hindu out of every five is an untouchable, one can realise what a struggle high caste Hindus have to avoid pollution. There are other restrictions, too, which combine to make the path of orthodoxy very difficult. The kind of food a high caste Hindu may eat is very narrowly circumscribed, and the mode of its preparation is also very strictly laid down with a view to avoid contamination. If, for instance, the likes of you or me entered a kitchen where a high caste Hindu's food was being cooked, the place and the food would be defiled. All the food would have to be thrown away and all the cooking utensils destroyed. The kitchen would have to be ceremoniously purified, and the cook and the people of the house would have to bathe and do penance at once to get rid of the contamination. It seems absurd, but it is true. A high caste Hindu must not allow himself to be touched by a dog, which

is an unclean animal. If he should come in contact with a dog, he would have to hurry off and plunge into water with all his clothes on to get rid of the defilement. Another worry for Brahmins and high caste people is the choice of a spot to sit down on. If it should happen that a pariah had walked on the spot not long ago or that there was some unclean substance there, such as a bit of leather or a leaf which had been used to contain food, it would be defiling to sit on it. But if the place had been recently rubbed over with cow dung, it would be perfectly pure and safe from the Brahmin's point of view. To avoid mishaps, however, Brahmins very often carry around their own mats with them and spread them on the ground before taking their seat. Indians, it may be recalled, habitually sit on the ground and not on chairs.

When we consider the meticulous care with which high caste Hindus regulate their outward observances, it is surprising to find that sins of the spirit are almost disregarded amongst them. Most sins appear to resolve themselves into a breach of some caste regulation, the ethical ground for which is not apparent. The sinner can generally rid himself of the delinquency and its consequences by the expenditure of a greater or smaller sum of money and by the performance of certain purifying ceremonies. The following quotation from Abbé Dubois' book *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies* aptly illustrates the lack of a real ethical criterion for the offences of the Hindu religion: " There are certain offences so heinous in the sight of Hindus, however, as to leave no hope of reinstatement to those who commit them. Such, for example, would be the crime of a Brahmin who had openly [note the word " openly "] co-habited with a Pariah woman. Were the woman of any other caste, I believe it would be possible for the guilty person, by getting rid of her and by repudiating any children he had had by her, to obtain pardon after performing many purifying ceremonies and expending much money. But hopeless would be the case of the man who under any circumstances had eaten of cow's flesh. There would be no hope for him even supposing he had committed such an awful sacrilege under compulsion."

When we turn to the Mohammedans, who number roughly 90 millions, we find a monotheistic religion which includes amongst its sacred books many of our Scriptures and which reveres as prophets many of the Old Testament Patriarchs. Mohammedanism is a ritual religion. Its followers can be seen each day at sunset prostrating themselves, for their evening prayers, with head turned towards Mecca. Wherever they may be at the sunset hour, down they stretch themselves for this evening prayer. The faithful Mohammedan prays in this way three times a day, and on Fridays, the Mohammedan sabbath, he prays in his mosque. Fasting plays a big part in the Mohammedan religion. The whole month of Ramzan is one long fast. During that month neither food nor drink may pass the lips of the faithful from one hour before sunrise to one hour

after sunset. This is a very severe ordeal when the month of Ramzan falls during the hot period of the year, as abstinence from fluids during the intense heat can amount almost to torture. It is edifying to note the steadfastness with which the Mohammedans observe this very exacting commandment. They are not afflicted with the same multitude of taboos as the Hindus, but pork and wine are anathema to them. Caste finds no place in the Mohammedan religion—which, in theory, if not in practice, regards all men as equal. But it is they who introduced the Purda system into India, which the Hindus then adopted *con amore*. The Mohammedan is a great fatalist. Kismet (fate) rules the world and it is useless to struggle against it.

From a numerical point of view Christianity comes a bad third amongst India's religions. Its adherents number roughly seven million; but, though comparatively small in numbers, the influence of Christians is great. The Christian view that all men are equal before God and that we are all brothers in Christ makes a great appeal to the down-trodden and the depressed. The movement for the relief and uplift of the Untouchables finds its inspiration in Christianity. The Christian Missionaries have always been fearless opponents of injustice and staunch champions of the oppressed, and the courageous espousal of the rights of the down-trodden has won them many followers. Having spent four or five years in Chota Nagpur amongst the Uraons and Mundas, who were converted in hundreds of thousands by Father Lievens, the great Jesuit missionary, I saw something of the spirit of religious fervour and enthusiasm which was aroused by this champion of the oppressed. Some of Father Lievens's companions were still working on the Mission when I was there, and Christianity was still being spread by the same methods, a fight for the poor and oppressed against their oppressors. It is easy to understand how wide the influence of such a religion could be in India. It did affect all classes deeply, but the weak and the despised turned most readily to Christianity for their spiritual and temporal salvation. The intelligentsia were deeply interested. A great many of them have received their education in Christian schools. The Bible is one of the most widely read books among this class. Few of them, however, become converts. Hardness of heart may be one explanation why they do not come in, but there can be little doubt that they find it hard to reconcile the turmoil and strife which have distinguished European affairs for over a quarter of a century with the rule of the Prince of Peace.

This brings me to the end of my paper on India. I have not attempted to convey a comprehensive impression of the country and its society. The picture is too big to be sketched in the space at my disposal. I have merely looked at certain aspects of the scene and attempted to describe them. I hope I have not given a false idea of the full panorama through concentration on certain parts of it. It may be that in doing so I have

accentuated the particulars which distinguish the Indian from the European and slurred over the similarities. When dealing with a foreign people, there is always a tendency to direct attention to what is strange and different and to ignore the common ground. I should have conveyed an entirely erroneous impression if the reader has been led to believe that the dissimilarities are of primary importance and that the common traits are insignificant and unimportant. To guard against such an error I must make clear that, in essence, the Indian is very like ourselves and that it is chiefly in the accidents of his civilization, his religion and his social structure that he differs from us. Indians and Europeans are descended from the same Aryan race. This common descent can be traced in their features and their forms. As I said elsewhere, Indians are indeed Europeans painted brown. Their great adaptability to European civilization shows how much they have in common with us. As soldiers, as sportsmen, and as thinkers they have won recognition as our equals. More important still, they have proved themselves good companions and loyal friends to those who have sojourned amongst them. It is distressing that a cloud has settled for the moment between India and Great Britain, the European nation to which she owes most. I feel convinced, however, that when the tide of the War begins to turn, the cloud of mistrust which distorts and obscures one from the other will lift and that a happy understanding will crown the remarkable history of collaboration between a great Eastern and a great Western nation. With this hope I close my Indian retrospect.

F. C. KING

GALWAY—"AN ANCIENT COLONIE OF ENGLISH"

BY SEAN O CATHAIN, S.J.

"SURELY it is a special point of wisdom to keep the cities and towns of this kingdom constant and faithful to His Majesty and his service, without which all may be in danger at one time or other." These words of the Lord Deputy, Chichester, to Salisbury in the year 1608 might well be used as an introductory text to the history of any town in Ireland. But they may be applied with particular aptness to Galway. Why this should be so has been recently shown by Professor M. D. O'Sullivan in a work[1] which may serve as a model for future historians of Irish towns. An immense amount of research has been undertaken in order that the story of the town may not only be understood in the light of contemporary Irish events, but may be placed in its proper setting against the background of English and Continental history. That, of course, is the only method which will lead to a true and just appreciation of the history of any one section of a greater order, though indeed it is far from being recognised as such in many Irish "histories". And if, at times, our national *amour propre* is wounded when we learn that others fail to realise that this island was the most important part of Europe, it is a salutary lesson for us to be reminded that truth is a surer foundation for patriotism than any romance, however flattering. Professor O'Sullivan has followed this more austere method. The book will hardly be greeted with any great popular applause, and indeed there is no noticeable tendency on the author's part to conciliate public approval.[2] If, then, in the following pages exception is taken at times to conclusions drawn in the book, such differences of opinion are not meant to detract in any way from the general excellence of the history or from the method employed in the writing of it. They are to be understood rather as differences as to the extent of such conclusions or as to the degree of emphasis which the author has placed on certain facts.

The history of Galway up to the year 1652 may be briefly described as the remarkable change which led a town that had consistently trumpeted its loyalty to the English Crown, and whose loyalty had been recognised in a special way by the ministers of that Crown, to be the first of the Norman towns to throw off its allegiance and to join the Confederate

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[1] *OLD GALWAY. The History of a Norman Colony in Ireland.* By M. D. O'Sullivan, M.A., Professor of History in University College, Galway. Cambridge: W. Heffer. 488 pages. 18s.

[2] A case in point is the author's persistent use of the obnoxious word "natives" to distinguish the Irish from the invaders. It is of no avail for Professor O'Sullivan to reply that they were in fact natives of the country. The fact remains that "the natives" in modern English means "uncivilized, uncultured tribes" who have not yet had the advantages of English civilisation and culture. That the author does not hold that the "natives" were lacking in culture is evident on many pages of her book.

cause in 1642. Not only did it join that cause but in time it allied itself with the extreme party, the policy of whose members was to break all connection with England and to place themselves under the protection of a Catholic Continental Prince. The aim of these pages will be to follow briefly, but with certain minor modifications, the account that Professor O'Sullivan has so brilliantly put together.

The position which Galway held in Irish history, from its foundation and for many hundreds of years afterwards, may be best put in the words which one of its mayors, Piers Lynch, wrote to the Lord Deputy and Council in the year 1573 : " We trust your Lordships will considre howe we and our ancestors have done hitherto in defending this place . . . . . who is the onelie staie fortress and chambre her highnes hathe throughe oute all this province of Connaght." And so indeed it was. Within a short time after they had overrun Connaught and had taken it in the King's name, all the Norman settlers west of the Shannon had thrown off any semblance of allegiance to the Crown, so that we find them constantly referred to in contemporary State papers as " English rebels " joined with the " Irish enemies." All, that is, except that portion of them who drove the O'Flaherties out of the fishing village at the mouth of the Galway river and settled there themselves. From the very beginning—drawn, it seems, by an instinct of self-preservation—they kept or tried to keep themselves intact and uncontaminated by any native influence, and they professed the deepest loyalty to the Crown. Even when their very overlords, the great de Burgo family, had adopted Irish speech and names and customs and had renounced their allegiance, they refused to be shaken.

Two motives seem to have urged them in such a direction. The first and more urgent was a real fear of the " wild tribes " surrounding them. And indeed the apparition of a tall, saffron-clad warrior with long hair and emphatic gestures must have been highly distasteful to the sober citizens. Add to this the fact that they were intruders who had deprived these same Irish of a very lucrative fishing-station, that they were part of a class who had driven the owners of the land off their territories across the Corrib into the bleak lands of Iar-Connaught, and we may well imagine their hate and distrust of those they had injured. First among their enemies were, of course, the O'Flaherties, and the well-known inscription once over the west gate of the town (Professor O'Sullivan gives two versions of it) may be taken as a measure of the fear they inspired.[1]

[1] Professor O'Sullivan does not think much of the O'Flaherties. Quoting from an article by E. W. Lynam in STUDIES, June 1914, she says : " The O'Flaherties were no patrons either of letters, arts or the church." She might, in fairness, have also quoted the preceding sentences which show that, to a certain extent at any rate, they endowed and patronised churches and monasteries. That these did not flourish for long may perhaps not have been the fault of the O'Flaherties alone. As we shall see later, the rich merchants of the town were not outstanding in many branches of culture either. As a historian, the author might at least have suggested that our sources for the character

The second motive was the realisation that, situated as they were, their greatest, in fact their only real safeguard lay in a close union with the Crown, symbolising as it did for them all the might of law and order which were essential for the success of their trading enterprises. This loyalty is emphasised by themselves in letters and petitions to the King's Council and to the Lords Deputies. They insisted on being regarded as English; they always described themselves as such. When, in 1654, the town was being ruined by the Cromwellian soldiers quartered there, they sent a petition for redress in which they plaintively described themselves as "an ancient colonie of English, planted in this nook of the country." During the Desmond Rising and the Rising of Hugh O'Neill they remained loyal, and defended the town against O'Donnell when he advanced as far as the walls in 1597. (Though, in this case, it might be said that they were not very keenly tested. Siege warfare did not play much part in the strategy of Irish chiefs). They constantly sent information to Dublin which they picked up in the course of their Spanish trade, and they acted as spies on the neighbouring Irish too.

And yet, in spite of it all, one is left with the feeling that their much-vaunted loyalty was hardly that "intensest devotion to the Crown" that Professor O'Sullivan pictures. She is surprised that such a devotion should be coupled with a determination to achieve the "completest possible political emancipation." The solution seems to me to be that there was not, at least in later times, a jot of what we call "patriotism" in their loyalty. It was purely a matter of expediency, of insurance, of getting the best possible value for their money. So when the crisis came in 1652, having proclaimed that they were ready to die for their King, they yielded to Coote after hardly a struggle. They made very sure, however, to have included in the articles of surrender assurances that their precious property and businesses would be protected. In a popular phrase, they got out while the going was good. As the event proved, they could not have done much worse had they shown a little courage. Small wonder that a contemporary tract stigmatises them as "petty pedlars and bankroute merchants." In marked contrast to them we may note the conduct of Ulick, Earl of Clanricarde. From 1641 to 1652 he remained steadfast in his devotion to his ungrateful Stuart Kings. Neither the persuasions of the Irish leaders, nor the threats of the Papal Legate, nor the certain loss of his great possessions could shake him from what he considered to be his duty. And when all was lost in 1652 we read of him: "To serve his majesty, he intended after Galway would be lost

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of the O'Flaherties are not quite impartial. Finally, she might have quoted Lynam's revealing words: "The two hundred years from 1300 to 1500, when neither Iar-Connaught nor the O'Flaherties took any part in the movements of Irish history . . . . . were probably the most prosperous days which that province ever experienced before or since. They were probably also its most civilised years, for Irish tribal life, law and customs, wherever they were unmolested, developed to a high point in the fifteenth century."

to make a mountain war and to give the rebels trouble for some time, if his majesty would but send him some small succour which he demanded."

Still, whatever the colour of their loyalty, they did in fact insist a good deal on it, and it, joined to that fear and dislike of their neighbours, resulted in a policy of excluding as far as possible all Irish influence from the town. Hence we find in the town records from the earliest times down to the middle of the 16th century, and in various ordinances imposed by the Government on the town, a whole series of enactments towards that purpose. Later on we shall see that they were, in the event, ineffective; and we may regard them as useless protests against what was a slow but irresistible development. They covered every detail of the town life, and are too numerous to be recorded at any length here. We may, however, group them in various classes. All civic rights were denied the Irish; they might not, except by special licence, be freedmen of the town; they might open no shops; they might not be taken as apprentices; a careful check was kept of their entry into the town and, while in it, they were to behave in a seemly manner. " If any man " we read in 1518 " should bring any Irishman to brage or boste upon the towne, to forfeit 12d. . . . that neither O ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Gallway." No " galley, botte or barque " was to be sold to them, and there were stringent regulations against selling guns or powder or any kinds of weapon to them. (Needless to say, the merchants of Galway found such traffic in munitions with their enemies no more incompatible with their loyalty than do many of their modern counterparts in other countries). Another section dealt with prohibitions directed against the adoption by the townsfolk of Irish customs: saffron-coloured clothes were forbidden; men were to clip their hair and to shave their upper lips; there was to be no keening at wakes (" that no outrage, howling or shoutings be made in or out of the streets of this towne at the burial of any deceased person "). An interesting law concerns the playing of games: " . . . and also at no tyme to use ne occupye the horlinge of the litill balle with hockie stickes or staves, nor use no hande ball to playe without the walles, but onely the great foote balle, on payn of the paynis above lymittid [*i.e.*, 8d. every time]." The framers of this ordinance do not seem to have heard of Gaelic football.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, when Galway's isolation was complete, the law administered in the town began to absorb various non-English elements. Among these, Irish law seems to have played a big part. We read of various complaints, by the King's Justices in Dublin, of decisions made " contrary to reason and the King's law," and from time to time customs are condemned which show how deeply native law had influenced the courts. In 1519 the Corporation laid down " that no Irish judge nor lawior shall plede in no mans causse or matter within this our Court, for it agreeith not with the Kinges lawes . . . " Yet in

1530 a fine was levied on the town because it admitted a Mac Egan—an interesting name—to act as arbitrator in a case between the town and the Irish outside. Finally, in 1578 the judges were forbidden to take a fee of sentence called in Irish an *oleigethe*, which Professor O'Sullivan quotes Thurneysen as explaining as the Irish *aile déc*, or twelfth part.[1]

There was one department of the town's life in which the colonists went to great lengths to ensure freedom from Irish influence. When the Normans came to Galway the site of the town was in the diocese of Annaghdown. But in 1324 that diocese was united to the archdiocese of Tuam, and from that time on the church of St. Nicholas was staffed by priests nominated by the Archbishop. Now this was an arrangement highly displeasing to the worthy burghers; so in 1485 they obtained a Papal Bull establishing their church as a Collegiate Church entirely independent of Tuam. Furthermore, they had included in the Bull provisions which gave to the Mayor and Corporation entire control of the church and of the priests ministering in it. The Bull states the reasons they advanced for this drastic step: "The parishioners of the said church of St. Nicholas were modest and civil people and that they lived in the said town surrounded with walls, not following the customs of the mountainous and wild people of these parts, and that by reason of the impetrations or provisions of the aforesaid mountainous and wild people to the vicarage of the said church of St. Nicholas, before commonly governed by vicars, they were so much disturbed that they could not assist at divine service, nor receive the holy sacraments according to the English decency, rite and custom, which the aforesaid inhabitants and their ancestors always used. . . ." In other words, Messrs. Lynch, French, Skerrett and their friends objected to Father O'Flaherty's direction of their souls. That the objection was not all one-sided may perhaps be inferred from the fact that they obtained the Bull through the intercession of none other than the Archbishop of Tuam himself, whose diocese they wanted to leave and who bore the "mountainous and wild" name of Donatus (or Donnchadh) O'Murray. At any rate the Tribes had complete control of their parish church from this on, a control which extended to the most minute details of the priests' daily lives. Such a state of lay patronage was, of course, fairly common in the medieval Church, but it did not in all cases work out so harmoniously as it seems to have done in Galway. Once the merchants had the care of their own church they proved generous, nay even munificent benefactors both of the clergy and of the church itself, a fact to which the present state of the buildings,

[1] In this matter of the administration of law, it may be noted that Professor O'Sullivan makes no mention of the apocryphal story of the execution of his own son by Mayor James Lynch FitzStephen in 1493.

mutilated and defaced though they were by Coote's ruffians, bears eloquent testimony.[1]

In the face of this mass of apparent evidence for an anti-Irish and loyalist spirit in the town, how are we to explain the historical fact that this hitherto *urbs intacta* became in the end more Irish than the Irish themselves? Very little in the town records prepare us for such a change. Up to the very end, more or less the same arrogant tone is heard in them. When, however, we consider the town's history, when we read those same records with a discerning eye, above all when we consider the actual position of the town with regard to its surroundings, many reasons for the change emerge. Most of them we must mention only to dismiss for lack of space. Almost from the beginning of the town's importance the English government refused to give full trust to the citizens' protestations of loyalty, and that even before the question of religion arose. The English evidently could not believe that, when all Connaught had revolted, the vassals of the greatest of the rebels could remain true. Later, when the Spanish menace appeared which was to influence English politics for nearly two hundred years, the town's close association with the hated enemy served to exacerbate that suspicion. Finally, the religious persecution widened the gap to an almost complete separation and was indeed the final factor which determined the break. We may note here that, while the government in London and the Lords Justices in Dublin, persisted in this attitude of suspicion, the Lords Deputies, whose travels brought them into closer contact with the towns, were unanimous in counselling a greater measure of trust and a moderation of the religious laws. Under this heading of misunderstanding and ill-government we may include the destruction of their trade in favour of English ports, the lack of redress against the depredations and violence of the soldiers of the garrison, the confiscation of the county lands—many of which the merchants had bought—and, finally, the flagrant dishonesty of the Stuart kings.

To my mind, however, the most potent solvent of their loyalty is to be found in what Professor Pollard is quoted as calling " the insinuating strength of the Irish nation " to absorb the foreigner. The process of absorption was, as we know, more rapid in the country parts. Some mention of it in the case of Connaught has already been made in the course of this article. But to see it at work in a town like Galway is particularly interesting, for we have here the spectacle of a small, compact

[1] Professor O'Sullivan might well have omitted the statement that " with these same merchants devout and generous supporters of the Church in Galway, and controlling to a great extent its affairs, it is not surprising that little is heard of the sins of usury ", with its subjoined note : " On the other hand, in 1579 the Corporation itself came out strongly against the usury being practised in Galway and passed a statute against it." Is there any evidence for this apparent suggestion of a complaisant clergy ? Are there, in fact, any records whatever of the sermons preached in Galway church at this period ? If there are, the author never mentions them.

body, fully alive to the danger threatening it, taking every means in its power to combat the thing, only to be swamped in the end. Now, to understand the course of events we must know something about the townspeople, who they were and how far the doings of the Corporation and its records represent the actual state of affairs in the town. Here, the author's scholarly and illuminating use of the municipal manuscript records gives us a clear idea of conditions.

We may distinguish two classes among the inhabitants: a small, exclusive oligarchy who ran the town and ordered its affairs exactly as suited themselves and their pockets; and, in the second place, what we today would call the proletariat. This second class may have been fairly small at first, but as time passed it multiplied, until by 1652 it had long outnumbered the ruling caste. It was the first class, the "Tribes," who were responsible for the anti-Irish legislation and for the loyalist sentiments we have been considering. The second class, being unfree, had no voice whatever in the management of the town. In the course of time two circumstances contributed to a vast increase in their numbers. Many of the country-people were driven into the town on account of the devastation caused by the English armies in the province. They were, of course, Irish-speaking and can hardly have been filled with feelings of cordiality towards the government that had caused their ruin. The second circumstance was the founding of the famous Galway lay school by Dominick Duff Lynch in 1566. In the general persecution and ruin of Irish education during the reign of Elizabeth this school managed to keep open. In consequence, it drew to itself crowds of students (according to one authority there were 1,200 students in the town in 1608) in search of the education denied them elsewhere. Students are not a notoriously conservative and law-abiding body, especially when they consider that they have been harshly treated by the power of the law.

It is no wonder then that we find the good burghers passing violent statutes against persons of no visible means of subsistence and against "foreigne students," and that the citadel was to be erected, not so much to act as a protection against the Spaniard, but to curb "the seditious and factious youth." It is in the light of this growing and determined opposition that most of the anti-Irish laws are to be read. How far the Corporation succeeded in curbing their opponents may be guessed from the disgraceful fact that in 1627 it was reported that the Mayor and Corporation were sometimes treated with a great lack of the usual respect—were, indeed, openly insulted.

But, apart from this insubordinate and largely Irish section in the town, there was another element contributing to the process of absorption, an element not so obvious perhaps as the "sturdie beggars" and "pretended schollers" but probably of even greater effect than them in changing Galway. We may picture the town to ourselves as a foreign

organism surrounded by a natural and vigorous growth. Though frequent injections might be made in an effort to maintain that organism's distinctive qualities, it is obvious that, sooner or later, it would yield to the insistent influence of its surroundings, would take on their qualities and would eventually be indistinguishable from them. The essential character of the town was in violent opposition to the ordinary laws of social growth, and so it could not endure over any long period of time.[1] In spite of all the laws, the life of the town was too closely linked with the countryside, too dependent on it, to escape its influence. Not only did the town depend for its essential foods on traffic with the country, its trade was mainly a matter of exporting country produce—wool, hides, corn and wood formed the bulk of the export trade—or of collecting that produce and preparing in the Galway workshops for export. As trade relations of this kind developed, we may be sure that the merchants saw to it that a good deal of this produce was paid for, not with money but with the commodities they were importing in ever increasing quantities—wine mainly, but iron also and salt, and (as we saw) there was a very lively if underground trade in guns and other munitions.

Intermarriage between the Irish and members of the town families must also have played a large share in breaking down the barriers. We read in the minutes for the year 1500 that " at the request of Andrewe Fallon, on behalf of his daughter Julian Fallon who is married to Donell Oge Ovologhan [probably *O Fuallachâin*] of this towne, goldsmith, and for the better relief of said Andrewe, who is old and impotent, the said Donell made free on condition of maintaining him." Note that Donell, though Irish, did have a shop in the town in spite of the prohibition against it. Roderick O'Flaherty, too, who was born in 1629, had a Galway mother and grandmother.

To my mind, one of the most remarkable proofs of the gradual fusion

[1] To this unnatural state of the town may be attributed some odd features in its history. To it was due, as it seems to me, the fact that literary culture was virtually non-existent in the town. Ostentation there was, and glittering display, but of a true appreciation of learning, of any literary achievement we hear nothing. How could there have been ? They had no sympathy with the native, and their connection with English and Continental culture was very weak. Professor O'Sullivan holds that there must have been schools before 1566. Probably there were, but there is not a scrap of evidence for their existence. Even when the Collegiate Church was established, there is no mention in the Bull of a school in connection with it. As for the statement (p. 455) : " We find among the well-to-do classes . . . a very real acquaintance with the literature of the time, both English and Continental ", the only proof adduced is the testimony of one traveller who found a love-sick maiden reading an English version of *Orlando Furioso*—a slender enough foundation for such a wide statement. Professor O'Sullivan herself puts the matter well when she says : " As far as Galway was concerned, it was not in fact until, later, Irish blood flowed freely in the veins of Galway men, and for the purely selfish and materialistic temper of the town there was substituted the generous spirit of national regard, that we get original literature and scholarship of any value." In this connection we may note the words of one Story, attached to the Williamite army which took the town in 1691 : " The town of Galway is, no doubt, one of the most ancient in Ireland ; and yet I do not find many remarkable things of it formerly, it being always a place of trade rather than action of another nature." (Hardiman, p. 159, note.)

is contained in the account of the proceedings taken against Sir Morogh na Dowe O'Flaherty and various members of the Corporation. It seems that Sir Morogh appeared in Dublin in 1585 with four merchants of the town who acted as retainers for him, clad in cloaks supplied by him. Their names were Martyn, Lynch, French and O'Halloran. Now it is true that Sir Morogh was a bit of a *Tadhg an dá thaobh*. Still, an O'Flaherty was always an O'Flaherty, and that the members of the most prominent of the Tribes should have been willing to undertake such a role is surely an indication that the process of fusion had gone very far. Again, we may note the opening words of the will of Dominick Lynch FitzJohn, one of the richest merchants of the town: "I, Dominick Lynche, merchant and burgess of the town of Galvie . . . . do make my will in the form following, within my house, on the 12th July, 1508, in presence of Maurice Y Cemmane, a skilful physician, who at my request wrote this will. . . ." And among the witnesses to the will we find at least three Irish names.[1] I notice that Professor O'Sullivan makes no mention of the practice of medicine in the town. It is probable that here, as in the administration of the law, the townsfolk availed themselves of the services of the Irish.

Finally, in our search for factors which brought about the change, we come to the vexed question of the position of the Irish language in the town. It is quite obvious that, as the author says, Irish was never officially recognised, that the proceedings of the Corporation were conducted in English (because the minutes are written in English), and that, according to various visiting dignitaries who were entertained by the town's rulers, they differed very little from the English. It is obvious too that the English that was spoken must have been infected to a large extent by Irish. That being said, however, it seems to me that the author goes too far in saying that the majority of the townspeople spoke English. It would seem clear that Irish was the everyday speech of the "unfree" who, from the middle of the sixteenth century at any rate, formed the majority of the population. As we saw, they were mainly of purely Irish origin and on their arrival in the town knew little or no English. And any inclination they may have had to imitate the speech of the burghers would have been countered by the attitude of those burghers towards them. Whether they learnt to speak English at all is a question impossible to answer. There was in fact no need to do so; for, as Professor O'Sullivan recognises, the burghers probably knew at least enough Irish to carry on trade negotiations in that language.

The main question is whether the burghers used English or Irish as their daily speech. On occasions like the visit of a Lord Deputy they

[1] Hardiman, p. 235, note *d*. If *Cemmane* is the correct ms. reading it may be Ó Comáin. Y is not uncommon in documents of this period as representing Ó.

would naturally have spoken English.[1] But what language did they use when seated around their dinner-table, or saying their prayers, or when they were angry? The author believes firmly that they spoke English. It seems to me that there are one or two items of evidence which she has not sufficiently considered. First of all, there is the Ordinance of Henry VIII enjoining the people of Galway to learn to speak English. This she dismisses on the grounds that it is to be considered as a part of general English policy only, or that enemies of the town had misrepresented the facts, that the facts do not support the suggestion. But it is precisely the facts which are in question. And while they admit an *official* use of the English, they say nothing about the daily speech. The fact that the Blakes in 1640 speak of themselves as having lived in Connaught for hundreds of years "without change of language, manners or habit," if it be true, might be offset by a statement by the historian John Lynch in his *Alithinologia* (listed in Professor O'Sullivan's bibliography) that the settlers differed in no way from the "meer antient Irish," that they were as Irish as the old inhabitants, whose customs and language they had adopted. Lynch was born and bred in Galway and left it for the Continent in 1652. Again, an argument based on the regulation that the freedom of the city might be conferred on those only who could speak English would present no difficulty to us who have seen what influence on the spoken language of our country the regulation had which prescribes that positions in the Civil Service are available to those only who can speak Irish. There is a wide gap between "can" and "do".

The author mentions in passing one fact which strikes me as very significant, the fact, namely, that many members of the great town families adopted Irish soubriquets such as *Duff*, *Oge* and *Roe*. Examples are: Dominick Duff Lynch, John Oge Blake, Stephen Roe French. Many of them, too, used an Irish form of their names. Now that is a very different matter from the use of occasional Irish words in the Corporation records. It might be argued that such names were bestowed on them by the lower, Irish-speaking classes; but even if such were the case, why did they adopt them and use them in official business? I suggest that it is a pointer at least in the direction of a more frequent use of Irish than the author would admit.

In 1651 a pictorial map of the town was prepared by the Corporation

[1] Incidentally, where or when or how did they learn English? They spoke Norman-French on arrival and for quite a while afterwards, as the author holds. But by the middle of the 14th century they were virtually isolated from England. Their fellow-Normans in the country parts had adopted Irish as their daily speech. Finally, there was, as Professor O'Sullivan says, none of that Saxon element among them which contributed so much to the spread of English in the eastern towns. Did they then import masters of this new speech which the Normans in England were adopting, and did they laboriously learn English as a further mark of loyalty and solidarity? All we can say is that they did in fact know it. Is it, by the way, quite certain that, as the author says, "the Tribes who came into Galway in the 14th century from the country districts were English-speaking"?

to be presented to the Duke of Lorraine for purposes which need not concern us here. The various parts of the town are indicated by numbers and letters, and there is a corresponding list explaining these symbols. And the interesting thing is that in a great number of cases, besides the English, an Irish form is given. Did these Irish forms occur in the case of outlying portions only—hillocks and rivers and the like—one could understand their being adopted as such names frequently are. But in fact they are found attached to all parts of the town's buildings : towers—*Tor an Leoin* ; gates—*in sparra hier* ; fortifications—*obir na sparra* ; streets in great number—*Boaher Dubh, Boaher Keam* (*Cam*) ; bridges—*Drehad Miall* (*Maol*) ; " a bathing place where boys swim "[1]—*Srugh millin Shemis khigh* (*chaoich*) ; " the cross in the middle of the highway called *Laght more ni hein* " ; finally, " the stream and new fosse called *diegnua*." Admittedly all these might have been simply the names given by the Irish-speaking classes, but why did the Corporation adopt them ? Not for the Prince surely. What interest would a foreign prince have in such outlandish names ? Could it not be argued that the members of the Corporation felt that the Irish names were the real names, the names in daily use, and that as such they should be included in the map ?

The points I have mentioned are not of very great weight in themselves ; but, taken together, do they not suggest that Professor O'Sullivan's statements go too far, that there is a fairly good case to be made out for the widespread use of Irish in the town ? We may perhaps draw an argument from the rapid decay of the Gaeltacht areas under present circumstances and say that, had not the disaster of 1652 happened, English would soon have disappeared from the town.

But the disaster of 1652 did happen, and in connection with it we may note in conclusion some events which provide an ironic commentary on the efforts of the Tribes to maintain their " English " traditions. In 1654 the new masters of the town, the " English inhabitants " as they called themselves, petitioned " that the government of this towne by charter might not be any longer in the handes of the Irish and Papists, but that it might be put into the hands of the English and Protestants." Which request was immediately granted. And so we find this " ancient colonie of English " being classed now, without distinction, along with those whom they had through the centuries despised and kept out of all government in the town. In the following year they were ordered to sell what property they had in the town to those well-disposed to the government and to be out of the town within a year. And we hearken back to the statutes forbidding any but freedmen to hold property in the town and making strict laws against the intrusion of the " Irish ". The wheel had indeed come full circle.

SEAN O CATHAIN

[1] They still swim in this mill-stream.

THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN IN THE POST-WAR WORLD*

BY MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Editor of the *Catholic Herald*

I SHOULD like to begin by drawing attention to the fact that Catholics of this generation have been brought into the world at a time when everything—absolutely everything—is playing into their hands. Never in Christianity's history was it more patent that the world cannot do without Christianity. I mean that if a man had tried to write-up a mighty parable in order to demonstrate *a priori* what happens to a people who reject God's truth, he couldn't possibly have worked it out more effectively or precisely than it has in fact been worked out in actual history.

Just compare our position today with that of any Christian generation since the Reformation—and more especially since the eighteenth century. Our fathers and forefathers were really up against it. They had to stand for the truth, as they knew it by faith, against the mighty onrush of progress in the fields of philosophy, history, science, economics, anthropology, psychology, everything. Just in so far as the bright new world turned away from the dogmas and beliefs of Catholicity did it make big strides (so it seemed) towards enlightenment, brotherhood, peace, plenty and the dazzling discoveries of a veritable heaven on earth. I wonder sometimes how our forefathers had the courage to stick it out! Today, on the contrary, you and I are called upon to profess our faith in the midst of the ruin of all those hopes. The grandiose edifice that man proposed to build according to godless blue-prints has crashed; the vision has passed away as completely as a desert mirage.

You recall Hobbes's famous description, in the 13th chapter of the *Leviathan*, of man in what Hobbes called " a state of nature " :—

> In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain: and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. . . . To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent: that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues.

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* Paper read before Catholic Association for International Relations in Dublin on 20 September 1942.

If Hobbes had to describe the state of civilisation today, there is little in the above account of man the animal that he would have to alter because it goes too far, and not a little that he would have to add because what he wrote does not go far enough to describe a generation that has made full use of the products of a human genius, unknown to the 17th century writer, in order the better to serve force and fraud.

Well, here are we Christians, we Catholics above all, standing in the midst of this world with the right to say to our contemporaries: "We and our fathers and our fathers' fathers warned you that this would happen. The truth which you so despised has been vindicated. We can take you back through history and demonstrate to you just when you drifted from God's teaching and just how that drift became a landslide in which your city, reaching almost to heaven itself, toppled over and crumbled into dust." There's no getting away from this. Every Christian among us is in the position of a prophet who has lived to see his prophecies come true. Instead of having, like our forefathers, to fight against a fatally rising tide, we stand up and stand alone on a shore littered with the wreckage that that tide left behind it as it receded.

That is the position. And what are we doing about it? Is the Church today—are Christians—are Catholics creating in the minds of their contemporaries the impression of being masters of the situation in virtue of the patent lessons of history? Or are they crawling about that littered shore seeking like others to save something for themselves from the wreckage, quarrelling and fighting among themselves and with others for some already rotting prize, some rusty, seized-up bit of machinery, some bars of gold that have lost their purchasing power?

It is time we asked ourselves the question. It is time we faced the true position of the Christian, vindicated by history, yet absorbed by the struggle between these erstwhile giants of the earth reduced to the status of sordid beachcombers—fighting and quarrelling and trying to pick up what loot, what salary they can. Mind you, I'm not referring to the war as such; the war is only a symptom of a universal breakdown of order, through the substitution of man-made faiths for God's truth.

It is time, in other words, we faced the position of a Catholic citizen in the war and post-war world. This generation is not unaware of the depths to which it has been dragged. I believe that the world has in a sense been through the worst—at any rate the *spiritual* worst, even if material disasters greater than those of the past and present remain in store. I believe that the great contemporary revolutionary movements are genuine, if misguided and ignorant, efforts to rise from the depths to which the pride of the Enlightenment, the French Revolution and nineteenth century capitalism dragged men down. Behind the different brands of socialism, fascism, pacifism one can detect a popular striving for something human and simple—something almost humble—what one

might call a decent corner for the ordinary man in this vale of tears. Whereas the ideas of lordship of the earth, a man-made paradise, the hopes of unlimited wealth and power were at the root of the earlier movements, the collapse of these absurd ambitions have induced something of a new sobriety. Mind you, there's plenty of pride and the fanfare of trumpets left, but I think these are really survivals from the past rather than true characteristics of the present movements. God alone knows how much more material suffering they will bring, but they may pass.

The philosophy of Christianity, I suggest, was almost wholly alien from the pride and competition that marked the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Today on the contrary if I were called upon, for example, to speak to a group of ardent, politically-minded young people, I would strive to say something like this: Some of you young men and women here call yourselves socialists or communists. Other young men and women just like yourselves elsewhere call themselves fascists or nazis. Not long ago young men and women, now fighting and dying for their country, called themselves pacifists. You're all at daggers drawn, and for these causes which you have made your own you are all prepared to make sacrifices that can compare with the annals of the Christian martyrs. If I suggest to you yet another alternative, yet another cause—the cause of Christianity and Christendom—you will turn up your noses and think that I am asking you to lay down your arms and join a hymn-singing procession into a stuffy church. But for what am I really asking you? I am asking you to see the point of a militant revolutionary social order which contains and has always contained the good and worth-while in these rival causes of the day and has eliminated from them the evil and useless—the part that forces you young people to kill your brothers across the seas.

The Christian order I propose to you as really worth the sacrifices you want to make *is* communist, *is* fascist, *is* pacifist.

Christianity is communist because it taught the world the truth (never before realised) that men are equal—equal in the sight of God who gave His only Son to redeem them all and bring each one of them to the full knowledge of Himself. And this is no empty abstract phrase. In the very first chapter of the Gospel we read of God: "He hath shewed might in his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." And fifty years ago, when the bourgeois of the world had hardly heard of Communism and Marxism, the Pope of Rome in an encyclical, *i.e.* in the most solemn utterance, said: "Society is divided into two widely different castes: those who manipulate for their own benefit the sources of supply, and the needy and powerless multitude. . . . . A small number of the very rich have been able to lay

upon the teeming masses a yoke little better than slavery itself. . . . A workman's wages should be sufficient to enable him comfortably to support himself, his wife and his children. . . . . It is just and right that the results of labour should belong to those who have bestowed their labour. . . ." That is Christianity, and if it condemns your Communism it is not because of the good that is in it, but because of the bad and the stupid : the ridiculous notion that not you, the worker, should have the fruits of your work, but the impersonal, bureaucratic State run by a group of successful slick politicians ; the hateful notion that you should turn against you fellow human beings in war—for class-war is war—as though hatred and war ever did anyone any good !

And Christianity is fascist. Don't imagine that there's nothing good in Fascism. It has appealed to millions on the Continent, millions of young men and women very like yourselves, and it has gone a long way in delivering the goods in the shape of security and hope for millions who before it were despairing and often starving. The need of society for order, discipline and above all for well-directed co-operation between each section of the working community, instead of the suicidal rivalry and class-war, these are truths that Fascism has restored after a period of social anarchy in which the rich got richer and the poor poorer—these are the truths in Fascism which Christianity upholds. But it rejects with unutterable loathing the racialism, the nationalism, the trampling on other countries, the break-down of law, the cruelty of secret police and concentration camp, the worship of the State which characterise Fascism, as they likewise characterise Communism in actual experiment.

And Pacifism of which you were all so fond a little time ago, that also is a fine ideal. Christ is the prince of peace, and Christianity never tires of promoting and maintaining and making peace. It believes that all wars do more harm than good—that in fact they are of the devil. But Christianity also knows that man is a fallen creature, that he can be thoroughly evil, that when he is attacked by murderer or burglar he must defend himself. To refuse ever to defend oneself, however distressing the results of fighting, is to open the way for every criminal, whether among individuals or among societies ; and so the Church does not condemn all wars out of hand, though it strives with all its might to prevent the disaster of war's outbreaking.

Is then this Christian order—I would conclude in such a speech—so very out-of-date, so impracticable, so pious, so removed from things of the earth ? Does it make such a poor showing compared with these causes which you support at any sacrifice or attack at any cost ? Has it no appeal ? Is it not worthy—infinitely more worthy than Communism or Fascism—of that devotion and those sacrifices which the youth of the world today is ready to offer so heroically and so light-heartedly and, alas, so uselessly ?

Such things as these I would try to say to such an audience, and I should know that what I was saying was true—but true in theory, true in the abstract, true of Christians if they realised the social implications of their faith. But if my audience heckled me and asked me where they were to find evidence of Christianity in social and civic action as Communism and Fascism are in action, where could I point to?

I began by saying that here we Catholics are, in these years of world catastrophe in which a whole civilisation is veritably caving-in, with a fool-proof case of the value of Christianity to our neighbours, Tom, Dick and Harry, in their actual troubles; but what are we doing about it? Save in respect of church-going and perhaps a somewhat private field of personal and family morality, can you go about the cities or provinces of a modern great country and pick out the Christians, the Catholics, by their conversation and their behaviour? I doubt it. And then we wonder why a generation that is going to pieces, that is despairing of the philosophies upon which it was reared and is crazily clinging to new pseudo-religions that are a mockery to the human intellect, appealing only by the mass emotionalism which they generate in otherwise lost men—we wonder, I say, why this generation remains uninterested in the truth of which we are supposed to be living witnesses!

For we must not misunderstand the situation. Christianity never was and never will be an easy faith for the Christian as well as the non-Christian. For our generation it is a supremely difficult one. For generations now the world has been taught to disbelieve in the supernatural, and the mere destruction of all the hopes placed in the natural is not in itself enough to rekindle a faith that has been corrupted at the roots. For generations, too, men have been taught to seek the easier way. We are all affected by it. Discipline, self-control, work, abstinence, sacrifice, personal responsibility, the true exercise of freedom, the unalterable tempo and rhythm of the earth and its fruits, all these have been mocked and derided as out of date for man the inventor, man the creator, man who thinks himself a god. Some of these, it is true, are easier to recover than faith in the supernatural, and we are witnessing today the fact that, under revolutionary leadership and intense social emotion, these can be recovered. But the leadership and the example are necessary. What seems a mere theory, an abstract formulation of a perfect pattern will never warm the blood and inspire to hardship, devotion and sacrifice.

Thus the problem before us, as I see it, is not a temporal one only. It is not only a question of saving our generation (if there yet be time) from the dark ages that are surely in store for it. It is first and foremost a spiritual one. Here we are presented with the greatest opportunity that has fallen to the Church since its early days, the opportunity of translating our faith into action for the benefit of our neighbours who are

being prepared to understand a true faith in action. Notice the way the modern mind, in its revulsion against sterile intellectualism, works. It demands a programme of action. It seeks a leader. It expects the example of utter devotion to a cause. Having found these, it is ready to go any distance and swallow uncritically the wildest and most contradictory of faiths. This is not an attitude of mind of which Catholics whose faith is essentially rational can approve, but that is no reason for not taking advantage of it. One way back to full Christianity lies open. Despite the deeply entrenched objections to Catholic dogma, doctrine and moral rigidity, especially in the matter of marriage and sex, it is a fact that more and more people today, once they have seen the faith as a living thing, appealing to them in their sense of loss and so obviously providing the answer to the world's trouble, are prepared to take it, so to speak, in a lump. As Eric Gill said in his autobiography, some parts of it may seem rummy to them, but they agree that these are not nearly so rummy as the things they are expected to swallow by the intelligentsia and the politicians. And once they get to know and understand them better they don't seem rummy at all.

Therefore I repeat that, apart from the social and political problem, the way of apostolate today is through the example of Christianity at work, not in the four walls of a church (that is taken for granted within and without the limits of Christianity) but in the market-place, in the counting-houses, in the slums, on the platform, in the senate-chamber, in the fields, on the high seas, within the home.

The last thing I would wish to pretend to be is a fervent Catholic with the right to come out in public to criticise, upbraid and reform. And my complaint is certainly not that Christianity today is short of saints, of men of high virtue, of people who put their religion before everything else and lead lives of austerity and sacrifice. In this regard all I know is that most Catholics whom I meet very far indeed depass me in all these matters, and I should be an arrant hypocrite to stand up in public and demand more. In fact I am almost tempted to say, by way of underlining my point through a paradox, that Christianity would be more effective if it produced fewer pious and rigorous men—if in a sense it were more worldly. What I mean is this. In very many cases at any rate the more religious a man becomes the less real interest he takes in the world and worldly things. In some cases this interest in the specific things of God and his own soul leads a man truly to cut himself off from the world, and this no doubt is a good thing for the few called to it as well as for the world which benefits spiritually from their prayers and sacrifices ; but in the majority of cases it leads rather to a kind of spiritual and moral indifference in the affairs of the world. You remember how the extreme Quietists were sometimes led to the pernicious error that worldly matters were so far removed from God and reality that right and

wrong could scarcely be predicated of them. If they truly loved God, they would not be sinning whatever they might do in their outward lives. Well, I feel that Catholics generally too easily drift into something not unlike this heresy. The more pious they become, the more indifferent they grow to the Christian quality and order in the world of civic action, of business, of social work, of culture and art. Within the comparatively narrow moral field of what is laid down by the Church in black and white they are of course adamant and for this they will fight wherever they may be, but in the much wider and more difficult fields beyond where men have to think for themselves in terms of their philosophy and values these pious Catholics are very apt indeed to follow the fashion. Thus you get the (to me) always puzzling spectacle of devoted Catholics (sometimes professionally wedded to the subject of Christian doctrine) out-jingoing the jingoes in national affairs, as though it were the nation they worshipped instead of God; content to remain the ornaments of their aristocratic class, as though God's revelation had been that of the gentleman's code; prospering in big business or finance, as though the capitalist world coincided with the Christian counsels; devoting themselves to the battle of party politics, as though the triumph of Right over Left or Red over Blue would set the world back on the path of Christianity; or just content to drift along the tide of the world, as though the petty scandals of the drawing-room, the petty politics of the pub, the petty morals of the factory and shop were worthy of the full weekly attention of men and women who possess within them the key to the world's happiness.

I am bold enough to assert that there is something wrong here, and something for which we shall have to pay bitterly when all this world collapses, as it will. Not wrong perhaps with the souls of Christians, which are not my professional business and about which I am not trained to judge, but wrong with the intellects, the commonsense of Christians. If they believe that the faith is more than a private dispensation between themselves and God, if they believe that it is the revelation of God's pattern, God's order, for all men in this life for body as well as soul, as well as in the next, then it's just crazy to confine one's Christian interest to Sunday and the four walls of the church and a narrow separated section of personal life—crazier than ever in these times when we should be hard at work building up our defences. It's either craziness or it's ignorance, two states of mind that may relieve a man of personal responsibility! But unfortunately the effects of craziness and ignorance remain disastrous, however little the lunatic or dunce may be responsible.

So obvious is all this to me—as a mere matter of commonsense with nothing to do with degrees of piety or devotion—that I simply cannot understand how it is that good Christians on Sundays can be pagans intellectually on weekdays. I cannot even understand how bad Sunday Christians (if they are Christians at all) can fail to be reasonably good

Christians on weekdays ; for to be a Sunday Christian does demand some moral effort, whereas to be a weekday Christian—*i.e.* someone speaking according to his values and beliefs—only demands an effort of mind.

Yet I am bold enough to suggest that Christianity's chance of taking full advantage of the present disillusionment of the world depends very much on the Christian, good, bad or indifferent, coming to realise that he possesses a faith that must logically make an enormous difference to his way of thinking and way of behaving at all moments of his life. After all, it is in the market place, so to speak, and not in his church, that he is seen by the world. And the world wants to see him, wants to test him. There *is* a renewed interest in Christianity ; but, as I have suggested, there seems to be a veritable abyss between the theory and the practice, and I mean by practice the putting of Christian values into operation just there where the man of to-day is feeling the spiritual, moral, cultural, social, economic, artistic pinch. Let the Christian give an example there—let thousands and millions of Christians, good, bad or indifferent, give an example of how Christianity reacts in practice out there in the market place, and the world will soon enough prick up its ears. But so far when the man of the world looks for a Christian, what does he find : an Englishman, a German, an Irishman, a millionaire, a lawyer, a Right or Left politician, a professional ecclesiastic, a disgruntled worker, a soldier, a business man, a farmer, and so he turns away disappointed. Not that these things are necessarily wrong or inconsistent with Christianity, but frankly I would prefer the man of the world to find adulterers, murderers and thieves who nevertheless think in Christian values, however far they may be from practising them, to men so intent upon their good professions and avocations, led according to the code of the world, that the Christianity in them cannot be discerned. Better, far better in the long run, to do wrong when you *know* it's wrong than to do wrong and think it right.

I have said and insisted upon the fact that what I am trying to uphold is something easy. I would not dare to stand in public for anything else. It is easy to think consistently and behave in a manner consistent with what one thinks (whether one puts it into practice or frankly acknowledges that it is too hard), once one sees the point. I am not suggesting, in the first place, that Christians should be so heroic as to renounce their careers and jobs because in the world today so little of them is consistent with Christianity. I am only suggesting as a start that Christians should come to realise that they have a logical, an intellectual duty, at least to think as Christians, to see a problem, to understand that there is and must be a conflict between the values of a disintegrating, godless civilisation and the values of the one true religion that has endured for two thousand years and whose teaching has been disregarded with results that have almost classically followed the predictions and warnings of preacher and prophet. And I am suggesting that this conflict is being illustrated in

the lives of all of us today, members of the Church and citizens of the world. But it would be stupid to pretend that matters could remain at that intellectual level. We cannot tell how the world will fare, but it is fairly safe to prophesy a steady increase in the regimentation of the individual by secularist States serving the machine according to the pagan aims of one ideology or another. The destruction and disruption caused by the war are bound, as far as I can see, to lead to some such control in order to stave off anarchy and to set the world a-rebuilding. The only alternative *is* anarchy.

How long such control will last no man can say. I personally believe that it will ultimately fail, because it will be only another—and this time a desperate—form of that materialism which has so completely failed spiritual man. But whatever its shape and destiny, we can at least be certain that it will in practice leave very little room indeed for the Christian as Christian. And because of this, however easy it may be to think as Christians, it will become increasingly hard to behave as Christians—no less hard perhaps for all of us to-morrow as it is hard today for Christians under totalitarian domination. Yet from now onwards there will endure this cry of mechanised, enslaved man for liberation, for faith and hope and charity, a cry which, through ignorance and blindness, will be wordless, seeking help without knowing the name of the only help than can be given. And the answer can only come from Christians, Christians courageous enough to speak and live their faith, in so far as they have any opportunity, in the market place. Had we Catholics in general (I firmly believe) been taking full advantage of the freedom still remaining to us in your country, in my country and in many others and living our faith in the market places of the world, the modern totalitarian movements would have been arrested or at least modified; for, as I have suggested, each of them has a Christian content and the struggle between them arises from what is not Christian in them. Whether there is still time now is—to speak frankly—doubtful. Even less doubtful, I fear, is the utter lack of readiness among Christians generally to take advantage of whatever opportunity remains—to set up a barrier of Christian order against the anarchy or pagan totalitarianism of the future.

Yet I cannot believe that this generation of Christians, armed as it could be with a fool-proof case in the face of the desperate world embarked upon its last experiment (which even now may not succeed against anarchy), can go on much longer in its inertia and passivity, in its state of religious siege. Indeed there are signs around us of a new awareness, of new and great movements suited to the situation. Above all there is the leadership of the Holy Father who has stood so magnificently above the raging tempest, comforting, helping, beckoning even as he proclaims the truth to which men close their ears. He at least, as Cardinal Hinsley has just said, will be vindicated.

But the time is short—desperately short; and if Christianity is to have its beneficent effect in the near future, we must race against time. I believe that there is a great opportunity, but precious time is daily being wasted. There is a genuine return to that sobriety and humility of mind which is consonant with Christianity, a return (as Professor Joad has recently put it) "from sunshine to shadow." A live, week-day, lived Christianity on the part of the millions of Christians who are still free, whether in a Catholic country like Ireland with its absolutely tremendous opportunity or in a country like mine where liberty of conscience is still cherished, could profoundly affect the revolution that is being made by exhibiting, as it were, the answer for which the masses are really seeking. But I feel that it is all or nothing. The opportunity will not continue. If the revolutionary forces get away with their present ideas, they will be buttressed by the irresistible strength of the machine and the technique of absolute power which it makes possible. Christianity may then be faced with the choice of conformity to the new order or the catacombs, or it may be swept aside, except in the souls of a few, by a new Dark Age of anarchy. The third way, the way of open witness in the market place to the truth—the way that is still open to us, though we take so little advantage of it—will disappear for all save those who have the stuff of martyrdom within them. Frankly I don't like the idea of having to be a martyr, and that is another reason why I urge the still unheroic way of Christian commonsense.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

Part IV*

DARCY, PATRICK (COUNT), soldier and scientist. Born at Kiltulla, Co. Galway on 27 September 1725. Son of John Darcy and Jane Lynch (daughter of Sir Robert Blosse Lynch of Castle Carra). At the age of fourteen he was sent to France, where his uncle Martin Darcy was a banker in the French capital. Showing a taste for scientific studies, he was placed under the tuition of the famous Clairaut, in whose house he resided. In mathematical science he advanced so rapidly that, at the age of seventeen, he gave a new solution of the problem concerning the curve of equal pressure in a resisting medium. While still a young man he entered the army and, as captain in Condé's regiment, went through the campaigns in Flanders and Germany. At the battle of Fontenoy in 1745 he acted as aide-de-camp to Marshal Saxe. In the following year he set out, like many other Irish officers, for Scotland to help Prince Charles Edward. Failing to elude the English fleet, he was captured on the way and was imprisoned. After his release and return to France he again devoted himself to studies in mechanics and to problems of artillery and hydraulics. In 1749 he was elected a member of the French Academy of Science, for which he wrote several learned treatises. Shortly after the failure of the '45 insurrection he travelled to Ireland and made a military examination of its coasts and harbours, finding out at the same time the views of its people, with a view to a French expedition to free his native country. At the outbreak of the Seven Years War in 1756 he became colonel in FitzJames's Irish Horse regiment—the corps which had such a brilliant record at the battle of Rossbach in the following year.

After this campaign Darcy concentrated his labours again on scientific studies until his death. He died at Paris on 18 October 1779 and was buried in the church of St. Philip du Roule in that city. During his life many honours were conferred on him in France. He received the title of Count, was admitted to the most exclusive court circles, and was eligible to ride in the king's carriage (for which it was necessary to prove 400 years of nobility in one's own country). There are several letters from his hand in the French foreign archives protesting strongly against the proposed reduction (at the instigation of the Duke of Bedford, British ambassador in Paris) of the Irish regiments in the French army. After his death,

* For Parts I, II and III see issues of March, June and September.

Condorcet the illustrious French scientist paid a striking tribute to his genius and work. (*See* Condorcet's *Oeuvres complètes*, Tome II.).

Count Darcy married his cousin, Jane Darcy of Kiltulla, Co. Galway, a dispensation having been granted by the archbishop of Paris. Known as *la belle Darcy*, she was famed for her wit and beauty, was lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, and presided over a fashionable salon in Paris in pre-Revolution days. After her husband's death she married Matthew Talbot of the well-known Catholic family of Castle Talbot, Co. Wexford. A son of this marriage—M. D. Talbot, Comte du Palais de Latran—published an interesting monograph on Count Patrick Darcy.

James Darcy of Paris and Bordeaux (son of Captain Hyacinth Darcy of Kiltulla and uncle of Count Patrick) married Jane Martin of Dangan, Co. Galway. By her he had a son, Richard Dominick, colonel in Lally's regiment, to whom the title of Count passed on the great scientist's death. His direct descendant, the present representative of the family in France, is Norman Louis Count Darcy.

Dease, Thomas, ecclesiastic. Born in 1568. Son of a landed proprietor in Co. Westmeath. He studied in Paris, where he took the doctorate degrees of the Sorbonne in theology, philosophy and canon law. In 1612 he was appointed to the chair of theology in the College of Navarre, and later became superior of the Irish seminary at Paris as well as Proctor of the German nation at the University. In the French capital, too, he devoted himself to the most irksome and charitable duties of a missionary priest, and in 1622 was consecrated there bishop of Meath. He had some repute as a poet in the Irish language but, somewhat conservative in his political views, did not join the Confederate movement in Ireland and clashed with Rinuccini. A letter written in 1642 to Father Luke Wadding from a fellow-Franciscan states that Dease refused to attend the National Council at Kilkenny and describes him as " a staunch adherent of the heretics, which is a very great scandal." He died at Galway in 1652.

De Lacy, James, soldier. Born at Ballingarry, Co. Limerick, of the family of Ballingarry-Lacy. He was colonel and commandant of the Prince of Wales regiment of infantry in Ireland during the Jacobite war. He entered the French service and was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsaglia in Italy under the Marshal de Catinat in 1693.

De Lacy, Louis, soldier. A kinsman of the renowned Limerick family of his name, he was born at St. Roque near Gibraltar on 11 January 1775. He was the son of Patrick de Lacy, colonel of the Irish regiment of Ultonia in the Spanish service. At the age of fourteen he became an officer of his father's corps, which in 1795 was sent on service to the Canary Islands. There he had a quarrel with the Governor that led to a duel in which

the latter was severely wounded. As a result young de Lacy was court-martialled, deprived of his commission and imprisoned. After release he was not permitted to enter the army. Smarting under his treatment, he crossed over into France and, reaching Boulogne in 1803, entered the French army. Meeting General Henry Clarke (later Duke of Feltre), who was then Minister of War and who was like himself of Irish ancestry, the latter introduced him to Napoleon. He immediately got a commission as captain in the Irish Legion which had been just formed at Morlaix. In 1807 a large French force under Murat, of which eight hundred men with de Lacy as commander formed part, was sent into Spain in pursuance of Napoleon's plan for the conquest of that country.

On arrival at Madrid in 1808 de Lacy was reluctant about fighting against the country of his birth. Dressed in female attire he escaped from the camp of the Franco-Irish corps and surrendered himself as prisoner of war to the Spanish commander. He was warmly welcomed and immediately received a commission with the rank of colonel in the Burgos regiment. For several years he fought gallantly in various encounters with the French invaders, and in 1812 found himself in chief command of the army of Galicia numbering 10,000 men. With the return of the exiled monarch Ferdinand VII to the Spanish throne much civil discord followed, and an anti-royalist conspiracy, of which de Lacy was a moving spirit, was formed. Eventually the gallant Spanish-Irish soldier was arrested and condemned to death, and in July 1816 he was shot. Four years later his body was exhumed and conveyed with much pomp and military honour to Barcelona, where it was placed beside that of his uncle, Count Francis de Lacy. The king of Spain accompanied the funeral on foot, and made amends for the past by conferring on the dead officer the posthumous title of Duke of Ultonia. (*See* Patrick MacBride: "General Luis de Lacy," *Studies* December 1936).

De Lacy, Peter, soldier. Son of Pierce Edmund de Lacy of Ballingarry, Co. Limerick, by Maria Courtney. Born at Coolrus, Bruree, Co. Limerick in 1678. During the Jacobite war he was ensign of the Irish regiment of which his uncle James (see above) was colonel. Leaving Ireland in 1692, young Peter went to France, landed at Brest and proceeded to Nantes to enter the regiment of Athlone as lieutenant. With that corps he went through the Italian campaign under Marshal de Catinat in the French service. After the Peace of Ryswick in 1697 he left France and entered the Russian army, in which he had such a distinguished career, rising to the rank of Field-Marshal. One of the most celebrated soldiers of Europe, he died in 1751.

His father and two brothers came to France, too, after the Jacobite

war in Ireland. All three died in the French service, the younger brother being killed at Malplaquet in 1710 as major in Dorrington's Irish regiment.

Delaney, John, secretary. A native of Kerry, he was a student at the Irish College in Paris immediately before the Revolution in 1789, where he was preparing to pursue a course in medicine. After the closure of the college and the decree of the National Convention ordering the arrest of all British subjects in France, he and another student O'Ronan—described as " doctors "—were arrested and imprisoned by the Revolutionary Committee of the Thermes Section of Paris, though their " civism " was guaranteed by a number of patriotic citizens. Soon after his release Delaney, described by a contemporary as an accomplished scholar, became private secretary to M. Defermon, councillor of state and notable politician of the day. During their exile in France Delaney was an intimate friend of Thomas Russell and Thomas Addis Emmet, and in the " Castlereagh Correspondence " an English agent in Paris refers to him more than once as " Delaney of the Irish College." Emmet, while trying to obtain an interview with the Minister of War regarding an Irish invasion, wrote in his Diary for 5 May 1803: " I have requested Delaney to apply to Defermon to procure the interview for me." Delaney died at Paris in 1812.

His brother, for whom he obtained a commission in the third battalion of the Irish Legion, went through the Peninsular war and displayed much valour in 1810 at the siege of Astorga, where he received a musket ball in the shoulder. At the Bourbon restoration in 1815 when the Irish Legion was disbanded, he retired on half-pay with the rank of captain and died soon afterwards.

Delaney, Thomas, weaver and English secret agent. He was one of the large number of spies spread throughout France and paid by the English government during the Revolutionary period. He was arrested in June 1794 and, charged with espionage, was brought before a military commission at Dunkirk. On interrogation he declared that he was a weaver by trade and came to France to look for work. The commission transferred him to Paris where, on the 6 June 1794, he appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal. In the Public Prosecutor's indictment he was described as an Irishman serving in the English army. On being charged as one of Pitt's spies, he declared that he was an army deserter with the object of serving the French republic. Found guilty, he was guillotined on the evening of his trial.

Derry, Valentine, soldier and professor. A brother of the Catholic bishop of Down and Connor, he was a United Irishman who fearlessly stood by Father Coigly at Maidstone in 1798 and accompanied him to

the scaffold. Immediately afterwards he fled to France and, having settled in Paris, was later appointed professor of English at the military college of La Flèche. Entering the Irish Legion he quickly rose to the rank of captain. Finding, however, that there was no prospect of a French expedition to Ireland, he resigned his commission, went to America in 1806 and established an academy at New York.

Devereux, James Edward, publicist &c. Son of Robert Devereux of Carrigmenan, Co. Wexford, where he was born on 9 November 1765. He was the last of the distinguished family of his name to reside on the old family estate. He was sent to France for his education and did not return home till 1792, when the revolutionary troubles in that country became accentuated. He immediately took a leading part in the Catholic emancipation movement of the day in his native county, of which he became the representative on the National Committee. (His cousin Captain Edward Sweetman, who also returned to his native country during the Revolution, was his fellow-representative for Wexford on this body. Wolfe Tone, who was its secretary, has many interesting references in his *Diary* to both of them). Devereux was one of those forming the delegation that went to London in 1792 to present the Catholic petition to George III. By the will of his uncle Count James Fanning, who resided in Anjou in France, he succeeded to the inheritance of the chateau and estate of La Roche Talbot near Angers. He married a French lady, Angelica daughter of Bartholomew Martin of Montsec du Régence near Bordeaux, by whom he had a son, Robert, with whose death a notable Irish house ended. Acutely interested in Irish affairs, Devereux was the author of several politico-religious pamphlets—e.g., " Observations on the factions which have ruled Ireland, and the justice and expediency of restoring to Catholics their political rights." A kinsman, Francis Devereux, son of Colonel James Devereux of Carrigmenan (who sat in the Irish parliament of 1689), was for some years superior of the Collège des Lombards at Paris.

Dicuil, monk and geographer. Born about the year 755. His birthplace was for a time doubtful, but it is now universally admitted that he was born in Ireland. He went to France at an early age and, settling in one of the many Irish monasteries there, completed in 825 his famous work *Liber de Mensura Orbis terrae*. It is a treatise on the geography of the world. Manuscript copies exist in most of the libraries of Europe, and it has been published several times. The most carefully edited edition, containing a critical preface &c., is that by Gust. Parthey (Berlin, 1870). In his work Dicuil shows how an Irish colony had settled in Iceland before its discovery by the Danes. In an article entitled " An unpublished astronomical treatise by the Irish monk Dicuil " (Proc.

R.I.A. Vol. XXVI.) M. Esposito states : " Dicuil wrote a short geographical tract in 825 which is of considerable importance . . . The existence of an unpublished astronomical work by the same author was pointed out for the first time in 1879 by a German scholar, Ernest Dummler, who discovered it in a 9th century manuscript in the public library of Valenciennes in France . . . It was written, as Dicuil himself tells us, in the years 814—816 when he was teaching in one of the schools of the King of the Franks, Louis le Débonnaire, to whom the work is dedicated." The date of Dicuil's death is unknown. He is sometimes confounded with Dichuil, an Irish missionary who was a companion of Columbanus in France and who, as apostle of the district of Lure in Burgundy, is still remembered in the diocese of Besançon.

Dillon, Arthur (Honourable), soldier. Second son of Theobald, 7th Lord Viscount Dillon of the line of Costello-Gallen, Co. Mayo. Born in Roscommon in 1670. The family were strong supporters of the Stuarts. Arthur Dillon, while not yet twenty years old, acted as colonel of the regiment of Dillon when it went to France in 1690 as part of the brigade of Mountcashel. In the following year he began his long and stormy military career in the French service under the Duc de Noailles in Spain, where he took part in the sieges of Urgel, Roses, Palamos, Girone, Barcelona &c, and in the battles of Ter and Ostalric. In 1701 he served under Marshal Villeroy in the campaign in Germany, and in 1702 in the Italian campaign at San Vittoria and Luzara. At the end of the same year he became a brigadier. In 1705 he was at the sieges of Verve and La Mirandole, and in 1706 he particularly distinguished himself in defending Moscolina and contributing to the victory of Castiglione. In 1706 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General and defeated at Briancon General Rhebinder, who was planning to invade France. Dillon destroyed one-third of his army and pursued him to Mont Genève. In 1713 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine and co-operated in the sieges of Fribourg and Landau. His last campaign was fought in Spain, where he helped Marshal Berwick at the siege of Barcelona in 1714. Retiring from active military service in 1730, when his son became colonel of the family regiment, he died at St. Germain-en-Laye on 5 February 1733.

Dillon was a strong Jacobite and acted till his death as Jacobite minister in Paris. It was to him that James III (the " Old Pretender ") applied for advice regarding a marriage with Princess Clementina, and it was Dillon who recommended his kinsman, Charles Wogan of Rathcoffey, to James. He was active, too, in the preparations for the attempted Rising in Scotland in 1715, when a plan regarding an expedition to Ireland as well was being seriously considered by the leading Jacobites in France. Captain Burke of the Irish Brigade, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke in

1716, wrote: "Lieutenant-General Dillon of all his Majesty's subjects that served abroad is the only properest person to command such an expedition because of his conduct and interest." Dillon enjoyed the reputation of being a brave soldier, a good officer and most estimable man. James III, on learning of his death, directed that whatever documents and letters relating to himself were in Dillon's possession should be placed in the Scots college at Paris.

By his marriage with Catherine Sheldon Arthur Dillon had five sons. The two eldest, after going through various campaigns in the French service, left France on succeeding to the family estates in Ireland. The colonelcy of their regiment then fell to James, the third son, who was killed in 1745 leading his men at Fontenoy. A similar fate befell the third son Edward two years later at Lauffelt. The last or youngest son, Arthur Richard, was a priest. (*See* below). Arthur, son of Henry the eleventh Lord Dillon, who was then but seventeen years old, accordingly became colonel of the regiment. (*See* below).

DILLON, ARTHUR, soldier. Nephew of preceding and son of Henry the eleventh Lord Dillon. Born in 1750. While still a captain in Dillon's regiment, he became its Colonel-Proprietor at the age of seventeen. He was in his twenty-fifth year when in 1775 the American colonies rose in rebellion against England. A French expeditionary force was sent across the Atlantic to help the Americans in the fight for independence, and his request to be permitted to form part of that force was granted. In 1779 he accordingly left France at the head of 1,400 men of his corps, which subsequently in several engagements maintained its old fighting reputation. In the course of these Dillon was twice wounded, and during the war he was appointed governor of the captured island of St. Eustache. Returning to France after the peace, he was, soon after the outbreak of the Revolution, elected deputy for Martinique in the National Assembly, where he strongly opposed the granting of civil rights to the slave population of the French colonies. While deputy, too, he fought hard in 1791 against the proposal to amalgamate the regiments of the Irish Brigade in the general French army. He presented to the National Assembly a memorandum on the subject. (*Observations historiques sur l'origine, les services, et l'état civil des officiers irlandais au service de la France*).

Resigning his position as deputy, Dillon returned to military life and, on the outbreak of war in 1792 between the allied monarchies of Europe and revolutionary France, his fine soldierly reputation met with immediate recognition. He was appointed chief of the Army of the North with 25,000 men under his command. The ambitious Dumouriez, who occupied a subordinate position in the same force, was jealous of the Irish officer and began a series of intrigues to supplant him. These were successful and Dillon was delegated to the command of the right wing. In the war

of France against embattled Europe Dillon increased his already high reputation as a soldier. At the battle of Valmy in September 1792 the victory of the Revolutionary troops over the allied forces sent a thrill through France, and though Dillon was generally regarded as an aristocrat, more than one leader of the extreme Left declared that it was his tactics and valour which there saved France.

Soon afterwards, through the machinations of his enemies, Dillon was, like not a few of the most illustrious soldiers of the time, to fall under suspicion of disloyalty. The National Convention declared him unworthy of the confidence of the country, though he was ably championed there by Camille Desmoulins and other Jacobin leaders. He was finally arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal in April 1794. Charged with conspiring against the national safety, attempting to destroy the National Convention and plotting to restore the monarchy, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was guillotined on 14 April 1794. A valiant soldier, without craft or guile, Arthur Dillon died a victim of the intrigues and mutual hatreds of the political factions of the day. Years afterwards his name was inscribed on the *arc de triomphe* at Paris with those of the most illustrious soldiers of France.

Dillon, while warmly attached to the land of his adoption, was always interested in the fate and fortunes of his own country. In 1792, fresh from the great victory at Valmy, he was a prominent figure at a meeting in Paris at White's Hotel, where sympathisers from English-speaking countries gathered to congratulate France on her military victories over monarchic Europe. In his speech on the occasion he spoke of the enslaved condition of Ireland, and expressed the hope that the time was near when he would give his sword to the service of his own land. An English spy in Paris at this time, too, reported that Dillon had proposed to the French government a plan for the invasion of Ireland and that he guaranteed success if he were given ten thousand men.

Arthur Dillon was twice married—(1) To his cousin, Lucie Rothe, who belonged to the Kilkenny family of the name and whose father was commandant of Rothe's Irish regiment in the French army. Renowned for her beauty she was a familiar figure in the court circles at Versailles, where she was lady-in-waiting to and an intimate friend of Queen Marie Antoinette. By their marriage there was one daughter, who became the wife of the Comte de la Tour du Pin and who was author of an interesting book of reminiscences entitled *Journal d'une femme de cinquante ans*. (2) To the Comtesse de la Touche (cousin of the Empress Josephine), by whom he had a daughter who became the wife of General Bertrand, aide-de-camp of Napoleon, whom he accompanied to St. Helena and remained with till his death.

Dillon, Arthur, ecclesiastic. Relative of preceding and son of Robert

Dillon, Irish banker at Bordeaux. He became a priest and was vicar-general of Narbonne at the outbreak of the Revolution, which he stoutly opposed. On the eve of the prison massacres in September 1792 he tried to escape from Paris in disguise, and he has left a vivid account of his experiences in a pamphlet entitled *La captivité et la fuite de l'A.D. racontée par lui-même.* He tells how, captured by soldiers some distance from the city, he was led through the streets by his captors. During a short halt at the gateway of the Bicêtre prison the light of torches revealed to him hideous figures with blood-stained arms, and he heard the cries of the victims within and their appeals for mercy. He was lodged in the prison of St. Pelagie, where some sympathetic jailors hid him and saved his life. In 1805 he published a treatise advocating the introduction of foot pavements for the streets of Paris. His proposals materialised a few years after his death in 1810. Lady Holland, who was one of his acquaintances, describes him in her *Journal* as " a conceited *bel-esprit* with much pretentiousness."

Dillon, Arthur Richard, ecclesiastic. Relative of preceding and son of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Arthur Dillon (who in 1690 led Dillon's regiment to France from Ireland). Born in 1721 at St. Germain-en-Laye, he entered Holy Orders. At Fontenoy in 1745 Louis XV was a witness of the battle where Colonel James Dillon fell fighting at the head of his troops. On the next day he ordered that the gallant soldier's brother, the young abbé, should be given the next vacant benefice in his kingdom. As a result abbé Arthur Richard Dillon was appointed vicar-general of Pontoise in 1747, and thereafter he successively became bishop of Evreux, archbishop of Toulouse and later of Narbonne, and President of the States of Languedoc, the largest province of France. He promoted great improvement schemes throughout the province in roads, canals, bridges &c. One of the great prelates of pre-Revolution France, he was typical of not a few of the high ecclesiastics of the day with their absorption in the temporal rather than the spiritual interests of their calling. Although not born in Ireland, he took a keen interest in Irish studies and antiquities. A contemporary Irish Protestant divine, the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, author of *Monasticon Hibernicum,* wrote : (To him) " the literati of this country confess much obligation ; he has manifested a liberality of principles hitherto unknown ; and through his enquiries and exertions the antiquities of Ireland have lately been much elucidated."

The archbishop had an annual income of £40,000 from church property and, living in regal style, presided over a fashionable salon at Paris and owned an estate at Hautefontaine where, according to his relative the Countess de Boigne, he lived a life " more gay than episcopal." He was a leading figure at court, too, and an intimate friend of Louis XVI. Despite his large income he became bankrupt in 1788, while the Revolution

still further reduced his resources. The anticlerical laws of the first years of the new régime as well as his refusal to take the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy compelled him to leave France in 1790, and he joined the princes and émigrés at Coblentz. He eventually settled in London, where he spent the remainder of his life. With characteristic haughtiness he refused to recognise the Concordat between Napoleon and the Pope, and disobeyed the latter's command to resign his archbishopric. He was, however, reconciled to the Church before his death in 1806 in London, where he lies buried in St. Pancras churchyard.

Dillon, Edward, ecclesiastic. Born in 1739 at Carna, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway. Educated in France, where he became Superior of the Irish College at Douai. At the close of the year 1791 the civil oath was, in accordance with the decree of the National Assembly, demanded from the clergy of that town, and at the same time the Irish College authorities received an official warning regarding their supposed royalist sympathies. On the 18 December Dr. Dillon as Superior presented a petition to the local revolutionary committee acknowledging French generosity towards the college and denying the charges of partisanship. The result was that exemption from the oath was granted to the Irish priests. The outbreak of war between France and England early in 1793 ended the immunity, and the college was closed. Dr. Dillon returned to Ireland where, a few years later, he became bishop of Kilmacduagh and in 1798 archbishop of Tuam. In his pastoral letters he strongly denounced the United Irishmen and the principles of the French Revolution. Unpopular with his flock, he was regarded with disdain by the ascendancy party of the time. A secret letter in the Irish State Paper Office from the Marquis of Sligo to Dublin Castle in 1803 describes him as "one of the most daring and dangerous villains of his cloth." Dr. Dillon died on 30 August 1809.

Dillon, Edward ("Le Beau"), soldier and diplomatist. Son of Robert Dillon, Irish banker residing at Bordeaux. Born in that city 1751. Entering Dillon's Irish regiment, he acted as one of its colonels through the American War of Independence and was wounded at the battle of Grenada in 1779. On his return to France he became colonel of the regiment of Provence and, in the years immediately before the Revolution, was a celebrated figure at the French Court. He belonged there to the circle of the Polignacs, the most hated of the nobles and the most favoured by Queen Marie Antoinette, on whom they had a sinister influence. Dillon was one of her special favourites and, according to the malicious gossip of the day, their friendship was not merely platonic. On the day the Bastille fell he was on his way home to France from Egypt and hastened to join the Duke of Artois, the king's brother, beyond the frontiers. He accompanied that prince, to whom he was gentleman-in-waiting, in

journeyings to stir up the continental monarchies against revolutionary France. Later at Coblenz he tried with his brothers, Theobald and Frank, to re-form the Dillon regiment for the purpose of helping the allied armies in the invasion of France. When this attempted foreign invasion ended in failure, the Dillons, with some of the Irish officers who were loyal to Louis XVI, crossed to Ireland where they tried in 1795 to recruit an Irish Brigade for service in the English army. This effort was only partially successful, but Dillon commanded the corps which he had raised till 1810. Returning to France at the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, he became Lieutenant-General in the army, and was later appointed French ambassador to Saxony (1816—1818) and to Tuscany (1819). He died in 1839. His relative the Countess de Boigne writes of him in her *Mémoires*: " He had plenty of mother wit and an infinite knowledge of the world—I have never seen any one with better or grander manners."

His two brothers, Frank and Robert William, were soldiers, too, and began their military careers as officers in the family regiment in the Irish Brigade. The former left France at the Revolution and did not return till the Bourbon restoration. He then became a Lieutenant-General, was made a Knight of St. Louis and died in 1819. Robert William, born at Bordeaux in 1754, was a page at the court of Louis XV and fought with distinction in the American War as a cavalry officer in Lauzun's Hussars. Swayed by strong royalist sentiments, he too emigrated at the Revolution and, joining the army of the Princes, did not return till the Restoration. All three brothers bore the title of " Count " by reason of their father's admission to the rank of the French nobility after his coming to France from Ireland.

Dillon, James, soldier. A member of the Dillon house of Costello-Gallen, he was born in 1600. During the Cromwellian war in Ireland, in which he took part, he went to France at the head of an Irish corps (the first Dillon regiment in that country). He held the rank of Major-General in the French service and fought with distinction in the Flanders campaign, particularly at the battle of Dunkirk. His regiment was disbanded after his death in 1664.

Dillon, James Vincent, soldier and engineer. Born at Capua in September 1760. A kinsman of the Dillon family of Roscommon, he was the son of an Irish Brigadier in the Neapolitan army. He entered the engineering branch of that service and attained high eminence in it, being appointed captain of a newly-formed corps of hydraulic engineers. In 1795 he was entrusted with the training of several young officers whom the government wished to study hydraulic construction. They came to Paris with that object, and eventually Dillon settled there. The French government, impressed with his skill and knowledge, ordered the publica-

tion of several of his memoirs on hydraulics and appointed him professor at the central school of arts and industries in Paris. Among other engineering feats he constructed the existing Pont des Arts in the French capital—the first iron bridge built in France. He had scarcely finished this when he was again appointed to undertake the erection of the Pont d'Iena, but he died from a sudden illness within a few days in June 1807.

Dillon, Peter, soldier. An officer in the Vendean insurgent army, he was captured by the troops of the Revolution early in 1794. He was tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Nantes and was guillotined in that city in March 1794.

Dillon, Robert (Earl of Roscommon), soldier. Son of Patrick Dillon of Tuaghmore (Twomore), Co. Roscommon, where he was born in 1712. In his boyhood he went to France and entered Rothe's Irish regiment, of which he became colonel in 1766. In that year the name of Rothe's regiment was changed to that of Roscommon by reason of Colonel Dillon's rightful title of 9th Earl of Roscommon. (His brother John assumed the title but, being a Catholic, did not sit in Parliament). Among the battles in which he fought were those of Fontenoy and Lauffelt, and later he took part in the German campaign in 1760. He died at Paris in 1770, and the name of his regiment after his death was changed to that of Walsh.

Dillon, Robert, banker. He belonged to the noble family of his name of Roscommon and Costello-Gallen in the Co. Mayo. On the failure of their bank in Dublin, he and his brother Thomas (father of General Theobald Dillon who was assassinated at Lille in 1792) emigrated to France in 1745. Robert became very successful as a banker at Bordeaux, where he resided at the chateau of Terrefort and was known as the Seigneur de Terrefort. He was twice married and had a family of thirteen children, all of whom were famous for their handsome features. They played notable parts in the military, diplomatic and ecclesiastical history of France, though they were left almost penniless on the death of their father at a comparatively early age. His grand-daughter in her *Mémoires* tells how one day, on rising from dinner, he clapped his hands to his head, called out "My poor wife! My poor children!" and fell down dead. (Many French authorities, like the *Biographie Universelle*, give details regarding the members of this and other Dillon families which are often incorrect).

Dillon, Roger Henry, ecclesiastic. Son of preceding. Born at Bordeaux on 11 June 1762. He entered the church and while still young became vicar-general of Dijon. A voluminous writer, he published in

1790 a violent pamphlet denouncing the hostile church decrees of the National Assembly and, especially, the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. His opposition to the Revolution was so marked that his writings and effigy were burnt publicly in the square at Dijon. Returning to France after the Concordat with Napoleon, he became curator of the Mazarine Library at Paris, where he died in 1831. He was author of *Le guide des études historiques*, *Mémoire sur l'esclavage coloniale*, and other works.

DILLON, THEOBALD, soldier. Born at Dublin in 1745. Son of Thomas Dillon and Marie Hussey of Donore, Co. Kildare. The bank in the Irish capital of which his father was a proprietor having failed, the family settled in the year of Theobald's birth at the city of Orleans in France where, within a few years, Thomas Dillon was admitted by letters-patent into the ranks of the French nobility. Theobald in his youth entered Dillon's regiment as a cadet. His promotion was slow; for the time was a venal one, when the abuses and worst features of the old régime were at their height, and the young Irish officer scorned to seek advancement through the influence that his family commanded in court circles. Despite his ability and fine character, it was not till 1778 that he reached the grade of Captain in the corps of which his friend and kinsman, Arthur Dillon, was the Colonel-Proprietor. When France decided to help America in the war of independence, the Irish regiments formed part of the expeditionary force sent to that country to join Washington's forces. During the campaign Theobald Dillon fought with distinction and, on the return of his regiment to France, he became its colonel in 1780 and was stationed with it at Lille on the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789. As a result of the decree of the National Assembly abolishing foreign regiments, the various corps were incorporated in the regular French army, and Dillon received the rank of General with command of a cavalry brigade.

Towards the end of April 1792, France declared war on Austria in the belief that such a conflict would result in the overthrow of the French monarchy. Immediately afterwards the first move of the campaign was made when it was ordered that Belgium, then under Austrian rule, should be invaded from different points by the French army. General Dillon at Lille received instructions to move with his division of 4,000 men against the Belgian town of Tournai. Special orders were given to him at the same time that the attack should be a feigned one and that he was not to engage in action. Amidst the applause of the populace of Lille he set out at the head of his force and, on reaching the frontier, he learned that the Austrian garrison had left Tournai the previous evening and were close at hand. Obeying his instructions, Dillon ordered a retreat, and this manoeuvre was working successfully when, upon a few harmless

cannon shots being fired by the enemy, disorder set in among the French troops. This soon became a panic, and general confusion resulted. Dillon in dismay was trying to reach the head of the column, when a dragoon rushed towards him and, firing a pistol, shot his General at close range. The cavalry and dragoons continued their wild flight back to Lille, where cries of " treason " and " traitor " echoed through the streets. In the midst of the wild commotion Dillon arrived in a carriage in a dying state. No sooner had he appeared than a mob surrounded him with angry cries. A shot rang out and he rolled over lifeless. His body was dragged out and bayonets driven through it, while later a bonfire was lighted into which his remains were thrown.

The shameful murder of the brave Irish officer created indignation throughout France. The National Assembly voted the honours of the Pantheon to his memory, and Carnot especially paid a high tribute to his fine qualities. " This dead soldier," he declared, " was a man of pure and unblemished character, who united with his enthusiasm for liberty a love of all the moral and political virtues." The National Assembly, too, granted generous allowances for the education of his children as well as a pension to their mother. The municipality of Valenciennes, where Dillon resided for a time with his regiment and where his high character won him universal respect, strongly condemned his assassination. They found him, they declared, " a good citizen and patriot while he lived among them." And the municipalities of several other towns like Douai and Lille, where he was well known and was held in similar high regard, publicly proclaimed also the feelings of their citizens.

One of his sons, Auguste, became an officer of the Irish Legion established in 1803, with which he fought through the Peninsular campaign. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the 77th regiment of the line and, during the Revolution of 1830, was presented with an address by the city of Rouen for his services as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Guard. Count Theobald Dillon, a grandson of the murdered general, was interested in Irish affairs and, at the time of his death in 1874, was engaged on a history of the Irish Brigade ; and a great-grandson, Theobald Chartran, who died in 1907, had considerable repute as a painter—there are specimens of his work in various French galleries.

Dongan, Thomas (Earl of Limerick), soldier and administrator. Born in 1634. Son of Sir John Dongan of Castletown, Co. Kildare. As a young man he entered the military service of France, and in due course reached the rank of Colonel with command of an Irish regiment which brought him £5,000 annually. He retired in 1678 when the English Parliament voted that all English subjects should leave the French service. His departure from France was opposed by Louis XIV, who wished him to retain his command. Dongan refused to obey the wish of the French

king, who thereupon ordered his banishment from France within forty-eight hours, while at the same time a large sum of money due to him was withheld. After leaving France he was appointed by Charles II to the Governorship of the province of New York, which had been shortly before acquired by England. There Dongan made vigorous war on the French and Indians, which so exasperated Louis XIV that he procured Dongan's dismissal on the accession of James II to the English throne. James later offered him the rank of Major-General in the army with command of a regiment of dragoons, but Dongan refused to accept this and remained in America till 1691. Returning to Ireland in that year, he found that his elder brother, William, Earl of Limerick, had been attainted for treason and that the family estates were granted to Ginkell the Earl of Athlone. These were, however, recovered by him, though by reason of the adverse conditions accompanying their restoration they were of little value to him. In 1698, on the death of his elder brother William in France, he assumed the title of Earl of Limerick, but the earldom became extinct after his own death in December 1715. (*See* Rev. P. W. Browne: "Thomas Dongan," *Studies* September 1934).

Donlevy, Andrew, ecclesiastic and author. Son of John Donlevy of Sligo, where he was born near Ballymote in the year 1694. In 1710 he went to the Irish College, Paris, and received the double doctorate of divinity and law at the University of that city. From 1728 to 1746 he was superior of the Irish College. Through his friendship with Cardinal de Fleury, Prime Minister of France, he succeeded in introducing improved regulations into the administration of the Irish College, one of which placed the institution under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris. In 1742 he published in the French capital *An Teagasg Criosduidhe do reir ceasda agus freagartha . . .* (The Catechism or Christian Doctrine by way of question and answer . . .) This book also contains a treatise by Donlevy on the Elements of the Irish Language. Two editions of the work were later (1822 and 1848) published in Dublin. In the preface it is stated that M. Philippe Perrotin, Lord of the Manor of Barmon, had for a long time been well affected to the Irish nation and that without his help the work would never have been published. Donlevy assisted the historian Walter Harris in his works, and the latter acknowledges with gratitude the many favours received from him—"particularly," he says, "in his transmitting me from time to time several useful collections out of the King's and other libraries in Paris." The exact date of Donlevy's death is unknown—it was probably in 1761. He lies buried in the crypt of the Collège des Lombards at Paris.

Donovan, Daniel Francis, ecclesiastic. Born in Cork, he went to France for his education and, having become a Capuchin friar, was acting

as chaplain to a French noble family at Paris during the early years of the Revolution. Proscribed as aristocrats, this family emigrated to save their lives, and the abbé Donovan remained in charge of their house and valuables. A picturesque story, which seems to rest on little authority, has been woven round his name. Arrested as a recusant priest and condemned to death, he spent the night before his execution giving spiritual aid to his fellow-prisoners. When morning came, they were huddled into the tumbrils and hurried off to the place of execution. When the abbé's turn came to mount the scaffold, an officer of the troops guarding the guillotine is supposed to have called out in the Irish language: "Are there any Irish among you?" "There are seven of us," replied the abbé. "Then have no fear," said the officer, who at once used his influence with the officials and saved the lives of his countrymen. On his release after the revolutionary troubles, Father Donovan returned to Cork where he resided at the Franciscan Convent and, having chosen for his special work the task of spiritually assisting prisoners condemned to death, he acted for many years as chaplain to the county jail. It is probably his name which figures as follows in an official list of *Emigrés* deported from France in 1794: "O'Donavant Francois, Ex-Capucin, Bar-sur-Aube."

(In the archives of the *Prefecture de Police* at Paris, another Irish ecclesiastic of the same name in its gallicised form figures as follows in the list of prisoners during the Revolution: "John Joseph Oginevant (?), Irish priest, age 49, ex-vicaire of Saint Roch, Paris, teacher of languages. Imprisoned in the Luxembourg. Released in January 1795").

Dowdall, William, soldier. Born at Dublin. Natural son of Hussey Burgh, chief baron of the Exchequer. Imprisoned in 1798 for his patriotic activities, he went to France after his release. He returned to Ireland in connection with the enterprise of Robert Emmet, after whose failure he escaped to Cadiz and eventually again reached France. In 1804 he became an officer of the Irish Legion, with which he went through the various Napoleonic campaigns. In August 1809 he was mortally wounded at the siege of Flushing as he led his battalion in a sortie against an English force, and he died in hospital at Ghent.

Richard Hayes

AQUINAS VERSUS MARX

BY PROFESSOR ALFRED O'RAHILLY

PART II: THE SO-CALLED LABOUR THEORY OF VALUE *

FROM the brief account given in the previous article it would seem that the Schoolmen upheld what is now known as the labour theory of value, that " medieval Scholastics and Canonists, classical economists especially Smith and Ricardo and also Karl Marx . . . unanimously regarded exchange-value as solely a product of human labour."[1] It has indeed been asserted that " the true descendant of the doctrines of Aquinas is the labour theory of value ; the last of the Schoolmen was Karl Marx."[2] The inaccuracy of this sweeping assimilation will be shown by examining various points of contrast.

I

The idea of the just price was originally formulated with reference to independent enterprisers—craftsmen, merchants and farmers. Hence the emphasis on barter and sale. To-day remuneration for personal services is of outstanding importance ; the number of the salaried, wage-earners, officials, agents, professional people, has enormously increased. According to Kaulla (p. 97), " about four-fifths of the total number of persons gainfully employed in the German Reich in 1933 earned their living by hiring out their labour."[3] It is therefore somewhat anomalous, to find, on looking at the history of value-theories, that attention is almost exclusively devoted to the business of material goods. This is true even of Marx, who relegates remuneration for service to a very subordinate position and confines his treatment to commodities :—

> The exchange-values of commodities must be capable of being expressed in terms of something common to them all, of which thing they represent a greater or less quantity. This common " something " cannot be either a geometrical, a chemical or any other natural property of commodities . . . The exchange of commodities is evidently an act characterised by a total abstraction from use-value . . . If then we leave out of consideration the use-value of commodities, they have only one common property left, that of being products of labour, . . . human labour in the abstract. Let us now consider the residue of each of these products. It consists of the same unsubstantial reality in each, a mere congelation of homogeneous human labour . . . When looked at as crystals of this social substance common to them all, they are Values . . . A use-value or useful article therefore has value only because human labour in the abstract has been embodied or material-

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*For Part I see September issue.

[1] A. Orel, *Eigentum und Arbeit*, 1930, p. 318.

[2] R. H. Tawney, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, 1926, p. 36.

[3] This does not contradict the estimate for Great Britain that about one-third of the workers are directly engaged in making things ; for these too are paid for their services.

ised in it. How then is the magnitude of this value to be measured? Plainly by the quantity of the value-creating substance, the labour, contained in the article . . . As values, all commodities are only definite masses of congealed labour-time.—Marx, *Capital*, vol. i, ch. 1: E. Burns, *Handbook of Marxism*, 1936, pp. 407-409.

On the preceding page Marx had written: "Exchange-value appears to be something accidental and purely relative; and consequently an intrinsic value—i.e. an exchange-value that is inseparably connected with [and] inherent in commodities—seems a contradiction in terms." In spite of this admission that exchange-ratios are extrinsic,[1] and indeed imposed *ab extra*, he insists, in the passage just quoted, on basing this system of relations on "something common" to all commodities. He professes to discover some intrinsic "value-creating substance—the labour—contained in the article." In spite of his disclaimer, this theory is atomistic and materialist; and it is quite inapplicable to personal services. Marx's ultra-realist view, his embodying of value in material objects, would be much more intelligible if he were speaking of use-value. Accordingly he has been so interpreted:—

The value which human labour adds to natural objects is surely, in its fundamental aspect, use-value rather than exchange value . . . Marx and the classical economists share the desire to objectify value, so as to find in it some validity underlying the subjective valuations of the market . . . Marx seeks to objectify not prices but use-values, by transforming them into expressions of the quantities of human labour incorporated in various commodities . . . Marx's value or exchange-value is then neither the exchange-value of the classical economists nor that of the modern orthodox schools, but purely and simply objectified use-value.—G. D. H. Cole, *What Marx Really Meant*, 1934, pp. 214-216.

This is a great improvement; it may be "what Marx really meant," but it is in flat contradiction with what he actually said. One can imagine Mr. Cole's sarcastic comments on any theologian who thus tampered with a text!

We can admit that utilities exist *in rerum natura*, that they can be manufactured, even that they can become "incorporated in various commodities." Not so with exchange-values; these are merely howmuchness, a rationing; they are essentially a system of allocating to persons; and so they cannot be objective *in a physical sense*, they are *entia rationis*. When St. Thomas says that "in some sense the shoes are equal to the house," he refers neither to the physical properties nor to the utilities embodied in a house and in so many pairs of shoes; he appeals to the social requirements and the moral claims of a shoemaker and of a builder as persons.

But if Marx is referring only to the utilities or use-values of material

[1] A. D. Lindsay (*Karl Marx's Capital*, 1925, p. 69) thus interprets Marx: "It is clear that, although Marx says that *prima facie* appearances are against the notion of intrinsic exchange-value, he thinks he can show that the notion is not really a contradiction in terms."

products, he has failed to deal with the problem of allocation, which depends on the exchange-value of commodities and of *services* :—

> Prices are, in the Marxian system, merely the methods of distributing value, which comes into being quite apart from them as a consequence of the labour process . . . The Marxian theory of value is a theory not of prices but of the social distribution of the resources of production.—Cole, pp. 210, 221.

There is a contradiction here. If Marx is dealing with corporeal utilities, then he is not dealing with their distribution, which is a moral and legal problem. If prices are the mechanism of distribution and if the Marxian theory is not concerned with prices, how can it be a theory of social (socially desirable?) distribution? Marx's materialism has landed him in an impasse.

II

Accordingly we must reject the assimilation of Aquinas and Marx which is implied in the italicised words of the following quotation :—

> With us value is something entirely subjective ; it is what each individual cares to give for a thing. With Aquinas it was something outside the will of the individual purchaser or seller ; *something attached to the thing itself*, existing whether he liked it or not, and that he ought to recognise.—Ashley, *English Economic History and Theory*, I (1892) 140.

The exchange-value of a thing—*i.e.* the amount of other things to be given by another person as a fair equivalent for it—cannot possibly be " something attached to the thing itself." It does not primarily concern things at all, it is decided by the interrelationship of persons or rather of categories of persons. Price is ultimately settled with reference to incomes.

In the case of present-day mass-production it is really impossible to determine the cost or price of an individual article considered in isolation ; unit-cost is calculated by dividing the total output by the total cost.[1] Similarly joint-supply has become a feature of modern industry, especially in the utilisation of by-products ; it has always characterised agriculture ; hence the great difficulty of cost-accountancy. Theoretically it is quite impossible to allocate production-costs within most modern undertakings ; one cannot *separately* assess the farm-costs of interrelated products such as crops, poultry, livestock, milk etc. This may not be of great practical importance ; but it has significance for a theory of value. [2] If it is admitted that there is no accurate or meaningful way of calculating the cost of an article produced under conditions of mass-production or joint-supply, then *a fortiori* we must say the same of the labour represented in the cost and in the price.

The ultimate determinant of a just price must be personal and social.

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[1] Owing to mass-production methods and surplus plants, a large proportion of international trade consists of dumping goods at marginal cost.

[2] Kaulla, *Theory of the Just Price*, 1940, p. 126.

" By a just price," said the late President Woodrow Wilson,[1] " I mean a price which will sustain the industries concerned in a high state of efficiency, provide a living for those who conduct them, enable them to pay good wages, and make possible the expansion of their enterprises which will from time to time become necessary." That is, the gain of a business-man is to be calculated not in respect of the several articles he sells but with reference to his total income.[2] Hence the inaccuracy of the supercilious statement[3] that " of course St. Thomas, being no business man, was quite unaware how necessary it is to make up losses incurred in one transaction by gains in another transaction." For the just price is not to be reckoned on isolated units sold—as if it were " something attached " to them—but on the aggregate income. This can be seen in medieval practice :—

> The economic policy of the town in the Middle Ages, and of the State during the mercantile period, was directed to securing a livelihood to every trade ; it was with this aim in view that the authorities determined prices. And account was taken in the process, not only of the profits of individual business transactions or the profits earned on individual commodities, but of the total income of the trader, which must be sufficient to *keep* him alive. All such regulative measures—whether of prices, methods of production or other factors—were devised for the purpose of assuring a due living to a profession, that is, to a class or category of persons engaging in a given trade.—R. Kaulla, *Theory of the Just Price*, 1940, p. 120.

This social estimation of exchange-value, with its essentially personalist reference, is entirely different from Marx's crudely materialist view of value attached—as it were by a label—to each article.

III

This does not imply that the just price is subjective and individual. " Since the final consideration in civil and human contracts is the common good," says St. Bernardine of Siena (†1444),[4] " the equity of fixing prices was and is to be measured with regard to the common good ; for there is nothing more inequitable than to prejudice the common and universal

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[1] Quoted by Montague Fordham, *Britain's Trade and Agriculture*, 1932, p. 124.

[2] Hence the difficulty—in countries such as Germany where " usurious contracts " are forbidden—of regarding as " usurious " a price that exceeds the level necessary to yield a reasonable profit on *the particular article* for which it is charged. See Kaulla, p. 165f. As to our own Prices Commission—does anyone know on what principles it proceeds ? Why should the cement-monopoly have a rate of profit on capital nearly three times that laid down for bacon-curers ?

[3] N. S. B. Gras, in *Business and Modern Society*, Harvard, 1938, p. 44. This of course does not imply that the public has to pay for a man's losses through negligence or speculation. Nor does it justify the practice of selling useful things at little or no profit in order to attract customers to buy other things usually useless and unnecessary but bringing a handsome profit. See A. J. Penty, *Guilds, Trade and Agriculture*, 1921, p. 48.

[4] *Sermo* 35, a.2, c.1. Cf. St. Thomas, *De emptione et venditione ad tempus* : " A man could not, in selling cloth, recover expenses which he might have incurred carelessly and imprudently."

good in the interest of particular and private advantages." The Scholastic view may be summed up in the words of a well-known historian :—

> The selling-price should be what would, according to common estimation, be given by a buyer who has knowledge and is not in want. It was altogether contrary to right to take advantage of want, either general or individual, in order to raise or lower prices. Everything which is deliberately used to disturb just prices must be regarded as a sin and an offence. In calculating price, work must be especially taken into account in addition to the cost of the material. But the price of the work expended individually by the seller cannot be included ; in striving for an objective price the personal relations of the contracting parties must be excluded. Hence, no account is taken of the work and costs specially incurred by the manufacturer nor of the circumstance whether he could supply the goods with less or more work than another.—Endemann, *Die nationalokonomischen Grundsatze der kanonistischen Lehre*, 1863, p. 104.

This seems to be the same as Marx's view :—

> The labour-time socially necessary is that required to produce an article under the normal conditions of production and with the average degree of skill and intensity prevalent at the time. . . . That which determines the magnitude of the value of any article is the amount of labour socially necessary or the labour-time socially necessary for its production.—*Capital* i. 1 : Burns, p. 409.

But Marx's theory is atomistic, *i.e.* professes to be applicable to each article ; it is ultra-realist in the sense that it tries to objectivise the amount of " abstract labour " embodied in every material commodity ; it is materialist and consequently incapable of assessing personal services. Marx therefore has to essay the impossible task of reducing all kinds of labour—of the sculptor, of the engine-driver, of the hodman, of the inventor—to aggregates of homogeneous units ; that is, he has to disguise a value-judgement, a social appraisal, under the categories of physics. Even this is not enough, for he has to smuggle another social valuation into his system under the shelter of the " average "—which in itself is a colourless arithmetical calculation. This he calls " socially necessary," thereby giving his whole case away. For this necessity is not one of physical law, it expresses not a mechanical requirement but a social ideal : such and such a price-system is necessary, is socially justified, if we wish these categories of producers to function efficiently. Thereby Marx reverts to Scholasticism :—

> The writings of the Schoolmen, in which the basic conceptions of the modern objective theories of value took shape, reveal clearly that the idea of the " normal " person was alive and active in their time. . . . The idea of the normal person is logically inherent in that of the just price.—Kaulla, p. 142.

A mechanical quantitative theory of labour-value, which during the productive process is incorporated into material commodities, cannot, by any arithmetical trick of averaging, be turned into a normative functional theory.

IV

The " normal " producer is by no means the same as the statistically average producer.[1] A producing group may, in virtue of holding a monopoly, be mulcting the public. On the other hand, a whole industry (*e.g.* agriculture) may be suffering from depression. In the one case the average price charged is too high, in the other case it is too low. The " socially necessary " price is that which will decently maintain people in their callings ; to establish this it is usually incumbent on the State to intervene directly or indirectly. Marx no more admits this than does the ordinary free-trade economist. In the latter's view, the reduction of the price of a commodity—through the interplay of supply and demand in the free international market—which eliminates some trader from business is merely a sign that he has become superfluous. And when the process results in the ejection of all the members of a trade, then according to free-traders we have conclusive proof that the existence of such a trade is no longer justified. If the State leaves prices to be determined " naturally " by individual interests, everyone who finds himself unable to earn a living at his accustomed occupation will somehow succeed in transferring himself to some other business.

This crude view reduces men to mobile units of labour, denies any organic conception of society, disregards national interests. Above all it ignores the fact that the whole of economic life is conducted within the framework of a legal system consisting of statutory enactments, case-law, custom. There is not a single economic process which is not affected by some law. Classical writers based their economic theory on a supposed natural state of organisation in which prices resulted from the interaction of purely economic forces. Price-movements due to taxation and fiscal policy were regarded as a form of State interference with the natural course of events ; as such they are still keenly discussed and criticised in newspapers, while a passive, almost fatalistic, attitude is adopted towards depression, malnutrition, slums, prices, finance. This dehumanising view of " economics " as a non-ethical automatic process is really due to a bias of materialistic naturalism.

There is a constant tendency to forget that exchange is a moral, not a physical act. This is part of the general modern corruption of juridical language. Many words meaning rights—*e.g.* possession, estate, farm, rent, annuity, credit, debit, share—have in popular usage come to denote things. Even property itself is a right, a moral relationship of man over things. When a house is mortgaged or let, it is not the house itself that is transferred but a certain legal interest in the house. What a buyer pays for is not merely the object itself but the legal right to the commodity.

[1] In any case, Marx, who accepted the competitive system, should have spoken of the *marginal* producer.

And even money itself is nothing but a moral claim on the community. It is owing to the bias of metallism that so many people have come to regard " price " as something material, whereas it is merely a method for rationing goods and services among persons.

Thus exchange-values are not something existent in nature, they are not the products of any natural process ; they are juristic and ethical entities, they are rights and consequently exist only within an ethical and legal system. There is no such thing as exchange in a stateless vacuum. There may be physical and biological actions as in the world of nature ; but without an organised system of rights there cannot be the balancing of claims and counter-claims, the interrelationship of justice, which characterises the world of men. That is what is implied in the functional theory of value : exchange is not a physical act like the creation of use-values, it is an ethical judgement based on the communal good, it is a moral valuation directed towards the orderly functioning of society. Hence it is not the intervention of the community but its attempted elimination that is artificial.

V

Once we grasp this social and ethical context of exchange, we shall escape the common delusion of theorists that prices can be and should be determined by some quasi-mathematical formula like average labour-time or marginal utility. The Schoolmen were unanimous in repudiating any accurate calculus of the just price, they assumed a certain amount of indeterminateness in social estimations, they deprecated the rigid application of quantitative standards to every particular case :—

> There is no exact limit to what is necessary. When much is added, it cannot be decided that the necessary is exceeded ; and if much is subtracted, there still remains enough for a person to live suitably according to his state.—Thomas, *Summa* 2.2, q. 32, a. 6.

And so he also declared (*ibid.*, q. 77, a.1) that " the price of things is not determined rigidly and indivisibly (*punctualiter*), but rather consists in a certain estimation, so that a moderate addition or subtraction does not destroy the equality of justice." [1] Only when the price is decreed by public authority can we definitely say that the just price is rigidly fixed. Moreover, medieval theory and practice both agreed in leaving some free play and elasticity and in avoiding the impossible complication of trying to determine the price of everything ; they concentrated on essential commodities and services :—

> Some things are not a bit necessary for the State ; and these each one can sell for as much as a knowing and prudent buyer is willing to give. . . . But there are other commodities necessary for the State. . . . As regards these, even though

[1] *Summa* 2·2, q. 32, a. 6. St. Antoninus, *Summa* ii. 1, 8 (§ 1), divides the just price into *pretium pium*, *discretum* and *rigidum*.

no fraud or deceit occurs, it is wrongful violence to sell them for as much as you can extort.—Dom. de Soto O.P. (†1560), *De justitia et jure*, lib. 6, q. 2, a. 5.

That a thing may be licitly sold for an excessive price, neither the natural nor the divine nor the human law authorises, even though it may permit and tolerate it. Or it may be said that this saying [a thing is worth what it will fetch] is to be limited to the sale of things whose price is fixed neither by law nor by the market, and such things are those without which human life can be suitably conducted.—Juan de Medina, *De poenitentia, restitutione et contractibus* (2 vols. 1590-89), ii. 300.

As St. Thomas[1] says: "Human law could not prohibit everything that is contrary to virtue; it is enough for it to prohibit what is destructive of human society; other things it allows, not because it approves of them but because it does not punish them. . . . But according to the divine law buying or selling is illicit if the equality of justice is not observed." Aquinas was no believer in a tidy fool-proof solution of the social problem; there will always be room for religious, moral and charitable motives to supplement legislation and custom. But, in common with all other medieval thinkers, he favoured regulation and stabilisation of the socially important parts of the price-system. This ideal has been excellently depicted by Vogelsang:—

Justice requires—so ran the principle of the christian-feudal social order—that the worker should receive the full value of his work. We must here observe the stress that must be laid on the word "his," for in every work a number of very important factors invisibly co-operate. In every piece of material work set up by a hand-labourer or industrial worker, in every bushel of wheat secured by the farmer, there works not only his physical force or that of his machines, rather does the whole of society, solidary with him, co-operate: the Church by fulfilling its ethical task, the State by its legal protection, its social welfare, the railways and canals it has built and maintains, through its army. . . . All these forces are invisible but yet are effective concomitants of every productive work. . . . Not less effective is the mental work of the enterpriser—his direction and co-ordination. To distribute the product of the work according to the rules of justice among all these work-fellows, from the monarch down to the hand-worker and the peasant, is such an infinitely difficult and complicated task that it is practically impossible to repeat it every moment. And therefore the wisdom of our forefathers placed it under the protection of religiously formed custom, instead of confiding it to the doubtful results of an arithmetical calculation. Hence these relationships were permanently stabilised; and yet they were elastic enough to allow a man who to-day had to work with his hands to progress in the normal course of things to become a working enterpriser and to co-operate in his autonomous vocation with great social tasks. It was only when the liberal dissolution of the old social organisms produces a working non-owning proletariat, a "working class," that the painful calculation of the wage-claims to the work-product became so pressing.—Vogelsang, *Monatsschrift fur Gesellschaftwissenschaft*, Vienna 1880, p. 331: cited by Orel, *Das kanonische Zinsverbot*, 1930, p. 159.

VI

In a really competitive system goods tend to be priced so as to show a certain rate of profit on the capital invested, profits tend to level themselves

[1] *Summa* 2·2, q. 77, a.1.

in enterprises with different capital structure, *i.e.* in which the amount spent on labour (and therefore the labour performed) is not the same proportion of the whole. Marx does not deny this; but—in his posthumous attempt in the third volume of his *Capital*—he failed to show how this is compatible with prices being proportional to the amount of labour-time involved. In actual fact value does not follow labour exclusively.

Marxians are in a quandary. So they undertake to tell us "what Marx really meant" but forgot to say, or rather explicitly denied. "It is," says Cole, "a theory not of prices but of capitalist exploitation." That means that we must abandon Marx's economic system which he based on his alleged law of value. Marx ceases to be an economist and becomes an agitator and a revolutionary, in spite of his own assertions that he was merely giving a scientific analysis of the existing world and that he despised moral arguments.

The labour theory of value as a doctrine of reform is not a matter of economics at all, but of political justice or social polity.—Fraser, *Economic Thought and Language*, 1937, p. 121.

It is impossible to set aside the view that Marx's theory of value and surplus-value has rather the significance of a political and social slogan than of an economic truth. It is for Marx the basis of the class-struggle of the workers against the middle class. . . . Marx is, in respect of economic theory, predominantly an agitator.—M. Beer, *Life and Teaching of Karl Marx*, 1921, pp. 129, 131.

"This allegation that the entire capitalist system rests upon the exploitation of labour is," says Cole (p. 231), "the focal point of Marx's economic doctrine." This is not economics at all; whether right or wrong, it is the moral condemnation of a system under which the capitalist robs the worker—through the medium of prices. One need not be a communist to agree in general with this criticism of modern society; and we in this country might add a condemnation of the exploitation of the agricultural producer by the urban and foreign consumer. There is, in accordance with the principles concerning private property enunciated above, a certain amount of agreement between Marx thus ethically interpreted (against his own asseverations) and Catholic sociology:—

Communism does not absolutely repudiate all private property but private property in capital, that is to say private property in the collective means of production and the fruits of collective production. Now there is something of the kind in Christianity which only too rarely meets with recognition. Christianity acknowledges the legitimacy of private property, strictly speaking, only so far as the goods necessary for the maintenance and development of the life of each individual are concerned. Once property becomes superfluous or superabundant, the individual may retain possession of it only by way of trusteeship for the behoof of others. The nature of his property then undergoes a sort of change; and it becomes merely a power of administration and distribution with a view to the common good of the human community. This doctrine is absolutely traditional in Christianity.—Père Ducatillon, O.P., in *Communism and Christians*, 1938, p. 131.

But there are essential differences. The worker's right to the whole product of his labour—as held by Proudhon, Lassalle and others—was explicitly rejected in the " scientific socialism " of Marx and is repudiated in present-day communist theory. Communism rejects all personal property except in a very limited and precarious sense, replacing it with communal property ; the physical person is largely ousted by the juristic. Lacordaire long ago pointed out the fallacy of this seemingly grandiose scheme for freeing the worker from the shackles of capitalism :—

I regard the transfer of land and labour to society as the setting-up of a universal servitude and as the consecration of a limitless and inescapable inequality—a servitude and an inequality such that no despotism has even approached in imagination. Society, we are told, is to be the sole proprietor of the soil and of labour. But what is society ? In appearance it is everybody ; in reality—when administration and government is concerned—it is always an exceedingly limited number of men. . . . Take from a man his ownership of land and labour—what is he but a slave ! . . . Transfer this double ownership to society, i.e., to a few men who govern and represent it : what remains of the country but universal slavery, hunger and thirst regimented under the rod of two or three fellows ? . . . The citizen will become the mere lackey of the State.—*Conférences de Notre Dame*, 2 (1845) 311 f.

A good description of what Hilaire Belloc subsequently called " The Servile State," which is so well exemplified in Russia.

VII

But the real objection to communism is spiritual ; it would be decisively valid even if the workers had every material comfort. When one reads St. Thomas and other medieval writers on private property, one observes a curious lacuna. There is no argument based on the necessity of well-distributed property as a defence against tyranny and dictatorship. We meet with the beginning of such an argument in what Bishop Nicole Oresme wrote in 1360 concerning money, in reply to the assertion that the community had transferred to the prince (ruler) its rights over money :—

A community of citizens, which naturally is free and tends to liberty, would never knowingly submit to servitude or lower itself to the judgement of tyrannical power. . . . God forbid that the courage of the French should be so debased that they would voluntarily become serfs !—V. Meunier, *Essai sur la vie et les ouvrages de N. d'Oresme*, 1857, p. 79 f.

Oresme was attacking the so-called feudal theory of money as the ruler's domanial property.[1] Doubtless he would have written with equal vigour against any State appropriation of private property. But in those days the centralised all-powerful State had not come into existence, there was a large measure of local and professional autonomy. Above all, there was an accepted *code*, a set of moral and social principles, upheld

[1] He failed to realise the significance of money as purchasing power and the sound reasons which may exist for debasing the currency.

by the Church. This is the decisive difference between the medievals and ourselves.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century[1] a Saxon Dominican (Matthew Grabon) condemned as unlawful certain associations of *laymen* in the diocese of Utrecht, which were based on communal property and labour. By instruction of Martin V, his views were examined by a commission of Cardinals at the Council of Constance (1415), and were unanimously condemned as being founded on "an erroneous basis which is contrary not only to theology and ethics but also to the practice of the primitive Church as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles." This is a defence of voluntary communism. An imposed but accepted system is exemplified in the famous seventeenth-century Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay :—[2]

> To every Indian is assigned for his maintenance a portion of land on which he can sow maize, cassava, potatoes and any other vegetable he pleases. They do not care about wheat ; a few plant sugar-cane or fruit trees, but only a few. So fertile is the soil that with a few weeks' steady toil they could raise enough to support them for the whole year. . . . But so great is their indolence and negligence that it is with the greatest difficulty their priests can induce them to raise sufficient food to nourish themselves and their families. . . . The Indians do not keep as their private property cattle, horses, sheep or mules or anything more important than poultry, because they are incapable of doing so. We have at all times made many attempts to induce them to rear and keep live stock of greater value, but without success. . . . Consequently every kind of livestock is held in common and fed on common pastures.—José Cardiel, S.J., cited by Fr. O'Neill, p. 58.

In both these instances a common code was accepted by rulers and ruled, the natural rights of the individual and of the family were recognised, the inalienable requirements of human persons were respected ; and both experiments were conducted under the aegis of a great spiritual authority which was the final court of appeal. Thus there was a solid guarantee that a member would be protected against extreme or unjust demands on the part of his rulers. Such a guarantee cannot be found in race or class or in any category which merges the individual in some aggregate and regards him as exclusively part of something larger than himself ; once he accepts that status he cannot be surprised at finding himself moulded, machined, sacrificed or liquidated. The ultimate guarantee lies in the acceptance of the belief that men have immortal souls, uniquely created, with a destiny which outlasts institutions ; and the proximate guarantee lies in the recognition of a spiritual authority beyond and distinct from the secular State. Herein lies the essential difference from modern communism : a difference which is always implicit behind the medieval theologians' discussions of economics.

ALFRED O'RAHILLY

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[1] Mansi, *Conciliorum amplissima collectio*, 28. 386 ff : quoted by Père Ducatillon in *Communists and Christians*, 1938, p. 129f.

[2] R. B. Cunningham Graham, *A Vanished Arcadia*, 1901, new ed. 1924 ; G. O'Neill, S.J., *Golden Years on the Paraguay : A History of the Jesuit Missions from* 1600 *to* 1767, 1934.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXIV

POET SEEKS RECONCILIATION WITH PRINCE

ÁDAMH Ó FIALÁN cc.

1. "Geadh do mhúnudh a Mheic Daoich"
Feanfocul glan gloir dionnsaoich
foluradh fear láimh le loctaibh
cáir fead ir na feanfoclaibh.

2. Seanfocul fo fuairc a lag
gid créad an cúis bar canadh;
dá dtí leann mar ar dú dó
nirbh fearr a clú ón céadoló.

3. Ag fo trear múinte ar mhaith duidh,
a Mheic Daoich ar borbh gcomhraig,
ná tréig maith ar olc gan áidh,
ná cait go docht an domhán.

4. Ná bí luathaigeantach lonn
le dáimh le ndingne comonn;
do gradh ód thiath ná till cor,
ná ling fál fgiach gan fgodadh.

5. Ná faltair ar an fleig ngéir,
go brát ná tabair taibéim,
tocht ba éigean feann go fod
ná teann 'r gan éideadh umod.

6. Iomgaidh iomguin na nathrach,
feachain leomhan leadarthach,
le daoidh na beithreach ná doing,
ná meirchreach aon gan fochainn.

7. Comhrag lorguinn larrfad mear
ná rir—ir ré do daingean;
fuail a fead i n-armaibh áig,
marbaidh fear uaidh dá anáil.

8. Déana orum, adair dí,
ná troid fir an tuinn mbáidte ;
ní fogain duid arm re huct,
tuig, tuig, ir garb an guaruct.

9. Tura an mac baothra, a béal dearg,
a meic Bruain nach baoth Gaoidhealg,
tre toct, a fir Cé, bam chroí
olc do dhíg mé do mhúnadh.

10. Maith dhígim gé a-dubairt rin
do mhúnudhra, a laoich luimnigh ;
mé do teann, do chú, a cleas Cláir,
tú leas nob fearr dom éadáil.

11. Trí mairg déag do dáilir dam
re taob t'éadaigh ir t'arrmadh ;
i n-iongnair bó ir eac ir óir
mó ná an bhreac ionnmhair m'onóir.

12. Ionbaidh duid, a dhearc mallra,
teacht ar ceann chruidh cugamra ;
gnát leam gan fuan fguir bam fgoil
thiall ar ceann chruidh dod catroigh.

13. Duid nob urrra a aithne
mo chrodhra, a cleas gormaicle ;
ba tearc bó ann act t'eallach,
a bairr cró ar n-a gcoimhceannach.

14. Ní nór ní mionnmhur oile
fuarair, a fir Callmhoige,
act dán ag ceannach do chruidh ;
ní nár an t-eallach amluidh.

15. Már rait an laoidh ar áil lat,
a bairr Cliach, mar ad-connac
do-béar flán coidhce do chruidh
'r toirrce nem dán do dhultudh.

16. Riot im dorn gé tú go ré
thíd an aithiomlaoidh n-éigne,
gé taoire flán, a cleas Cuilt,
ir ág dá ndeach gan díoguilt.

17. Ó cianaidh do can mé rain
mire an tonn báidhte bunaidh ;
dírgidh ré reolad mo rann,
ir mé an leoman 'r an lorgann.

18. Ir mé an beirin buaidhreas cath,
mé an dreagon go neimh nathrach,
mé an fál feamhur do fhágáil,
dleagon an t-áigh d'iomghabáil.

19. Mé an deoch neimhe ar núaidhe bhíogh,
—feadain ainmhian na n-airdríogh—
ná clódh dá mbe—ir áigh dubh—
ar ghrádh bó, a bhile Beannchuir.

20. Ir mé an ghríor dearg, a dhaighfir,
mé an fál fgiach nach fgothfaidhir ;
ir baoir [nod] laoi ar lár na fár
mar a-taoi a-tám, a Thómár.

21. Gidh baoir duidh a ndearnair fuinn,
a Thómáirmheic Bhriain bhratduinn,
nem fodhaoir nochd fó cur ;
ir mó an toghaoir do chéagun.

22. Toghaoir mhór dhuidh ir damhra
ar ghrádh bó, a bharr Ceanannra,
chéigin a céile, a chraobh Mhir,
ir ar bhféile ar-aon gá haithir.

23. Gen [gur] coimhfial mé, a mheic Bhriain,
ned dheich ndeirg donnar goirmchriadh,
maithfead mo dhú ar dhuaidh dhur fearr ;
ní dhú an dá chruadh do coimhcheann.

24. An ghrádh mór ir mealladh dam
tugar duidh, a fir Almhan ;
dod dheich amlaigh nodh fallra
gan beith amlaidh umamra.

25. 'Mat fallracht aireagh d'fhágáil
[nod] thréag mé a Méig Amhnadhain ;
fuil chéiginn tú, a ghruadh mar glain,
thruagh nach gan dhú do bámair.

26. Chéadh acht [beagh] agadh uile
mo chrodha, a cinn Maonmhuige ;
ní biu ag fuidhe ned céidh gcoim,
tuige go léir a labhraim.

27. Aongus nod ma ceann mo chruidh
ní dubhart ned dheich n-amlaigh ;
ir mór an ghrádh, a ghríobh Orc,
gan a rádh d'fhíor nó d'ábhacht.

28. Ní hé an ghrádh so anaic orm
do ghnúis gcoscra, a Chleat Mhagdonn,
gid iongnam t'foilt chaoidhnocht cam
acht gan aontocht ort agam.

29. Ba neamhfallsa, a nadair Chuilt,
mo ghrádh duit—díochra a iarmuirt—
gér iomda neach gá ráidh fuinn
gor mheat dom dán a ndéanuinn.

30. Dá cúis bar déadcurfa duit
gan t'aorlaidh thá ir tú id charuid
—d'fhior do fhreaghra a-tám ag thiall—
do ghrádh ir t'eaglais ar éinfhian.

31. Cá mhat nach badh eagail leam
t'oirdhearc fada ar fhud Éireann?
Gé taoi ar fhiot fe neart a-noir
ir teann chíoch nachar chreachoir.

32. Do chreachair—ba calma an fhat—
chríc nDartraighe, a dhreach amlach;
fluagh Dartraighe nir dhion chuirdh,
a ghníomh fhaitbuidhe, ón airgin.

33. Do airgir—anba an cathagh!—
maicne fhortghlan Fheodhacán;
creach rin mar chior a Chleat Mhir
do chreach rith fior go Soiltchir.

34. Do chreachair—ba chreach fhoinnimh!—
fluagh cródha clann Raghoilligh;
do airg bar gcreach clann Fhearghail,
a bharr cleath, go claoinTeamhraigh.

35. Do airgir tar Sionainn riar
lá eile, a airgmigh Gailian;
fed linn nir loigh rath gon lucht
go hOil bFinn tar cath gConnocht.

36. Do airgir dá aithle rain
Tir n-Oilealla ir Tir dTuathail,
ir chíoch Cairbre d'ágh oile
go fairrge, ir clár Callroighe.

37. Dhéirne féin ó dhun go barr
do airgir, a fhir Chualann;
a aghra ort ní dú dáidh
ir tú ar gach n-olc gá n-eadhráin.

38. Ir tú creaċaire [crioċ dté],
ir tú ar buaċaill don Bhéirne;
beana don luċt bú go beaċt
cá duic ir tú gad toirreaċt?

39. Ní áireoḿ t'áig reaċa roin
i n-ioc mo bó, a bard Beannċoir;
díogailt ċruaid gcod do-géanom
buaid do ċrod ní tuiréaḿom.

40. Gid beag do áiriḿiur dot áig,
dearmad tug orm a iomráid,
a ċúil rionn na braiċleat gcar
ir aiċreaċ liom ar labrar.

41. Ir uime do áiriḿiur orit
an beagánra dod beodaċt
rad do fluagaid, a géag Gaḿ,
ir méad m'uaḿain mut aorad.

42. Eagail leam a haird oile
t'aoradra, a fir Bóroiḿe,
clú ar do gairggniom do lion lid
ir fíol airdríog tú, a taoiseaċ.

43. Clann Bruain umad druim ar druim,
clann Meadba ir maicne Conaill,
do léim a-nall doiliġ báid,
clann Néill Oiliġ, clann Colmáin.

44. Síol dá Eocad rat folt car,
clann Ruairc féin—cá fearr dúċar?—
'r clann Murċada nar ċraiġ teann,
drumċlada áig na nÉireann.

45. Dá mbeinn i Muḿain Meic Con
ní léaḿainn orra t'aorad
méad do gaoil ar broinn ó mBruain
re gad gcloinn raoir go reinċliaiġ.

46. Ní ċuirfinn Connaċta iḿ ċeann,
t'aorad [agam nad] fuilngeann;
i laignib ní léaḿainn dul,
raidbir féagaim dot uaḿun.

47. Conall ir Síol Eogain féil
mór a ngaol dod gnúir míniéid;
ní léig t'aoir ngrinn do gabáil,
a Méig binn raoir Samradáin.

48. Aonṙann dá ṡcuiṙinn ṙa ċáċ
ḋoṫ aoiṙ, a ṙoilṫ mar óṙṙnáṫ,
ṙo baṫ ciar ó ṙioḃul ṙinn
ní ḃiaṫ m'ionuṫ i nÉiṙinn.

49. Cṙoiṙ Cṙíoṙṫ taṙainn leaṫ ar leaṫ
ḋo ċoṙṡ m'ṙeiṙṡe, a ṙoilṫ ṙáinneaċ,
ṙeaṙṡ éaḋáiṡ a-ḋṙéaċṫ ḋaṁṙa,
ṙléaċṫ an ċéaḋáiṙ ċuṡamṙa.

50. Sléaċṫ ċuṡum ó ċionn ṡo coiṙ,
ṙiṙ loṡuṫ, a laoiċ Ḃeaṙnoiṙ,
ṙléaċṫ an maiaiṡ nḋṙumċaciṫ nḋuiṫ
'ṙ an aṡaiṫ ruḃċaoiṁ ṙoċruiṫ.

51. Sléaċṫ an ṫ-aḃṙa cṙaoḃaċ coṙṙ,
ṙin an ḃéal coṙcṙa ċuṡom,
taḃaiṙ ṙóiṡ ṡo ḋíoċṙa ḋaṁ
ḋaṙ móiṫ ṙíoċḋa buṫ aṫċaṙ.

52. Aṫċṙom ar n-eiṙṙíoċ uainn ar
—ṡom ṫṙéaṡon ó ṫaoi ḋeanaṙ—
ṙa ṡnaoi noċon éaḋuḃ áṙ
ṡom ṫṙéaṡun ó ṫaoi, a Ṫómáṙ.

53. A Ṫómáṙṁac Ḃṙuain Ḃeaṙḃa
Méiṡ Ṡaṁṙaḋáin ṙaoiṙṙeaṙḃa,
cuiṫ ḋ'ṙalaiṫ ní ḋú ḋaṁ ḋe,
taḃaiṙ ḃú ṡan ċṙaṫ ṡceiṫṡe. Ṡeaḃ

54. A inṡean Méiṡ Uiḋiṙ ṙéil,
ḋo ṁúin Ḋia ḋo ḋṙeiċ míniṙéiṫ ;
ná [maoiṫ], a Nuaḷaiṫ, ṙe neaċ
aċt buanaiṡ ṫ'aoiḃ iṙ ṫ'eineaċ.

55. A ḃean Méiṡ Ṡaṁṙaḋáin ṙaoiṙ,
a inṡean úṙṙa aṡ Éaḋaoin,
a ċṙaoḃ ṡlan ṡan ċlú ṡceiṫṡe,
ṙaoṙ ṫú ar ṡal mo Ṡaoiḋeiṫṡe. Ṡeaḃ

56. A Laṙaiṙ ṙíona, a ṙoilṫ ḃoṡ,
ṫṙí ḋaṫa áiṙmiḃ oṙoḃ,
cáċ [uile] ṡoṫ iḃe ḋe,
ṡile aṡuṙ ḋuinne iṙ ḋeiṙṡe. Ṡeaḃ

57. A Aṫṙaċṫ naṙ óḃaiṙ ṡeiṙ,
ṙoḃ múin Cṙíoṙṫ [ciḃ ṙa ṡceiṫmiṙ ?]
ḋo ṡaoi ḋ'Áḋuṁ ní ḋú ḋe
ṙaoṙ ṫú ón ċṙáḃuḃ ċeiṫṡe. Ṡeaḃ

Translation

XIX

1. "Listen to instruction, foolish boy." This famous old saw of wisdom can lead a man to avoid sin; old saws are to be remembered.
2. Notable the value of this old adage, whatever was the occasion of its first utterance; if it guides us as it should it will prove as true now as ever.
3. Here is a little advice for thy good, O foolish man who art fond of rough contention; give not up good conduct for evil which brings no blessing; be not niggardly about worldly wealth.
4. Be not quick-tempered and fierce with any poets thou meetest; turn not by a single point thy devotion away from thy lord; rush not at untrimmed hedge.
5. Step not on sharp sword-blade, never be insolent; unless thou art in armour, force not a hasty way through press of spears.
6. Avoid the serpent's bite and the dangerous lion, go not near the bear; make no raid on any man without good cause and reflection.
7. Attempt not to fight—this advice will save thee from harm—with fierce flame-breathing dragon; little it cares for thy weapons; by its breath it kills a man afar off.
8. Obey me in this too, keep on top of the wave that threatens to drown thee, struggle not with it; weapons avail not against it; realise, O realise, thy danger.
9. O son of Brian, red of lip and wise of speech, O Prince of Cé, thou art the foolish youth (I address); thou didst interfere with (?) my property; therefore I should not be giving thee my good counsel.
10. Nevertheless, O Hero of Luimneach, I have a right to give it, for I mean power and glory for thee, O Prince of Clar, and thou meanest most of my fortune.
11. Thirteen marks thou hast given me, together with thy clothes and small wares—not to speak of kine or steeds or gold; yet my honour is more precious (to me) than thy offer of wealth.
12. 'Tis time for thee now, O stately eye, to come to me for wealth (*i.e.* poems); my custom is to come to thee for wealth—but without ceasing to teach my school.
13. O Prince of blue Achill, O chief of this steading, thou couldst easily have recognised my kine, for those purchased by me (with poems) were nearly all (of) thy stock.
14. O Hero of Calmhagh, not gold or other wealth didst thou get in payment for thy kine but only poetry; thus I am not ashamed of those kine.
15. O Prince of Cliu, if any poem thou likest to name be found of poor quality, then, when I have found this out, I will bid farewell to hope of wealth; do thou then proceed to refuse my poems!
16. Owing to this mutual estrangement I have not till now addressed thee, and thou art as yet unscathed; yet, O Prince of Colt, if I get no reparation it means war!
17. I am the drowning man, the lion, the dragon—I mentioned them just now—and they urge me to aim my verses at thee.
18. I am the bear that can throw a host into confusion, I am the dragon with serpent's poison, I am the fence bristling with spikes; thou hadst better avoid the deadly struggle.
19. I am the draught of ever-potent poison; turn not to drink it for the sake of a few cows, O Tree of Beannchor—it would kill thee; avoid the perverse humours of kings.
20. My good friend, I am the red flame, and the uncut hedge; 'twas folly that brought thee into this strait, and I am as foolish as thou, O Tómás.
21. The way thou didst act towards me was foolish, O Tómás, O son of dark-cloaked Brian; however, I will not add to my folly, better that I leave thee!
22. O Prince of Ceanannas, O Branch of Mis, seeing that we both are greedy for kine, the best thing for us is to separate, so that a generous spirit be shown to be equal in each of us (*i.e.* I giving up hope of thy cattle, thou giving up hope of poems from me).

23. Though I am not as noble of soul as thou, O son of Brian, O blushing-faced prince for whom the blue landscape grows brown (with corn), I will forgo my kine for the sake of better kine! two hard objects should not remain equally resistant.

24. What has won me over is thy constant great love of me, O Hero of Almha; wert thou, O comely face, to change thy feelings towards me, thou wouldst not be true to thyself.

25. 'Twas to avenge myself for thy faithlessness, O Mág Samhradháin, that I abandoned thee; would that I had had no kine at all, O glass-bright cheek, rather than abandon thee.

26. O Leader of Maonmhagh, were not all my kine a trifle in thy sight? I shall no longer speak hastily to thee, O curly hair; thou knowest what I mean.

27. A single hasty word about my kine I spoke not to thy comely face, O Griffin of Orc; to say no such word either seriously or in jest is a great proof of my love.

28. 'Twas not my love that kept me from attacking thy blushing face, O Staff of Mughdhorna—dearly as I loved thy flowing curly hair—but the fact that I could find no fault in thee.

29. My love for thee, O Serpent of Colt, was a true love—serious was its outcome!—though many folk told me that what I was doing was ruin to (the honour of) my profession.

30. Two reasons, love for thee and fear of thee, made me regard thee and refrain from attacking thee, my friend; now I await thy answer.

31. Is there any land where I need not fear the result of thy lengthy military career, throughout Eire; though thou art at peace with their rulers now, there are few lands thou hast not raided.

32. O comely face, O yellow-haired griffin, thou didst harry—brave venture!—the land of Dartraighe; its troops could not save their kine from thy raiding.

33. Thou didst raid—fierce fighting!—the race of Peodachán in their fair land; thou didst push that raid—'twas a way of getting *cess*!—as far as Soilchis.

34. Thou didst harry—vigorously—that valiant host, the race of Raghailleach; thy foray, O chief of all princes, laid waste Fearghal's race as far as sloping Teamhair.

35. Another time, thou Raider of the Gailiain, thou didst go plundering Westwards over the Sionann; in thy day (good) fortune lay not with the folk as far as Oil Finn, spite of the troops of the Connachta.

36. And then thou didst raid Tír Oilealla and Tír Tuathail and, in another attack, the land of Cairbre to the sea, and also the plain of Callraighe.

37. Bréifne, too, hast thou wasted from end to end, O Hero of Cuala; folk can not blame thee for this, for thou hast defended them against injury (from all foes).

38. Thou art the reiver of the Lands of Té, thou art Bréifne's herdsman; thou takest, 'tis true, kine from that folk, but what harm? Thou art proving thyself (?).

39. To avenge myself for the loss of my kine, I will say no more of thy fortune, O Chief of Beannchor; short and sharp the vengeance I will take, I will not tell any more of thy battles!

40. Even the little of thy career which I have told, 'twas a mistake of me to tell it, and I am sorry I told it, O fair hair of braided tresses.

41. What little I have told of thy activities—the reason of my telling it was that thou wert so long campaigning, O Branch of Gamh, and I feared to speak too harshly of thee.

42. O Hero of the Bóroimhe, O captain, from another point of view I fear to speak against thee; thou art the seed of high-kings, and thus hast filled to overflowing the glory of thy doughty deeds.

43. Brian's race is in thy ancestry, also the races of Meadhbh and Conall, and Niall of Oileach and Colmán—and none of them can surpass thee.

44. The two Eochaidhs' seed is in thy lineage, O curly hair, and Ruarc's race—could blood be nobler?—and the race of Murchadh whose power weaned not—all highlands of Éire's valour.

45. Were I in Mac Con's Mumha, I would not dare to satirise thee owing to thy many connections through the women of the Í Bhriain with every noble race as far as ancient Cliu.

46. I would not bring the Connachta down on me, they do not let thee be satirised among them ; I would not dare to go among the Laighin—I have too great regard for the fear thou inspirest !

47. Conall and the race of generous Eoghan—close is their kinship with thy smooth gentle face ; it, O sweet noble Mág Samhradháin, forbids all sharp satire of thee.

48. Were I to send to anyone a single verse of satire on thee, O hair like to gold-cloth, I should find no place left for me in Éire, I should be far away, unable to traverse it.

49. May Christ's cross be over us both ; 'twas an unexpected (*i.e.* impulsive) fit of thy wrath which fell on me to check my anger, O prince of ringletted hair ; incline to me now straightway.

50. Bow profoundly before me and ask pardon, O Hero of Bearnas, incline thy dark delicate rounded brow and thy shapely face smooth as berry.

51. Incline thy bushy round eyebrow and red lips to me, give me an earnest kiss, this will be enough to dispel our angry feelings.

52. When thou threatenest to disown me, 'tis the climax (?) ; let us then put aside our quarrel ; when thou abandonest me, O Tómás, I can never win any advance in favour.

53. O Tómás, O son of Brian of Bearbha that noble doughty Mág Shamhradháin, give me real—and not deceptive—wealth ; I should not rouse ill-will by (asking for) this.

54. O Nualaidh, daughter of noble Mág Uidhir, O mild gentle face, God has been thy teacher ; add to thy popularity and fame for generosity, and begrudge not (the fruits of) these to me.

55. O wife of noble Mág Shamhradháin, O young daughter of Éadaoin, O fair branch of truest glory, *thou* art safe from the sting of my words.

56. O Lasairfhíona, soft-haired lady, folk tell of the three colours on thee, white and brown and red ; may all men delight in thy charm owing to them.

57. O Athracht who ventured not on aught forbidden, Christ was thy teacher—why should I not tell it ? Thou art free from false-seeming piety ; thou shouldst not have been born of Adam's race.

NOTES

Mag. MS. p. 29. 1*a*. bA. *d*. reAȝ 2*c*. ti ; oo *d*. beAṙṙ 3*a*. reo ; mA. *b*. co. *c*. Aȝ 4*b*. ṙi oA. ṙe minȝneA *c*. o tṙ. nA ċill 5*a*. A ṙl. 6*a*. naiċṙeAċ *b*. -mhain *c*. ṙi *d*. oċ. 7*a*. -ȝunn *b*. ṙiṙeiṙe *c*. reAȝ 8*b*. cṙoo ; mḃaiti 10*a*. ȝe ou. *d*. ṙobeṙṙ 11*b*. -ṙṙuó *d*. nan bṙ. 12*a*. -aiȝ ó ui o *b*. cṙ. 13*a*. aicni *b*. ȝo. *d*. coi. 14*c*. A ce. 15*a*. mA ṙA. *c*. co. ; *leg*. oo o ċṙ. ? *d*. ṙim ; oA ó. 16*b*. *leg*. cṙeṙ ? *c*. -ṙiu *d*. neċ 17*a*. ṙin *b*. baite *d*. ṙA loṙ. 19*b*. reċ ainḃianA naiṙ *d*. ȝó (n *over* ȝ) bo 20*b*. ṙȝuċṙ. *c*. ṙo 21*b*. ḃṙaiuino *c*. ṙim 22*a*. ouio *b*. bo *c*. -ȝun *d*. ṙele 23*a*. ȝom (*dot* under m) ; bṙ. *b*. ṙe oṙ. noiṙȝ 24*c*. oo 25*a*. all. aiṙiȝ *b*. ṙom 26*a*. leȝ *c*. co. 28*b*. coṙ. ; muȝ. 30*a*. -uṙA 31*b*. ṙAoA Aṙ uo *c*. ṙi ne. inoiṙ 32*b*. cc (i *above*) nAiṙc 33*b*. muicni po. pe. 35*a*. oAṙ *d*. ṙinn, *sic leg* ? ; con. 36*a*. ṙin *b*. cuA 38*a*. A cṙiċ Ce *b*. iṙ bu. *c*. benAi *d*. ȝA coi. 40*b*. -mAo *c*. ṙaiċċleAċ caṙ 41*c*. ou 42*c*. -ṙȝn- 43*a*. bṙ. *b*. meA. 44*a*. caṙ *b*. oucaṙ *c*. muṙ. 45*a*. oA meno ; m (c *above*) *b*. .ṙ. cAeṙoú *c*. bino (ṙ *over* b) *d*. cloinn ; -cliaió 46*b*. acu ni ṙuilȝeAno 47*a*. co. iṙil 49*a*. cṙiṙc *b*. meṙȝi *d*. A ċe. 50*b*. beA. *c*. oṙ. nou. 51*d*. bió AċAṙ *c*. oAṁ 52*a*. AċṙOm ; neṙiċ *b*. oenAṙ 53*a*. bAin (i *over* b) bḃA (ṙ *over* b) *b*. meȝ ; -ṙṙóA *c*. caiaiċ ; oAṁ oe *d*. cei. 54*a*. meȝ 55*a*. meȝ *c*. ce. 56*a*. -ṙAṙ *c*. uimi 57*b*. ȝe ṙA ċeimeṙ.

THE POETRY OF JOHN SHAW NEILSON

BY GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.

THE death in June of this year (1942) of John Shaw Neilson has called attention to an Australian poet whose career has been of the quietest, and whose merits have been fairly appreciated only by the few. " Fairly," we venture to say; for those who were most warmly appreciated represented the maturity of Australian critical talent. He has passed away at the age of seventy, without any loud obsequies, academic or journalistic, and his reputation is perhaps still to make. There is at present in some prominence a younger literary school which does not acknowledge Neilson as an ancestor, and with which he would hardly have cared to stand. When its voices shall have died away there may come a more favourable hour than the present for advertising his worth.[1]

How does this poet stand as regards ancestry and tradition? If you look up his family history, he proves entirely Scottish: Shaws, MacFarlanes, McKinnons and Stuarts make up the Neilson pedigree for some three generations. But John was of Australia; born at Penola, a rural district of South Australia,[2] where his father farmed; while most of his life as a boy was spent a thousand miles northward in Queensland. There scanty schooling fell to the lad's lot. But daily toil on a vast " station " made him familiar with the ways of flocks and herds, with digging and fencing and forestry; and so he is a brother in poetry of Robert Burns and John Clare. He is more akin to the quiet meditativeness of the latter than to the stormy emotions of the former. Nor, indeed, does he ever rise to the thrilling or poignant notes that the Ayrshire ploughman has left lingering on our ears. Instead, Neilson has a characteristic not readily expected from his life-story—he is notably a refined writer: his song is " delicate," as he himself desired it to be, to a degree that sometimes recalls Alice Meynell, sometimes the simplicity of far-off medieval verses.

The subsequent career of the poet, which closed in his seventieth year, offers little that can throw light on his verse—sole theme of these pages. But from the verse, naturally, some gleams are reflected on the life.

Love of children is traced in the poems to a degree that shows it must have played no inconsiderable part in the fortunes and affections of the writer. His love lighted up now with playfulness, shaded again with sorrow.

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[1] *The Collected Poems of John Shaw Neilson.* Edited by R. H. Croll. (Melbourne and Sydney: Lothian Publishing Co. 1934).
Beauty Imposes: Some Recent Verse. By John Shaw Neilson. (Sydney and London: Angus & Robertson. 1938).

[2] Penola is notable as the cradle of the Australian religious congregation of Sisters of St. Joseph, who were founded there in 1865 by Mother Mary McHillop (Mary of the Cross) and Father Julian Tenison Woods. They are devoted to teaching, especially in " out-back " districts.

In " The End of Spring " the close of a brief season of promise is harmonised with the death that ends a brief child-life :—

Bend low thy bonny head ;
Upon the wing
The tender-tinted hours
Make merry journeying ;
The tyrant sun who stays
He waits for every spring . . .
Bend low thy weary head
Kiss all good-bye . . .

More touching still are twenty lines on the same theme of which the following are some :—

Your eyes were as flowers,
Fine gold your hair,
Warm in my heart you sang
Love like a prayer.

The sun-beam, the morn-mist,
Were one with you,
And all the sighing bloom
That takes the dew . . .

Wild kiss and heart's love
Lose every hold ;
Oh, sunlight—my sunlight—
How dark the cold !

Other utterances of domestic affection we seldom distinctly hear : nor is the verse of young love strongly marked. There is, however, in " The Evening is the Morning " a charming rendering of the unbroken courtship of an old couple long wedded—a *ritournelle*, one might say, after a life-time, of " Believe me if all those endearing young charms,"—without the Moorish brilliancy but with a delicate touch that Moore has not.

To make my love more beautiful
I sing into her ear
" 'Tis not the morning that I love,
It is the evening, dear ;
No sweets of all the sweets we knew
Are sweet as those we know ; "
And, though she sighs most heavily,
She says 'tis even so.

Surely a touch of the true feminine in those last two lines !

" The Returned Soldier " is the subject of a lyric that is nearly the most intense in the whole collection—a subject unhappily far from out of date. Intensity is not a characteristic of this delicate verse—unless, indeed, an intensity that is felt rather than expressed. So it is in this poem. But it would hardly be fair to quote a fragment from these well-knit twenty-five lines—a stark picture of a human life wasted and ruined by war—a life of which each successive aspect brings home the terrible irony of the refrain—" Oh ! yes, the soldier is home."

Hardly less touching, and no less restrained in expression is the lyric tale of " pretty Julie Callaway "—the girl for whom " Death lay in wait," and whose brief life ended on her wedding-day.

But there are bright contrasting pictures, and in one, " The Sun is Up," the task-free bush-boy hailing the morning is surely a reminiscence of the young John Shaw himself.

> Blithely a bush-boy wanders on a walk ;
> For his delight the trees have learned to talk,
> And all the flowers have little laughs with him.

In the heart of his September

> . . . . the world that I walk in is full
> Of the hot happy sound of the shearing, the hot heavy scent of the wool.

While such ruralities are the subject of most of the pictures, there are not wanting some effective touches of city life. Mixed of humour and sympathy is the picture of the child at the cinema in the piece named " Uncle to a Pirate."

> Often at eventide we go
> To a tempestuous picture-show.
> Gently I hold his heedless hand
> In that preposterous Wonderland.
>
> Pistols we see and big blue knives,
> Bad men in trouble with their wives,
> Burglars intruding, Life and Death,
> And Humbug struggling for his breath.

In all this stage-passion the child lives intensely ;

> Still he has hair of baby-gold,
> A Pirate nearly eight years old.
> Oh, but his eyes ! I am, I fear,
> An uncle to a Buccaneer.

The peculiar delicacy of this artist's touch is well shown in the

little piece, " Love's Coming," which echoes some well-loved medieval notes :—

Quietly as rose-buds
Talk to the thin air,
Love came so lightly
I knew not he was there.

But all its five stanzas should be quoted to do it justice.

The deepest notes that poets strike are hardly heard on this Australian lyre ; and that is perhaps the best reason for not adjudging to its player a place among the great. Life in many aspects appears, but there is hardly a hint of Infinity, of God. Of definite religious opinions there is something told us in the last poem of all—it slips in unexpectedly under the caption of " The Gentle Water-bird." There had been, it appears, an early up-bringing when fear of God, " an ungracious, unloving fear," overshadowed the soul as it grew out of infancy and childhood :—

In the dim days I trembled, for I knew
God was above me, always frowning through,
And God was terrible and thunder-blue.

Happily, that view of things passed away, and (characteristically) the change is attributed to the graceful messages of a bird—to natural voices. One might wish for a more definite introduction to heaven than that effected by a water-bird or even a skylark. But, alas, how many stories have been told us, besides this one, of the devastating effect on a child's soul of an ugly unchristian Calvinism, removed later only with difficulty, if at all, by either Nature or Grace !

But we have yet to mention a reason for commending the Neilson lyrics to the friendly attention of Irish readers. The poet has a *gradh* for Ireland that is unmistakable. It is softly felt in " The Stolen Lament "—a half-heard re-singing of an old Irish song of regrets, declared to be a sacred thing, not to be rashly essayed by the alien. It runs thus :—

Beauty it has that never came by words ;
Beauty of light is on it, scent of dew,
That once in heaven was, the bud that came
On trees of happiness that never grew.

More remarkable still is " The Ballad of Remembrance." The " remembrance " harks back to Ireland and Irish patriotism, and the ballad is the most red-blooded piece in the whole collection. The poet meets " out Bathurst way " a son of the soil, keen, unschooled, but a perfectly knowing Irishman. The two quickly become " cobbers " and talk about all manner of things ; but

One thing I saw, whene'er I talked of all red history,
Of England's victories on the land, her strength upon the sea,
He listened quietly, but would say no generous word to me.

And why? Because, it appeared, a deeper and ineffaceable impression had been made up on him by his Irish father, whose memories and fireside talk had been of the wrongs that had driven him forth from his native country and the cruelties that had made his land of forced exile a place of horrors. The poet would fain have changed the ancient melancholy theme into something brighter; but he failed. The imperialist note did not appeal to the son of the Irish " convict ".

Then spoke I still of England; I would not lightly yield;
" England," I said, " is strong; she does the little nations shield; "
And the man he said: " Some things there are that never can be healed."

Such, then, in brief review, are the poems of John Shaw Neilson; such the topics that engaged him, and such, as far as brief quotations can show, the spirit and style of his treatment. Of his themes, only those of a humorous cast (and they are not many) have not been noticed by us. He was, we see, not one who is attracted by things big and massive. " The music of the noontide brook " can always attract him away from the loud noises of the world. He has no strivings with spasms of intense passion. He affects no flights into clouds of obscurity. His allusions to music are characteristic; except perhaps the softened horn, he mentions only violins and violoncellos. His own verse-music is now hushed by death; will it be heard by posterity? We think so; but not by virtue of any loud cry, nor in competition for any fore-front place amid the immortals; but with a strong claim to sit among the sincere and clear, if humble, singers.

Two characteristic lines that he has dedicated to a sweet-voiced Australian bird might almost serve as an epitaph on the poet himself:—

Old is the love in his music, and cool to the ear;
His joy is the width of a sorrow, the weight of a tear.

G. O'Neill

REVIEWS

[Our attention has been called to a section of a review of an American book *Religious Instruction and Education* in our September issue (p. 391) and to the implications which might possibly be drawn from it. The writer of the review did not intend his remarks to be taken as a serious reflection upon the methods and results of Religious Instruction in this country; nor did he intend to suggest that the dark picture painted by a writer, some years ago, of the children of Berlin (described as having, most of them, lost all belief in the reality of God, in the efficacy of prayer, in the hope of a future life) should be taken as even remotely applicable to spiritual conditions prevailing among our Irish children at home or abroad. He deeply regrets that his reference to Irish youth should have been capable of admitting an interpretation injurious to them and to their pastors.—Ed. *Studies*.]

Scripture

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH. Translated from a critically revised Hebrew Text with Commentary. By Rev. E. J. Kissane, D.D., L.S.S. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1941. Vol. I (I-XXXIX). Pp. LXIV—425. 21s.

This handsome volume promptly realises the hope, expressed in a review of Dr. Kissane's *Book of Job*, that it would be followed by similar commentaries on other books of the Old Testament. The author has chosen this time an even worthier subject for his theme, Isaiah, the greatest of the Hebrew prophets, raised up by God at a most critical period to maintain the true religion in the hearts of his people and to keep alive their messianic hopes. Only the first part of the book (cc. I-XXXIX) is here treated, but the conclusion in a second volume is expected early next year.

The plan of the work is similar to that of the *Book of Job*. In a succinct but rich introduction the author discusses the historical background of the prophecies, their structure and contents, their authorship and dates, the religious message of Isaiah, the metrical structure of his poems, and the critical value of the Massoretic text and Septuagint version. An excellent Bibliography follows. Then come the translation, textual criticism and commentary of the various sections into which the text is divided according to the subject-matter. Each of these usually consists of a single prophecy in poetic form. The relatively few prose passages, some of which owe their origin to the Hebrew editor of the work rather than to Isaiah himself, are treated with the poems to which they refer.

Dr. Kissane displays in this work all the qualities of a good exegete: sound knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, firm grasp of the historical background, skill in literary criticism, extensive acquaintance with the works of previous commentators. Reviewers of his book, even those whose religious standpoint differs from his, unanimously regard it as a most scholarly and valuable contribution to the study of Isaiah. The present reviewer is in entire agreement with this appreciation of a work, in every way, worthy of the great national college where Dr. Kissane has long been a professor and is now president.

The most original contribution of the author to the study of Isaiah is his strophic theory, already known to us from his commentary on Job, according to which the individual poems are divided into strophes containing each the same number of verses. The theory however assumes a much greater importance in Isaiah since, once established, it scientifically excludes, either directly or indirectly, the presence of interpolations and later additions in the poems. These are so numerous, according

to the destructive critics, who are obliged by their rationalistic principles to deny to Isaiah all supernatural knowledge of future events, as to make up nearly half of the text. As none of the reviewers has made a critical examination of this very important theory it may be useful to give here the results of a study of Dr. Kissane's strophical scheme in a considerable number of the poems.

That Isaiah sometimes employed this system is evident from the poem IX, 7—X, 4, in which we find three strophes of equal length, terminated in each case by an identical refrain. There is an exactly similar case in the Book of Psalms, but all admit that quite a number of Psalms are not built on the same model. The scheme adapts itself readily to many of the poems, especially if one holds with Dr. Kissane that the verses of a poem need not be all of approximately the same length. This view of the verse-length, though the less common one, may be correct, but it introduces an arbitrary element into the division of the verses. One sometimes finds in Dr. Kissane's strophes an unusually long verse, which would be more naturally divided into two—*e.g.* his single verse of two stichs V, 5 cd. (p. 51) :—

> " I will take away its hedge and it shall be devoured,
> I will break down its fence and it shall be trampled."

Each of these stichs can be divided into two after the words " hedge " and " fence," and thus we should have two verses instead of the one required by the system. In the poems I, 21-31 and XXXVII, 22-35, on the other hand, a single verse of three stichs is changed into two verses of two stichs each by supposing a stich to be missing from the Hebrew text after I, 25a and XXXVII, 24b. In neither case does the context suggest a missing stich, and in the second an appeal to the Lucianic recension of the LXX, where there is a Greek equivalent of the supposed omission, can scarcely be admitted, since Lucian's addition is not found either in the unrevised LXX or in the Massoretic text or in the Hebrew text used by St. Jerome. As however the Hebrew text has suffered minor losses in the course of transmission, it is possible, though not likely, that the two stichs were in the original text.

More decisive against the universal application of the theory is the parable of the vineyard poem, V, 1-7, in which the third and last of the strophes lacks unity of thought. Here the prophet speaks vv. 1-2 (1st strophe), God speaks vv. 3-6 (2nd strophe and 1st half of 3rd), the prophet speaks again v. 7 (2nd half of 3rd strophe). But v. 7 cannot be united with the preceding verses in the same strophe without violating the fundamental rule of division according to the sense, since it belongs to a different speaker and is moreover detached from the whole preceding parable by being its interpretation. Finally we have the poem XXI, 1-9, which Dr. Kissane divides as follows: 3 : 3 : 2 : 3 : 3 : 2, thus abandoning his own theory of strophes of equal length in favour of the Zenner-Condamin theory : Strophe, Antistrophe, Epode—*i.e.* two strophes of equal length always followed by a third of indeterminate length. The conclusion seems to be that Dr. Kissane's strophic scheme is certainly found in Isaiah, but while it may be a very useful working hypothesis in studying the structure of his poems, it is not of universal application and does not exclude the existence of different strophical arrangements.

The most important of all the prophecies of Isaiah and one of the most difficult is that containing the prediction of the virgin birth of the Messias. The interest of the subject induces me to present briefly here an old interpretation of that prophecy which Dr. Kissane rejects without discussing the arguments in its favour, and which seems to me and such well-known exegetes as Fr. Cales and Fr. Vaccari the most satisfactory solution of a very difficult problem. The chief points in dispute in this passage, generally known as the Emmanuel prophecy, VII, 14-16, are the exact interpretation of v. 16 and the determination of the favourable or unfavourable

character of the sign accorded to King Ahaz. That the sign was favourable, the virgin birth of Emmanuel, was the common view down to the middle of the nineteenth century. It is the only possible view if the Hebrew text of v. 16 is authentic and is interpreted according to its plain and obvious sense: "The land shall be devastated whose two kings thou fearest." The two kings are the rulers of Samaria and Damascus who had conspired to dethrone Ahaz. If the sign given to Ahaz implied that the enemies who sought to devastate his territory should have instead their own territory devastated, it was evidently favourable. But according to Dr. Kissane and most modern interpreters Ahaz, having refused to believe the message sent by God through Isaiah, must be punished for his unbelief and therefore receive an unfavourable sign. Hence they so alter the text of v. 16 as to make Judah the land to be devastated in agreement with the character of the sign. Dr. Kissane's alteration of the text is here very slight and has the support of the LXX. The Hebrew construction which he supposes is grammatically correct though somewhat unusual. Thus the solution of the question depends on other indications of the character of the sign.

There are three distinct arguments for a favourable sign. (1) Ahaz refuses to ask a sign. The prophet replies: "The Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold the Virgin shall conceive and shall bear a son and shall call his name Emmanuel." Surely the word "Behold" immediately after "shall give you a sign" must introduce the sign itself, the miraculous birth of a son to be called Emmanuel, "God with us," an evident indication of divine favour. (2) While this sign is given to the royal house, there is also another sign given by the prophet at God's command to the people in general, VIII, 1-4. The wife of Isaiah conceives and bears a son who receives, by divine appointment, a symbolical name which at once signifies and indicates the devastation of the hostile kingdoms of Samaria and Damascus. The obvious parallelism between this prophecy to the people and the previous prophecy to the royal house—conception and birth of a son, symbolical name given him, signification of the name implying deliverance from Samaria and Damascus—entitles us to conclude that the Hebrew text of v. 16 is correct since it is confirmed by this parallel passage. (3) The unfavourable sign given to Ahaz, according to the opposite interpretation, is said to be contained in the diet of "milk and honey" on which Emmanuel is to be reared. The expression is supposed to signify here scant rations owing to the devastation of the land of Judah and thus to denote the future sufferings of the Messias. Milk and honey is, on the contrary, a heavenly food, the Semitic equivalent of the classical nectar and ambrosia (See my article "Terra lac et mel manans" in *Verbum Domini* 2 [1922] 52-58). It is used metaphorically to denote all kinds of excellent food in the description of Palestine as a land flowing with milk and honey. It is also the food of the Messianic times, as appears in IV Esdras II, 19 ("fountains flowing with milk and honey") and in Joel III, 18 ("And it shall come to pass in that day that the mountains shall drop down sweetness and the hills shall flow with milk"). It is therefore the food of the infant Messias, VII, 15, as well as of the purified remnant who survive the devastation of Judah, VII, 22. It is hard to believe that an expression, elsewhere invariably used in an emphatically auspicious sense, denotes here a sign of ill-omen and prefigures the future sufferings of the Messias.

Another remark of general importance in the interpretation of prophecy is suggested by Dr. Kissane's theory that, in the prophecies of Isaiah against Babylon, the word Babylon has been inserted in the text by a later writer instead of an original Assyria. As Babylon did not become a world-power and an oppressor of Judah until a century or so after the death of Isaiah, the rationalistic critics ascribe these prophecies to a later author—chiefly because they deny to Isaiah all supernatural

knowledge of future events. Dr. Kissane, of course, does not admit this false principle. His chief argument is that, while the Medes took part in the destruction of Assyria and the Persians were the chief destroyers of Babylon, Isaiah in these prophecies makes no mention of the Persians and ascribes the destruction to the Medes. It seems to me, however, that this objection ignores the obscurity derived from limited knowledge, which is a common element of prophecy and which is of the greatest utility at times in enabling us to distinguish a genuine prophecy from a historical narrative. The Persians, as a nation distinct from the Medes, had not yet appeared on the political horizon in the time of Isaiah. Even after the fall of Babylon the two nations practically regarded themselves as one. Their laws, for example, were the laws of the Medes and Persians. Isaiah is therefore justified in tacitly grouping the Persians with the Medes in his prophecy. An historian on the other hand, writing after the event, could not possibly omit the Persians and ascribe the fall of Babylon to their less important allies, the Medes.

Finally, may it be permitted me to express my regret that an article of mine on the prophecy of Isaiah against Moab, which appeared in *Biblica* 13 (1932) 435-461, has escaped the notice of Dr. Kissane. There is considerable disagreement among the commentators about the interpretation of this prophecy, which is regarded as very obscure. This supposed obscurity seems to me to spring mostly from a lack of geographical knowledge on the part of the commentators, who accept blindly erroneous guesses of Eusebius without checking them by critical and personal investigation. Not a single commentator of Isaiah whom I have consulted—and I consulted many when writing that article—knows, for instance, that the town of Luhith is mentioned in a Nabataean inscription C.I.S. Aram. 196, where it is definitely located in the immediate neighbourhood of Madaba ; nor that the Torrent of the Poplars, crossed by the fugitives, still retains its name and the poplars on its banks as the western end of Wady Hesban ; nor that Horonaim (originally perhaps vocalised Haranaim) appears, from the inscription of Mesha, where it is the last city captured by that monarch in his war with Israel and is reached by a descent into the plain, to be located in the valley of the Jordan and to be identical with the well-known Beth Haran, an exact linguistic equivalent, since *-aim* is only a local or dual termination. From these remarks it may be deduced that in my interpretation, which differs from the view of Dr. Kissane and of many other interpreters, the invaders are Edomites from the south and the fugitives flee northwards to the crossing of the Jordan into Judah. Hence I genuinely regret being deprived of his competent verdict on the value of my arguments and interpretation.

Needless to say these few manifestations of a diversity of opinion on individual points in no way detract from the very high value of Dr. Kissane's work. There is ample room for discussion among scholars on the interpretation of many difficult texts of Isaiah. All Dr. Kissane's interpretations are very clearly exposed and well supported by arguments and authority. The objections raised here against one or two of them express points of view which are rarely to be met with in commentaries.

E. Power

Biography

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. LEO THE GREAT. By Dr. Trevor Jalland, M.A. London: S.P.C.K. 1941. 21s. net.

This book is timely. The civilisation which Leo watched over in its cradle—he has been styled its father by some—seems now on its death-bed. Certainly it is passing through a crisis in which anything may happen ; and prophecy is the merest guesswork. Further, the crisis of to-day resembles that of the fifth century very closely. The one essential difference is that now the *orbis terrarum*

in the geographical sense is involved and not the *orbis terrarum* of the Romans, which in space was hardly one-tenth of the globe and in population was not that of the U.S.S.R. or the United States In other respects the similarity is so great as to be terrifying. It has caused Berdyaeff to forecast a return to the Dark Ages.

Many are dismayed by the outlook. They argue that what we behold is no longer a crisis of infancy or adolescence, but the breakdown of old age. The ailments of the fifth century were cradle ailments; the evils of to-day are the malignant tumours of senility. Nor can it be denied that this gloomy view is superficially very justified. If we regard our Christian civilisation as nothing more than a natural growth, like Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome or the ancient cultures of China, then every reasonable basis for hope in its future vanishes. It has had its day, a long and very splendid day, but is now passing through a crimson sunset into night. It only remains for us to fold our togas round us and await, with the dignity of the Roman Senators who long ago awaited the coming of Brennus and his Celts, the *coup-de-grace* of the inexorable fates.

But such fatalism is not the proper attitude for a Christian. He knows that Christianity is a universal religion, in no sense tribal or ethnic, and a religion destined to survive till the Parousia or Second Coming of Christ. Somewhere, therefore, and in some circumstances a Christian civilisation will survive till history ends. Of course it might perish, more or less completely, in certain areas or among certain peoples—as it has done in the past. And we have no guarantee that even the European peoples may not fail to recognise the hour of their visitation, as the Jews failed of old. A French author, A. Demangeon, writing in 1920 predicted a shifting of the centre of gravity of great events first to the Americas, north and south, later to the Asiatic continent. He argued mainly from economic factors to the neglect of other and more important things. Hence we may even yet hope that the spiritual centre of gravity will still be Europe and that Europe will remain the great teacher of the nations. It acquired this position with the rise of Hellas. It extended and strengthened it through the long era inaugurated by Leo amid the turmoil of the fifth century. This was no easy task. Only one who was both saint and genius could have faced it undismayed. Leo was both. With more justice than is commonly the case in history he was styled "great". And the study of his life can be of immense utility to-day, when it is just such a leader of mankind we need as human agent in the supremely difficult work of regeneration.

It is also, I think, a very fortunate thing that an Anglican should be the author of this Life of St. Leo. No suspicion of partisanship can attach to it. Clearly enough, Dr. Trevor Jalland does not accept the Roman claims in full. But though this affects his judgment slightly on one historical issue, it does not prevent him from giving us a very objective, impartial and even sympathetic biography of a Pope whose "Romanism" is never for a moment in doubt. It is a very satisfactory proof that modern scholarship, at its best, can rise to a fine detachment and present us with a serene and balanced account of a very intricate and troubled period, when passion played more part than reason in theological controversy and when politics, more even than theology, motivated the conduct of many of the protagonists. These two disturbing influences have continued to affect the telling of the story down to our own times. Our author is singularly untouched by them; and thus, with a minimum of personal comment and an almost complete absence of bias, he is able to let the sources speak for themselves. The result is something to be acknowledged with gratitude and studied with care.

I say "studied" advisedly; because, though the style is at all points lucid and competent, the wealth of matter, the range and depth of the scholarship involved, the tangled issues calling for elucidation, the evident desire to get at and

give us the facts and only the facts—all these make this volume anything but a bedside book. It is written primarily for students and indeed can only be fully appreciated by specialists. Incorporating the results of recent research, it takes cognisance of the latest and best work done by modern investigators. That is, of course, all as it should be; it lends a weight and authority to the whole work such as could not accrue to any impressionist sketch or brilliant historical essay *à la* Macaulay. It is not likely to be a momentary bestseller; but for that very reason it is likely to remain, for quite a long time, the book on the subject in the English language.

St. Leo was born towards the close of the fourth century at Volaterra in Etruria. His childhood and youth coincided with the maturity and old age of St. Jerome and St. Augustine—a great ecclesiastical era. His career, though not meteoric, must have been distinguished from the start. There is singularly little to tell about him till he ascends the papal throne. But this must be due to lack of documents; for by that time, 440 A.D., he has managed to acquire such prestige and personal ascendancy that, on the death of his predecessor, Xystus III, he mounts the papal throne almost automatically. Though he was absent from Rome at the time, no other name was even mentioned. He was summoned home, met by the whole city on arrival, and conducted in triumph to his coronation.

The *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*: he was so obviously the man for the emergency that even he himself, modest though he really was like all really great men, accepted the fact as simply as if he had long been the Heir Apparent. Dr. Jalland notes the innate consciousness of the man that he was called of God to rule the Church and, at a critical period, to defend the claims of the *Cathedra Petri*. Yet he acquits him of any self-seeking or personal ambition. In working for the aggrandisement of his See, Leo seeks only that pre-eminence for it which he believes attaches to it in virtue of Christ's own express promise to Peter and which he feels is necessary for the unity of the Church and the safeguarding of the faith. For twenty-one years he exercised this authority with the most admirable mixture of firmness and tact. With a courage also and a buoyancy of spirit that are quite amazing when one considers the confused and troubled character of the times, he shouldered the burden of his office—"the care of all the Churches." Indeed, the political care of a world in dissolution devolved upon him—without any seeking on his part—more even than on the emperors and rulers of the East or the West. Dr. Jalland questions the historicity of the miraculous element in the famous meeting with Attila in 451. But the broad fact remains: Rome was saved on that occasion, and both Attila and Genseric paid the unarmed priest a respect and deference in sharp contrast to the contempt they displayed towards the military chiefs and political intriguers who bartered their legions and their principles to the highest bidder.

This Life, however, is little concerned with the political scene, which is only briefly outlined to give the background to Leo's career as priest, theologian and supreme pontiff of a still undivided Christendom. It is also little concerned with the doctrine of papal supremacy. The old anti-papalism of Anglican tradition is conspicuous by its absence. A Roman Catholic scholar might have written almost every word of it, and few scholars of any school could have bettered Dr. Jalland's achievement. It is to be hoped that all who take serious interest in the great and vital issues then at stake, and now again even more acutely posed by modern events, will read and re-read his pages. They are a storehouse of carefully sifted facts from which many lessons can be learned pertinent to the problems of our time—problems before which we stand perplexed, appalled, almost in despair. But despair is soul-surrender. Leo would not hear of it in his day; all his words

and acts are valid still to exorcise the craven spirit from our souls. When Pius XI was near his end and physically enfeebled, "with darkness and with danger compassed round," he thanked God to have been born in an age offering great opportunities of service to God and man. Similar words and an entirely similar attitude characterised his distant predecessor. Both had the soldier's heart and the soldier's soul under a cassock. Both were born fighters, and they still summon us from their tombs to carry on the good fight whatever the odds against us, knowing that ultimately the cause of God and His Church must prevail—though the final victory may be long delayed. In this faith alone can we find the courage to fight on.

P. J. GANNON.

LOUISE DE MARILLAC. The First Sister of Charity. By M. V. Woodgate. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1942. Pp. 201. 6s.

PERE LACORDAIRE. Leader of Youth. By M. V. Woodgate. London: Sands. 1939. Pp. 180. 3s. 6d.

IN each of these two books a story of the revival of religion is graphically told—in the former a revival of Christian charity in an age when a neglected populace was faced with nothing but misery in this life, in the latter (published three years ago) a revival of loyalty to Catholicism in an age of doubt cloaked as reason. In each biography there are vivid sketches of many secondary characters, but while the life of St. Louise from her early thirties was closely bound up with that of her director and superior, St. Vincent de Paul, the good influence of Madame Swetchine on the course of Père Lacordaire's life from his early thirties was more remote and hidden. Two hundred years, including the period of Revolution, separate them.

St. Louise was born in Paris while the city was being besieged by the first Bourbon King. Wars and the policies of kings or their Cardinal-dictators produced the bye-products which became the raw-material of much of her life's untiring industry. Her marriage to the Secretary of Marie de Medicis gave her twelve years of wealth and a position at court, but it was to her liking to employ her money and her time in visits to the sick poor. In her early widowhood St. Vincent appealed to her to organize and train the village girls whom he had gathered together as "Servants of the Poor," little knowing what a mustard-seed he was sowing.

St. Vincent retarded the growth of these "Servants of the Poor" into "Sisters of Charity" until, by 1642, he could firmly establish them as a new kind of Order of nuns, without enclosure and without perpetual vows. He was in no hurry about having their status recognized, being more concerned about their spiritual training and the extension of their charitable activities. For their training he insisted that they must come under the direct influence of Louise in her Paris home, the Mother-house. The application of their zeal to the various needs of the times makes inspiring reading: nursing in the homes of the poor and in the Hotel Dieu, ladies' retreats, homes for foundlings and for the destitute, the care of war-refugees and of those extreme outcasts of society, the galley-slaves and the insane. The Sister of Charity was known and honoured throughout France, on the mission-fields of Madagascar, and on the very battle-fields of Poland and the Netherlands before the foundress died.

St. Louise was canonized in 1934, and Miss Woodgate remarks that this tardy recognition was all of a pattern with her most hidden life. It was a life of self-effacement, prayer, labour, frequent sickness and constant devotion to the Cross of Christ. We realise now that it was a surprisingly successful life, for it imprinted the teachings of St. Vincent's conferences so deeply on the hearts of her daughters that they remain imbued with his and her gentle, generous spirit to this day.

When this book is bought for convent, school and hospital library—as both

the interest of its subject and its fine style demand—a marginal note might be added pointing out that Henry IV's so-called " divorce " from Margaret of Valois was a clear case of a declaration of nullity, as were all the so-called " divorces " granted by Popes to Catholic princes. The life of Henri Lacordaire (called after the same king), priest, Friar Preacher and headmaster, should be already in every school and seminary.

B. L.

Celtica

AGALLAMH NA SEANORACH. Imleabhar a h-Aon. Nessa Ní Shéaghdha do chuir i n-eagar. Ath Cliath : Oifig an tSoláthair, 1942. 279 ll. A luach 3s.

'Se seo an chéad imleabhar as trí 'na mbeidh *Agallamh na Seanórach* le fáil 'na h-iomlán. Baineann sé leis an sraith úd *Leabhair as Láimhsgríbhnibh*, ach tá difríocht mhór amháin idir é agus na sé leabhair a foillsíodh go dtí so. Cheana féin ní raibh le fáil i n-aon leabhar de'n tsraith sin ach réamhrádh an-ghearr gur bheag nár chuma é ann nó as, a ghíorracht bhí sé. Ní h-ionann cás annso. Tá suas le dachad leathanach i réamhrádh an leabhair seo, agus ní misde a rádh go mbeidh fáilte rómpa. Bheir an t-eagarthóir cúnntas cruinn, léigheannta dhúinn ar gach a mbaineann leis an dtéx—ar a bhunús agus ar mhódh a chumtha, ar a aois agus ar na lss. a bhaineas leis. Tugadh an léighthóir fé n'aire 'sa chéad áit nach ionann an *Agallamh* so agus an téx d'á ngoirtear de ghnáth *Agallamh na Seanórach*. Do réir an eagarthóra, leagan iseadh é a cumadh níos déanaí 'ná an tsean-*Agallamh*, agus go bhfuil an-chuid ann ná fuil le fáil 'sa tsean-cheann. Nárbh' fhearr, mar sin, go ndéanfaí tagairt éigin dó-san i dtiodal an leabhair ? Tá baint chomh socair sin idir an ainm seo agus an obair a chuir O'Grady agus Stokes i n-eagar go measaim nach ceart í a bhaisteadh gan atharrú ar an obair seo.

Leasmuigh dhe sin, molaim Inghin Uí Shéaghdha ar a fheabhas atá an réamhrádh. Deineann sí compráid idir an *Agallamh* bhunaidh agus an *Dindshenchus* a cuireadh i n-eagar ag an Ollamh E. J. Gwynn (ná maireann), agus taisbeánann go beacht gurbh' ionann fás agus déanamh dóibh araon, gur dócha gur mar aithris ar an *Dindshenchus* do ceapadh an *Agallamh*. Maidir leis an leagan nua so, léiríonn sí dhúinn an bhaint atá idir é agus an sean-leagan. Saghas *textus conflatus* atá ann 'na bhfuil furmhór na h-*Agallamha* bunaidh le fáil i n-aonacht le téx eile i Leabhair Leasa Móir d'á ngoirtear *An Agallamh Bheag*. Thairis sin tá roinnt dán ann ná fuil i gceachtar díobh san, ach go bhfuilid le fáil i lss. eile. (Ní fheicim go n-abrann an t-eagarthóir go soiléir go bhfuil dánta ann ná fuil le fáil i n-aon ls. eile.) Tá difríocht eile idir an dá leagan. 'Sa tsean-leagan Caoilte d'innis na sgéalta go léir ; ba bheag trácht a bhí ar Oisín ann i n-aon chor. Bun os cionn ar fad leis sin atá an leagan so. 'Sé Oisín aithrisíonn na sgéalta anois. Mar adeir an t-eagarthóir, dob' ionann atharrú tháinig ar na sgéalta agus na dánta Fianuíochta a bhíodh i mbéal na ndaoine.

Ní ró-mhaith d'éirigh leis an eagarthóir dáta an leagain seo d'aimsiú. (Níl sé le fáil ach i n-aon ls. amháin a sgríobhadh i ndeire an 17adh aois.) Ní h-aon iongnadh san do'n té a thuigeann a dheacracht atá sé téxanna na Meán-Ghaedhilge a dhátú. Adeir sí gur dócha gur 'sa 14adh nó 'sa 15adh aois do cumadh é. Ní féidir breith níos cruinne 'ná san a thabhairt go fóill, ach adéarfainn féin go mbaineann sé leis an gcéad aois díobh san, agus gur go luath 'san aois sin do cumadh é.

Adubhart thuas gurb é seo an chéad leabhar de'n tsraith 'na bhfuil mórán le léigheamh ann seachas an téx féin. Fiú annso níl nótaí ná foclóir ná eile le fáil. (Ní mór a chuimhneamh, ámh, gurb é an chéad imleabhar as trí é. B'fhéidir go bhfuil an fíon 'á choimeád ar deire.) Ceist agam ar stiúrthóir na sraithe : cé dó a measadh a leithéidí de leabhair a chur ar fáil ? Léighim nóta uaidh i mbrollach an leabhair seo gur " do lucht léighte na Nua-Ghaedhilge " iad, agus gur mian

le h-Aire an Oideachais go bhfoillseochthaí iad " díreach mar atáid siad isna láimhsgríbhníbh . . . gan puinn ceartuighthe ná breithnighthe leaganacha." I gcead do'n Aire agus do'n stiúrthóir, cainnt í sin gur deacair í a thuisgint. Einne a leag súil ar ls. Gaedhilge, (iad súd go h-áirithe a sgríobhadh ó'n 17adh aois anuas,) tá's aige a thruaillithe bhíd go minic. An é meastar téx d'á leithéid sin d'fhoillsiú " gan puinn ceartuighthe " ? Nó, má tá téx le fáil i dtrí lss., an é go gcaithtear claoidhe le téx aca, gan " puinn " áirde a thabhairt ar na cinn eile ? Agus maidir le nótaí agus foclóir, is dócha gur de " lucht léighte na Nua-Ghaedhilge " mise, ach admhuím gur beag leathanach 'sa leabhar so ná raibh ar a luighead focal nó abairt amháin ann nár thuigeas, sin agus na dánta fhágaint as an áireamh ar fad. Is móide mar sin ár mbuidhchas réamhrádh a bheith 'sa leabhar so, agus tá súil againn go leanfar de'n deagh-nós as so amach, agus go leanfar ach go h-áirithe de'n chruinneas agus de'n tsoiléire atá le feisgint 'sa réamhrádh so. S. O C.

Classics

THE ORATION OF DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN. With a Rhetorical Commentary. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York : Fordham University Press. 1941. $2.25.

GREEK INTERPRETATIONS. By T. B. L. Webster. Manchester University Press. 1942. 5s. net.

THE CLASSICS AND THE MAN OF LETTERS. By T. S. Eliot. Oxford University Press. 1942. 8d. net.

The speech *On the Crown,* which is really Demosthenes's *apologia pro vita sua,* is one of the world's supreme masterpieces of eloquence, and no work could better illustrate the technique of oratory as the Greeks practised the art or as other peoples learned it from them. Once much studied, it has recently rather fallen into neglect, perhaps owing to a mistaken underestimate of the importance of rhetoric. Now that Professor Werner Jaeger, in an able and subtly-conducted study, has once more vindicated Demosthenes, there is a chance that his greatest speech may return to scholastic favour. Father Donnelly has had the excellent idea of reproducing the text as edited in 1882 with translation and notes by Francis P. Simpson of Oxford and of adding a rhetorical commentary of his own. The book is a beautiful piece of printing and binding, and it is regrettable that there is a certain vagueness about the accents in the Greek words quoted for comment. Whereas there exist many helps to the study of the speech from the historical, linguistic, and antiquarian points of view, little or nothing has been done in modern times towards its exposition as a work of art, and this is just what the rhetorical commentary aims at giving. Detailed teaching is offered to the student on the development of the argument and on the special features which have made the style of Demosthenes a model. Father Donnelly makes full use of the latest special works on the Greek language, and his notes will be found to lend new interest to a famous piece of prose.

The value of Professor Webster's little book of just over a hundred and twenty pages is in inverse proportion to its size. It can be warmly recommended to anyone seeking a really wide-awake and well-informed introduction to Greek literature. In form it is a series of detailed commentaries on " representative passages set in their peculiar background of history." The texts used are for the most part specially translated, and the commentary provided is that of a fine and sensitive literary critic who possesses not alone a great enthusiasm for what he is expounding but also a wide equipment of exact scholarship, which he uses with truly remarkable ease.

A special feature of his exposition, already made familiar by Professor Webster in his previous works, is his skilful use of the other arts in illustration of literature ;

and in this he follows the model of Professor Beazely, whose work has been a revelation to his contemporaries not alone of marvellous critical exactitude but of delightful skill in teaching method. Beginning with Demodocus in the palace of Alcinous, Professor Webster goes on to Solon's philosophy of life, then to sixth-century Ionia, with the Busiris-vase in the centre of his lesson, then to Pindar and Simonides at the court of Hiero, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the Melian Dialogue, Plato's system of education, Menander, Theocritus, and finally Rome and the *Aeneid*. Each chapter will be found to contain some new, fresh observation which student and teacher may use to light up a whole area of Greek literature, art, or life.

Mr. T. S. Eliot is President of the Classical Association of England. He has earned this place of honour by his previous writings in defence of the classical tradition, notably the valuable essay on " Modern Education and the Classics " published in *Essays Ancient and Modern*. The present booklet is his Presidential Address to the Association, delivered last April. Its theme is twofold : that a classical education has been the background for English literature in the past, and that its maintenance is essential to the continuity of English literature in the future. These were once familiar and accepted doctrines ; but they have been largely rejected for a generation past, with the result that literature has lost its unity and become on the one hand esoteric and on the other a banal representation of everyday life, without form, incoherent and traditionless. Instead of serving as an inspiration and a model, the classics have become one field of specialised study among many— " of equal dignity with Egyptology," as Mr. Eliot quotes from an unnamed eminent author. The address ends on a note also struck by Professor Webster in his concluding pages, " the need of a cultural unification in diversity of Europe," of a new unity which " can only grow on the old roots : the Christian faith and the classical languages which Europeans inherit in common." In a cultural condition which may fairly be described as desperate, it is at least encouraging to read of such a manifesto being put before those engaged in the teaching of classics, and one can only hope they will take Mr. Eliot's words, in all their implications, as seriously as he evidently spoke them. M. T.

Politics and Sociology

REFLECTIONS ON GOVERNMENT. By Ernest Barker. Oxford University Press. 1942. 21 shillings net.

Mr. Ernest Barker's book contains " thoughts, reflections, considerations suggested . . . by the main movement of ideas and forces in the continent " of Europe during the last quarter of a century. The preceding half century had seen the growth and the apparent triumph of democracy. To observers at the beginning of the twentieth century it seemed evident that the age of democracy had dawned—so difficult is it to foresee the course of history. Mr. Barker examines the problem of democracy afresh, considering in detail the new lines of criticism developed in recent years and the alternative systems which now claim the allegiance of thinking men. He is concerned fundamentally with political ideas rather than with history : " to consider the general movement of ideas and forces in Europe rather than to investigate the particularity of each of its parts." The book falls into four parts : democratic government and its internal difficulties ; democracy and its external difficulties ; amendments to democracy ; and alternatives to democracy. The book is, I think, an admirable study, within a brief compass, of the problems with which it deals.

The book begins with an analysis of democracy which is defined, following Bagehot, as government by discussion. Democracy implies liberty and liberty may

be of different types—civil, political, individual. Ultimately, Mr. Barker thinks, the only freedom is that of the individual. When we speak of the freedom of groups, it is only derivatively and secondarily that we so speak. Again the liberty even of the State is not something final. "Ultimately, all other organizations of men must come to the bar of the organization of all men, if that can ever come to pass. We can imagine a high measure of general liberty under a system of national societies and national States. We can imagine a perfect liberty only in a world society and a world State."

The system of civil and political liberty can be realized only by a balance between the different factors of the democratic State—Party, Electorate, Parliament, Cabinet. The internal difficulties of democracy are due to such causes as the growth in the size of electorates; the intensification of party and the allied growth of professionalism in politics; legislative absolutism or the tendency of parliaments to extend their own powers at the expense of the executive; and finally economic causes, since a certain amount of social homogeneity is necessary for the successful working of government by discussion. "There are three axioms which have to be accepted and obeyed if government by discussion is to work successfully—the Axiom of Agreement to Differ: the Axiom of the Rule of the Majority: the Axiom of Compromise." One of the most interesting and, I think, successful discussions in the book is concerned with the so-called economic difficulties of modern democracy. Mr. Barker has many shrewd things to say about the Communistic attack upon Parliamentary Democracy. He is entirely unconvinced by Mr. Laski's analysis. He is not prepared to accept the view that the economic situation presents problems which the ordinary working of Parliamentary Democracy is unable to meet. These difficulties belong to the realm of intellectual abstraction rather than to the world of flesh and blood, where one always finds a spirit of accommodation. "This temper of accommodation, good sense, and persuasion is a temper which needs to be cultivated. But we may also say, with no little truth, that it also needs to be left alone. Left to itself, it will produce peace and the fruits of peace. If it be troubled, by constant ingeminations of the doctrine of social war, it may disappear. It is not the social facts of our time which are dangerous; it is rather the social doctrines." (pp. 119-120).

The economic developments of the modern world present, Mr. Barker thinks, three problems to democracy. "Is the democratic State really rent and paralysed by schism?" Is the supposed struggle or conflict of classes incapable of solution within the democratic framework? This is the first question, and Mr. Barker is convinced that the problem as commonly urged is entirely artificial and that any genuine problem of this kind that does arise can be met by democracy. The second problem is concerned with the supposed necessary connexion between democracy and non-intervention or *laissez faire*. Democracy is not tied to non-intervention, and democracies as a matter of history have frequently intervened, although of course the democratic State is pledged to the cause of liberty. Admittedly again democracy, like other forms of government, is relative. "We may express this relativity either by admitting that there may be times and societies for which democracy is not fitted, or by contending that there are times and societies which are not fitted for democracy." Yet it would be a mistake to admit that democracy is on the same level as other forms. "Democracy, though it may be like other forms in being relative to a particular temper and a particular development, may also be unlike them in being relative to a better temper and a higher development." Nor can democracy be said to fail in dealing with urgent problems or with difficulties of economic planning.

It is because of these and similar difficulties that alternatives to democracy have

some claim to consideration by theoretical politics. The last part of Mr. Barker's book is devoted to a study of Russian Soviet Communism, Italian Fascism and German National Socialism. He studies, as a preliminary, the vogue of the emergent leader and the worship of the group, under which come the ideas of race, nation and class. It would be both pleasant and instructive, if space allowed, to follow Mr. Barker's account of these political systems. Although a vast literature has grown up around these modern developments, the student of political theory will find nothing more sane, more moderate and more convincing. I should add that there is a brief but excellent account of the Catholic corporative system as outlined in the papal encyclicals. D. O'K.

CONTEMPORARY EUROPE. A Symposium. Edited by J. S. Roucek. London: Chapman and Hall. 1941. 25s. 670 pp.

THE last ten years have seen a stream of informative books on Europe by American publicists. Some were better than others; some were political, some were economic in their outlook. Some pretended to a wealth of inside information on parties or personalities that proved often to be more glitter than gold. The volume under review has been compiled for the use of the American university student. Its Editor defines its aim as being to co-ordinate the political, economic and cultural development of Europe since 1918. (There is a detailed account of the present conflict up to the end of the Balkan campaign of 1941.) A number of American professors, who cannot be over-praised on the success of their efforts, collaborated. They have given us a series of chapters in which the national life of every European nation fron Norway to Turkey is surveyed. To each chapter a bibliography is appended. For good measure, there are additional chapters on Economics in European Politics, the Disarmament Conferences, the rise of the Ideologies, on Science and Technology, on Philosophy and Literature, on the Arts, on the Social Services and (as a suitable pendant) on the prelude to the war and on its military strategy. There are many books of reference in which the political or the economic life of European countries can be studied; there must be very few in which one can study also their inter-war achievements in the arts and sciences. There must be very few indeed in which so much research is so lightly displayed.

There is hardly any chapter that cannot be read with instant pleasure and equal profit, but one naturally turns at first to the section dealing with this country. It is usually a good test: one can remember so many omniscient journalists who could pick up the secrets of Roumanian politics between trains in Bucharest and so signally failed to repeat their success between boats in Dublin. But the fence is well cleared. There are nine full pages devoted to us—sandwiched, it must be admitted, in a forty page chapter on Great Britain, Ireland and the Empire. They are devoted to a necessarily compressed account of the political events of the thirty years since the third Home Rule bill. It is exceedingly objective; there is little with which one could quarrel. It is because this book will so obviously become a standard work that one wishes to note a few points that might be altered in future editions.

Thus it is rather misleading to speak of Easter Week as being aided by the Germans. It is far more misleading to speak of the "six Protestant counties of Ulster." Doctor Hyde is not primarily a "distinguished historian". General O'Duffy's name is not 'Owen.' The trade agreement mentioned on p. 110 is surely the coal-cattle agreement of 1935, not 1936. But these are small blemishes indeed and they are more than redeemed by the excellent injunction in the index, "Eire, *See* Ireland." One might also suggest that the bibliography would be strengthened by the inclusion of the books on Sinn Fein by Professor Henry and

Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty and of Mr. Donal O'Sullivan's *capolavoro* on the Senate. Perhaps a more serious criticism would be that the political survey is not followed, as in the case of other countries, by an examination of cultural activity. It is not indeed that we are altogether neglected. George Russell, Yeats, Shaw and Joyce are all mentioned in the more general chapters and are, amazingly, attributed to their native land. But there is no special survey of Irish art or letters during the last twenty years, and they have not been so barren.

It would be invidious to single out the other chapters of this work for special mention. It is impossible, however, to end without mention of the maps and diagrams. There is one map of the trade bottle-necks of the world that conveys at a glance half the strategy of the war. The diagrams in the chapter on European economics are models of concentrated information. In pictorial presentation of fact this work is out on its own.

It may be felt that this review is too laudatory; in fact, it does not do justice to its subject. The innumerable dates are unbelievably accurate, the proof-reading is perfect. There is information in every line. If you want to know how much zinc is produced in Italy or nickel in Greece, to know who defined England as a piece of land entirely surrounded by foreigners, to know the importance of the Pear Tree Pass or what Johann Huizinga is important for, or who said " The only difference between my art and the art of a madman is that I'm not mad "—you'll find all the answers here. J. F. M.

THE NEW LEVIATHAN or Man, Society, Civilization and Barbarism. By R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. 1942. 21 shillings net.

THE title of Professor Collingwood's book is due to the fact that he regards Hobbes's *Leviathan* as " the world's greatest store of political wisdom." He therefore proposes to bring it up to date " in the light of the advances made since it was written, in history, psychology, and anthropology." Hobbes's *Leviathan* was the classical exposition of seventeenth-century absolutism; Professor Collingwood proposes to " portray and anatomize the new absolutism of the twentieth century," " to inquire into its nature, causes and prospects of success or failure." Hobbes's *Leviathan* is unique in another way. It deals with the entire body of political science and tries to deduce results from first principles. If one admits Hobbes's analysis of man in the first part of his book, his conclusions regarding Commonwealth in the second part seem to follow as a matter of course. His sections on a Christian Commonwealth and on the Kingdom of Darkness—by which he means the Catholic Church—are not so logically linked. Professor Collingwood adopts an analogous order, dealing with Man, Society, Civilization and Barbarism. For Hobbes's Catholic Church he substitutes the enemy of the moment, the German nation—which, following the Saracens, the Albigensian Heresy, and the Turks, represents Barbarism in its modern form.

Notwithstanding this elaborate parallelism, I cannot help thinking that the actual linkage between Professor Collingwood's views and those of Hobbes is of the slightest. It seems difficult to find in *The New Leviathan* any support for the amazing claim that Hobbes's book is " the world's greatest store of political wisdom." Professor Collingwood seems to accept few, if any, of Hobbes's premises and none of his conclusions, if we may take it that he disagrees—which at times seems doubtful—with the section on The Kingdom of Darkness. It is true that he does, on a few occasions, attempt to establish some connection between his own views and those of Hobbes, as when he interprets Hobbes's well-known desire of every man for " power after power, that ceaseth only in death " as equivalent, in modern terms, to " hunger." For when appetite is considered as a mental thing, it falls, Professor

Collingwood thinks, into two types: hunger and love. This is not as startling as it looks, for we are informed that "hunger in the psychological sense is wanting to be strong." This interpretation is wide enough to deprive the theory of any significance.

A more elaborate attempt to bring the old and the new *Leviathans* into agreement occurs in the chapter on "Society and Nature in the Classical Politics," in which Professor Collingwood explains the genuine meaning of the "Social Contract" theory. His explanation is more elaborate and ingenious than convincing. He links it up with his own distinction, within the body politic, of a social and a non-social element. The non-social element corresponds to "the state of nature" in Hobbes. This is what Professor Collingwood "supposes [Hobbes] to mean." In reality he means something entirely different. Professor Collingwood seems to be arguing for what is, in some sense, a democratic system and this separates his theories radically from those of Hobbes. The "Social Contract" theory was used by Hobbes as a basis for political absolutism and was designed to refute the contemporary Parliamentary pamphleteers on their own ground. *The Leviathan* had little influence in its own time. Its theories were rejected by both royalist and parliamentarian. At the present time Professor Collingwood's opinion of its merits will certainly appear paradoxical to many. "Thomas Hobbes," Mr. T. S. Eliot tells us, "was one of those extraordinary little upstarts whom the chaotic motions of the Renaissance tossed into an eminence which they hardly deserved and have never lost."

Professor Collingwood's political ideas, however, are well worth the most careful consideration for their own sake. He is a dogmatic and provocative writer, interested in many topics which are barely relevant to his main theme but which always arrest the attention of the reader. His method of writing in this book is paragraphical, a series of notes and observations rather than a continuous exposition. He abounds in *obiter dicta* on such topics as the course of the argument suggests. Often these asides show insight, occasionally prejudice. He brings out the strength of traditional ways of dealing with political problems and displays great critical acumen in discovering the precise points of weakness in utopian schemes and absolutist systems. He has novel methods both of defence and attack. It cannot be said that *The New Leviathan* is easy reading, although it is not unduly difficult. Some may be repelled by its staccato style; but even where the reader disagrees, his attention is directed to problems which it is now imperative to tackle.

In the first section of the book, dealing with "Man," one meets with theories familiar for the most part from Professor Collingwood's philosophical writings. These form the basis for his idea of "Society" in the second part. Probably few of his readers will be able to accept his characteristic philosophy as a totality. But, as its connexion with his views on Society and the State seems to be very loose, it is possible to sympathize with many of his political theories without accepting his philosophy. I should hope that some of these political conclusions can rest on other premises. He argues for a type of conservative democracy. Liberalism even in its English form is entirely anathema. His explanation of the causes of its decline is, however, far-fetched and unconvincing. The fact that he also seems to find the Catholic Church unsatisfactory we must bear with such equanimity as we can.

The weakest part of the book is the discussion—the problem constantly recurs—of the supposed barbarism of the Germans. Whatever sympathy one may have with some of Professor Collingwood's conclusions, one cannot help feeling that this is not the time for a quite objective discussion on such a subject. It is difficult to estimate what value can be attached at any time to discussions of national psychology

and to these great mass-condemnations of peoples. They are sometimes amusing and entertaining, but they rarely have much historical or philosophical value. Professor Collingwood is here driven to curious shifts of argument. What is to be thought, for example, of this kind of proof? " There is evidence that, as early as the fifteenth century, there were Germans who looked upon social experience and the freedom it implies with horror, and clung with passionate zeal to the servitude of a non-social community. The *Imitation of Christ*, by a Rhineland author, Thomas Haemmerlein (1380-1471), contains a whole chapter (i. ix) in dispraise of freedom, beginning : ' It is a great matter to live in obedience ; to be under a superior and not to act at our own disposal. It is much safer to obey than to command.' So long has herd-worship been a part of German tradition " (p. 273).

This is almost too amazing for comment. An argument based on evidence of this kind is not likely to carry much conviction. The fact is that the advice of the *Imitation* is addressed to members of a religious community and that its statements can be paralleled in the analogous contemporary literature of every country in Europe. In any case, to have produced in a Rhineland religious house what is, apart from the Bible, the greatest of all spiritual books can scarcely be taken as a support to Professor Collingwood's thesis. D. O'K.

THE IMMIGRANT IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Marcus Lee Hansen. Harvard University Press. Milford. 1942. 14s.

THE premature death of Professor Marcus Lee Hansen, whose book *The Atlantic Migration* was the subject of a review in STUDIES, March 1941, has robbed students of history of a very valuable guide. Professor Hansen made a special study of the effect of immigration on the life of the United States. Although no subject could be of more importance to American history, curiously enough it only came to be studied seriously in the last twenty years. The present volume consists of a number of lectures and papers by Professor Hansen which have been edited by Professor Schlesinger. They deal with several topics of the greatest interest to Irish readers. Considerable fresh light is thrown on the migration of the Irish to the United States both before and after the Famine. The outstanding conclusion arising from a study of these essays is the immense debt which the United States owes to Ireland. Year after year a supply of able and willing labour flowed into the States. The whole cost of producing this labour was incurred in the Old World, whereas the full benefit derived from it was gained by the New. It is small wonder that the United States made such rapid progress in the nineteenth century, seeing that it was supplied by nature with abundant free land, by the richer countries in Europe with abundant capital, and by the poorer European countries with immense supplies of ready-made labour.

Professor Hansen brings out clearly the way in which the immigration enabled the great westward expansion to take place. Gradually the frontier was pushed to the West by the older colonists and their descendants. The vacuum left in the Eastern States was filled by the constant stream of immigration. The greater number of the emigrants from Europe, in Professor Hansen's opinion, were anxious to escape from poverty rather than political oppression. The political institutions of the United States offered such equality of opportunity that the immigrants became a politically conservative element during a period when Europe suffered more than one revolutionary shock. The recent emergence of progressive movements in American politics is connected with the slowing down of the volume of immigration.

There is an interesting discussion in one essay on the relation between immigration and American puritanism, which is defined as " the attempt to regulate morals by preventive legislation." This puritanism which is such a marked feature of

American history was not, as is sometimes suggested, confined to the New England pioneers. It was, on the contrary, reinforced by the habits of the German and Swedish immigrants and was strengthened by the arrival of the great post-Famine flow from Ireland. Catholic immigrants, though naturally less puritanical than the Lutherans, were driven by the prevalent opinion to support the temperance and even the prohibition movement. An interesting point made is that puritanism penetrated the Southern States only after the abolition of slavery, when it became necessary to introduce new sanctions for the good behaviour of the emancipated negroes.

One of the great problems of American policy during the nineteenth century was the absorption of numbers of new arrivals. The refusal of Congress to grant large areas of land for the creation of Irish and German settlements prevented the development of insular colonies retaining their native languages and customs. The attitude of the Catholic Church towards the provision of services in foreign languages operated in the same direction. After the Civil War the desire of the immigrants to perpetuate their European institutions on the American Continent tended to disappear. In the years immediately following the Civil War the Irish immigrants became more interested in the Fenian Movement in Ireland than in internal American political developments. Enough has been said to indicate the wide scope of Professor Hansen's studies and to arouse the interest of students of Irish and American history in this, unfortunately, posthumous volume. G. O'B.

BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Nicholas Mansergh. London: Longmans. 1942. 6d. net.

PEACE BY POWER. By Lionel Gerber. Oxford University Press. 1942. 3s. 6d. net.

INDIA AND FREEDOM. By L. S. Amery. Oxford University Press. 1942. 3s. 6d. net.

THE CRIPPS MISSION. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. 1942. 1s. net.

The present, like all past and probably all future wars, has led to the production of an enormous pamphlet literature. Very few of the pamphlets are worthy of permanence, and indeed there are many about which one must wonder why they have been published at all. Irish readers are unlikely to take a very strong interest either in the collection of Mr. Amery's speeches about India, which is third on the above list, or in Professor Coupland's brief account of the Cripps Mission. Of the two, the latter has the more general appeal, illustrated as it is with some good photographs, and giving as it does much clear factual information. Probably most Irishmen, even when their attitude is quite impartial, take a peculiar view of the Indian question. They cannot help seeing in it, on a larger scale and in a totally different framework, the same strange English qualities with which they have themselves grown wearily familiar: the capacity for ignoring perfectly obvious reasons for discontent among subject peoples, combined with an equal capacity for thinking-up unreal grievances and claiming great credit for their triumphant, if alas! generally unwanted removal.

Mr. Gerber is a Canadian historian whose previous book on the rise of Anglo-American friendship has been very favourably received. The purpose of the present little work is a very sound one: to insist that the war is not a struggle between rival ideologies nor a mere clash between two forms of predatory imperialism, and that its real character is that of a war to maintain a European balance of power. The latter, he rightly points out, is not the outworn game of a bygone age, but the sole alternative to domination by a single state. Its necessity cannot be set aside

by a British-American victory, any more than politico-economic problems can be solved by a vague combination of democracy with Marxism. Such a realist approach to the war is at any rate refreshing. Unfortunately Mr. Gerber does not reinforce his argument by a realistic style; his manner is florid, repetitive, and quite often so emphatic as to be barely intelligible.

It is not of course easy to do full justice to the relations between Great Britain and Ireland in less than a hundred pages, and Dr. Mansergh, who has already given much proof of his competence, can hardly expect to go entirely uncriticised. In a field where there has been too much partisanship, he has made impartiality, of a rather mechanical order, almost into a defect. He draws a balance between the two sides simply by adding in items wherever there is a deficiency, and it is hardly going too far to say that in this case the English side is rather the longer in the total of misdeeds. Thus he produces once more Louis XIV's revocation of the Edict of Nantes as in some way palliating the Irish penal code, and quotes a French visitor to Ireland, barely a generation after the French Revolution, as a witness to the cruelty and vindictiveness of the Irish peasant. Quite a number of his references in detail are also less accurate than might be expected.

Such inaccuracy of course varies in seriousness, but its general effect is not good. He seems to believe that what are called Danish mounds really are Danish, and exaggerates greatly the results of the battle of Clontarf. He draws a very illusory comparison between Gladstone's Irish policy and Bismarck's contemporaneous Polish Colonisation Bill, " under which vast sums were granted for the express purpose of expropriating the Polish peasants in German-occupied Poland," without emphasising the only really relevant consideration that in fact one was as great a failure as the other. His statement that in 1916, in view of the miscarriage of Casement's effort to secure help from Germany, " Professor Mac Neill cancelled the plans that had already been made for the insurrection on Easter Sunday " is capable of gravely misleading uninformed readers. One wonders indeed if Dr. Mansergh is not himself misled, as one wonders what is his authority for the authorisation alleged to have been given by the Dail Government to the I.R.A. in 1919 " to slay the officials and agents of the foreign invader." Perhaps the strangest sentence in his booklet occurs on p. 75 : " The aversion of the Nationalist Irish in the Six Counties to self-government has always been extreme." Incidentally he fails to bring out, as he surely ought to have done, the fact that not merely Tyrone and Fermanagh but also Derry City have been included in Northern Ireland against the wishes of a majority of their people in order to make the area large enough.

One more sentence may be quoted to show how Dr. Mansergh strives for impartiality : " The charge of religious persecution cannot be substantiated, but there is some degree of political discrimination against Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland " (p. 77). This pamphlet may do a little good in helping to break down the Englishman's invincible ignorance of Irish affairs. But the sort of information it conveys is not exactly the sort most needed by Irishmen. M. T.

HISTORY

THE SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS OF BREIFFNE. By Philip O'Connell, M.Sc., D.Ph. Dublin : Browne and Nolan. 1942. 669 pages. 42s. net.

SONS of Breiffne will read this volume with sheer delight and will keep it at hand to hurl at the heads of those—and they are not a few—who cut their humour tooth on " cracks " at the expense of the two counties into which it has been arbitrarily divided. Hitherto the O'Reillys and O'Rourkes did not lack an answer ; for they have always been as quick with their tongues as with their swords. But now they

have more than a rapier ; they have a veritable tomahawk with which to brain the witlings. And they owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. O'Connell which they must do their best to repay. Already in his *History of the Diocese of Kilmore* he had done much ; here he completes an apologia which will impose respect upon the whole race of scoffers. Breiffne finds its fitting place in the " Island of Saints and Scholars" saga. It is shown to have had its quota of both.

But Dr. O'Connell is no apologist in the controversial sense of the term. He is a painstaking research student and a critical scholar, with an almost Gradgrind passion for facts. These he marshals in an easy, smooth-running narrative, without heat or partisanship and with ample documentation. The result, however, is that very best sort of apologia for any good cause, namely the truth about it.

The merits of the work are many. Earlier local or sectional histories in Ireland were often enough learned and informative. But those written from the national or Catholic standpoint usually betrayed the lack of a university training on the part of the authors. There was generally the suggestion of the amateur alike in scholarship and in letters. Dr. O'Connell was happier than they in the time and circumstances of his apprenticeship. He was the pupil of a truly national university. And he becomes one of the *pièces justificatives* for the long struggle to obtain just such a corner-stone of our educational system. Dr. Corcoran, whose recent resignation from the chair of Education will have awakened a sense of loss in many breasts, contributes a brief Introduction. He must have written it not only with pleasure but with legitimate feelings of pride. His training and inspiration, without in the least detracting from the originality of the author, can be detected in the fine achievement of his pupil. Most Rev. Dr. Lyons, Bishop of Kilmore, in a very felicitous Foreword which is a model of criticism, has also helped to launch the adventure.

The volume itself falls into two distinct and unequal parts. The first, of 48 pages, tells the happier and ever so much more pleasing tale of early days down to the cataclysm of the sixteenth century miscalled the Reformation. Though so short, it is wonderfully complete and rich in surprises for the reader. It made at least one such conscious of a humiliating ignorance : it invested old ruins—seen in youth as crumbling fragments of what must have once been quite imposing buildings—with life and old romance ; it gave to place-names which sounded strange and outlandish a new meaning. Tomregan, Kildallan, Tullyhaw, Tullyhunko lost all suggestions of philological howlers or light-comedy inventions ; they are seen to enshrine memories of great names and great events. For instance, Tomregan, as Tuaim Drecuin, resuscitates St. Bricin, who was a physician of bodies as well as of souls, and founded in the seventh century a school of medicine which soon enjoyed a European reputation. He is said to have performed an operation on the brain of Cenn Faelad—in all probability trepanning. In addition to the medical faculty, this early Breiffne university had a Latin school, a school of Irish Law and a school of Irish learning. Was it of malice prepense that the Anglicisers of our maps and charts buried all this striking tradition under the jest of " Tomregan " ?

From page 50 onward we have the tragic story not of Decline and Fall but of conquest, confiscation and a long deadly duel between two obstinate national wills and two rival cultures. It is at times far from agreeable reading. As Dr. Lyons well says, a certain *saeva indignatio*, more justified than Swift's, starts coursing in the veins. It is the kind of history we are sometimes told that Englishmen should remember and Irishmen forget—a good epigram, but an absurd counsel as long as the facts are buried from all eyes in the pages of musty old state records which time and tide are rapidly erasing.

Dr. O'Connell has taken the historian's view. Let us first know what happened

and then remember in judgment all the arguments pleading for condonation. The philosophy of history can only teach us wisdom when the data are faithfully ascertained; and one of its first lessons is that indignation is a bad counsellor. But even to pass a politic act of oblivion, it is important to know just what we have to forget. In point of fact forget is the wrong word: it should be forgive.

The purpose and scope of the work demanded a wealth of detail which the reader in a hurry may think tedious. Thus a chapter of 120 pages dedicated to the story of the Cavan Grammar School, which though heavily endowed never flourished and at times hardly functioned, seems out of proportion. Reflection will correct this view; for the tale is an epitome of three centuries of the educational policy of the Ascendancy regime. It had to be told in all its illuminating minutiae. From it we learn what was intended and by what means and why it failed.

Over against this picture stands the spectacle of the older culture in the catacombs, faithful to religion and the old learning, making heroic sacrifices for both and carrying them over the depression with a success which contrasted paradoxically with the failure of the official plans.

These were not foolish or stupidly conceived. On the contrary they were contrived with diabolic ingenuity. They broke down on three obstacles: (1) the fidelity of the Celtic soul to its immemorial traditions; (2) the utter lack of zeal, or even common honesty, in the agents of Ascendancy policy, who were chiefly bent on feathering their own nests; (3) the partial triumph of fundamental decency in the hearts of the planted aristocracy itself, which could not maintain the standard of infamy required for the success of the Penal Code. It is only fair to remember that, except when under special pressure from Dublin Castle, many of the local magnates and even of the Protestant clergy connived at the activities of the hunted priest and hedge schoolmaster. Some went even farther and favoured them.

Breiffne came through the ordeal with flying colours. Neither souperism nor social pressure nor economic boycott made the least impression upon the dispossessed and disinherited masses. The Catholic and Celtic majority multiplied; the imported minority not only remained a minority but became a steadily dwindling minority, until in the end Breiffne O'Reilly, now County Cavan, actually inaugurated the nationalist revival of almost seventy years ago by electing "Joe" Biggar to the British Parliament, who was a Belfast man leading an O'Reilly clan, against Colonel Saunderson, a Cavan man and the very incarnation of the Cromwellian tradition, in the opening skirmishes of what was to be a more than ten years war and quite as epic as the fight round Ilium.

Nor should it be forgotten that Cavan, Monaghan and Donegal were the marches of Ireland in three centuries of warfare. Incorporated by statute into Ulster and largely planted, they were expected to be the frontiers, the *limites imperii*, of the new dispensation. They were to be digested and assimilated into the new order. They proved too gritty for the gastric juices of the predatory power and, in the last of the many final settlements of the Irish question, they had to be disgorged and de-Ulsterized because they had refused to be denationalised. And this meant much for all Ireland.

Such in outline is the tale here unfolded by the man most qualified to tell it, who combines the enthusiasm of the native of the soil with the erudition of the scholar and the technique of the trained investigator. The result is, I think, the most satisfactory local history we possess as yet. It is a pity that war conditions make it so costly. Let us hope that those who can afford the price will not grudge it. No Irish library should be without it, even if it were as dear again.

P. J. GANNON

CALENDAR OF THE ORRERY PAPERS. Edited by E. McLysaght, M.A., M.R.I.A. Dublin. Published for the Irish Manuscripts Commission by the Stationery Office. 1941. 21s.

THESE papers are the raw materials of history, often more interesting than the finished fabric. They cover the period 1620-1689 in Munster, a province thoroughly planted by, among others, the rapacious Boyles.

When these documents begin, Richard Boyle's, the Great Earl of Cork's, fortune is no longer in the making. It is made, for the " adventurer " who came over in 1588 with £27 odd in his pocket is in 1620 Viscount Dungarvan and Earl of Cork. The character and the distribution of that fortune are the theme of many of these papers. His fifth son, the first Earl of Orrery, has not yet been born in 1620. Neither has Strafford, Earl of Wentworth, appeared on the Irish scene to clean up the planters' Augean stables and make even " my Lord Corke " disgorge " a few vicarages " as well as Church moneys to the tune of £15,000, only a fraction of what he had appropriated in at least three provinces. At the spectacle of what " Black Tom Tyrant " Wentworth could do against this knight of industry, the fifteenth century Earl of Desmond could almost feel himself avenged for the forfeitures he had suffered.

Another name whose power was also threatened by Wentworth appears in these pages and pretty persistently. William Burke, Earl of Clanricarde, toughly withholds from Robert Boyle, the scientific son of the Great Earl, tithes and impropriations in Connaught inherited from his father. The author of Boyle's Law—no Irishman (with all respect to the R.D.S.) but an Englishman born in Lismore Castle and an absentee owner—seems here to have lost none of the Boyle acquisitiveness, despite his continuous, quiet study of physical balancings ! It is sad to note, in these papers, that the headsman's axe must have frustrated Wentworth's financial reforms in Stuart Ireland and that Charles II was, on his Restoration, true to Stuart type. Seldom remembering anything, he confirmed his enemies in power and forgot his friends.

Three Orrerys pass across these pages. The first, the son of the Great Earl, was born in 1621. Charles I creates him Baron Broghill and Bandon. He rides the storms of the 1641 rebellion, the Cromwellian war and the " settlement." Turning his coat twice, he emerges Earl of Orrery and Lord President of Munster under Charles II. He deals severely with Papists—and with pacifists like the Quakers, who are strong in seventeenth century Cork. His life and property remain immune, and he dies in 1679 of gout at the age of 58. He lived long enough to see the domestic decencies violated by his heir, whose matrimonial difficulties are the subject matter of some of these papers. Other decencies had been consistently violated by the Boyles !

The second earl, worthless and profligate, will follow him to the grave in 1682, and the minority of his son Lionel is filled with the strife between his mother Lady Mary (Sackville) second Countess of Orrery and his grandmother the first Countess. That dominating daughter of Lord Suffolk is, Mr. McLysaght says, probably responsible for the preservation of these papers. The minority is darkened, too, by the insecurities and uncertainties that loomed up for these relentless, persecuting Protestants out of the accession of His Catholic Majesty, James II. One of the 1689 letters (Francis Viscount Shannon to the Dowager Countess) ends on a characteristic Boyle note : " God direct all for the best and send us our estates again."

Gaelic Ireland is, in these wrestlings with fortune, counted out ! At most there is mention of Clanauliffe and of a native Irish claimant to lands in the McAuliffe country around Newmarket, Co. Cork. McAuliffes are listed in these papers as

tenants on the Boyle lands. Uncertain title causes encroachments by outsiders on these lands, and Sir Richard Aldworth (related by marriage to the Boyles) seems to side with the encroaching parties. The language used in this book against the knight of Newmarket becomes, under the stress of King James in the offing in 1683, violent in the extreme. The Second Earl of Cork, as head of the family, advises the keeping in Munster of all documents relating to the Orrery estates: "This is a prying age, and everybody is apt to make discoverys and find flaws in titles, which they may the more easily doe when they may examine the conveyances." ! There is compensation in all things and, before the advent of the Orange man, the head of a planter lay none too easily on his pillow ! The displanted are allowed to smile !

The state of the Established Church in Ireland, as it is revealed in these pages, was none too healthy either ! The Boyles were pious in speech : "God's Providence is my Inheritance" said the first Earl. It sounds perilously like a monopoly and, interpreted in a certain sense, it tended in such careful hands as those of Richard to become one. Advowsons (the cheapest form of property in the Ireland of that day), impropriations, tithes echo through all these uneasy challengings. Laud and Wentworth can have but touched the fringe of reform. Riches and "interest" control livings ; rectors and curates starve ; the churches are empty !

Only once in these pages is there a gleam of adventure which has in it nothing of the fantastic interest that a Richard Boyle could get in twenty years out of a paltry £27. We are grateful for that short tale, the hero of which (*pace* Primate Boyle who tells it) is Redmond O'Hanlon, the Tory, from the outlawry of whose kind the Orrerys and their kind drew goodly sums !

This is an interesting publication and one for which we owe a debt of gratitude to the Manuscripts Commission and to Mr. McLysaght, no less than to the printer. He has made the book easy on the eye, if the contents are not particularly easy on the heart !

MARY M. MACKEN

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF POLAND. From Augustus II to Pilsudski Edited by W. F. Reddaway, J. H. Penson, O. Halecki, and R. Dyboski. Cambridge University Press. 1941. 30s. net.

THIS substantial volume marks rather a break in the tradition of the Cambridge Histories, which have so far been devoted to wider areas and longer periods. It would appear that the original intention of its planners was to cover the whole history of Poland in one volume. The war has rendered this impossible ; the part dealing with modern Poland has had to be issued separately, and the earlier period must await treatment till the return of better times. The plan for this history was originally made by the late Professor Harold Temperley, who received much help and encouragement from the Polish government. Like all its companion Cambridge series, which go back to the original impetus of Lord Acton, it is a cooperative effort, and in this case a special value is given to the result by the fact that so many of its chapters are written by distinguished Polish historians. The English contributions are indeed well up to the standard so set. Some of the English writers are veterans like Professor J. Holland Rose, who writes on Napoleon and Poland, and Mr. Reddaway and Professor W. J. Rose, who have six out of twenty-five chapters between them. Others are well-known specialists like the late Miss Monica Gardner on Polish Romanticism and Dr. Montgomery Hyde on the Congress of Vienna ; and perhaps one might put in this category Lord Kennet, whose warm appreciation of Pilsudski makes a fine conclusion to the book. The Polish contributions are of outstanding merit ; among them must be singled out for special praise the military chapters,

notably that by General Kukiel on Kosciuszko and that by Colonel Pawlowski on the sanguinary " November Rebellion " of 1830—31.

It goes without saying that such a book as this, designed and written as it is, makes absorbing reading. Polish history is very remote from most Irish readers in particular ; and yet, as everyone knows, it should have a special interest for them. Partitioned as she was for over a century between three such different Powers, whose policy in each case also changed very greatly from time to time, Poland experienced almost every conceivable variety of subjection, from practical federation with Russia for a few years after 1815 to " Home Rule " under Austria between 1867 and 1914, and from the extreme of bureaucratic control under the Prussian Governor Horn after 1863 to the extreme of police persecution under Russians like Muravyev, whose name became a byword for cruelty in Polish Lithuania about the same period. The history of rebellion and repression in Ireland is almost monotonous by comparison.

There are many other contrasts and similarities between the two countries on their different scales. Like the Irish, the Poles had a name for incapacity to govern themselves, and it was due to the fact that they remained in a condition of pre-nationalist and pre-industrialist development while their powerful neighbours, the Prussia of the Hohenzollerns and the Russia of the Romanovs, were quickly being modernised. Like Ireland, Poland was awakened to Nationalism by the French Revolution, and it is instructive for Irish readers to study the part played in the Polish movement by Freemasons and Illuminati. As in Ireland, so in Poland, nationalism came decked out in the splendour of Romantic poetry ; but Ireland never reached the same heights in poetry as Mickiewicz and Slowacki, nor did her nationalism ever come near the " messianic " level that distinguished Poland among all nations. The great difference of course was that Poland's ordeal was so much shorter than Ireland's, and that she entered it with her aristocracy and its language and traditions intact.

As is by now well known, the Cambridge method of writing history has its defects as well as its excellences. One obvious and unavoidable drawback is unevenness as between the contributors, which often produces brilliant little chapters sandwiched in between large areas of comparatively uninspired chronicling. Another is that one too often feels that one is getting too much detail for the ordinary student and not enough for the specialist. In the *History of Poland* the latter drawback is almost inevitable, but the former is on the whole admirably avoided. There are of course differences in style and manner of treatment, but the general level is quite remarkably high, and the critic can only complain of such insignificant details as the use of " Republic " in one chapter and " Commonwealth " in another to describe the old Kingdom of Poland.

A more serious defect is again one which is inherent in the whole Cambridge scheme, but is even more glaring in the case of Poland than elsewhere. It is the lack of any account of the religious life of the people and its part in shaping their history. Naturally religion is referred to, and full justice is done to the careers of men like Konarski and Kollontaj. But of the Church as an institution and of the impact on it of mohern forces such as the Enlightenment and its product, nationalism, there is hardly a word—if we except a repetition, in Professor Rose's otherwise interesting chapter on social life before the Partitions, of the old charge that the Jesuits were in part responsible for Poland's ills. The volume has three useful maps, but only one bibliography, added as a note to Professor Dyboski's chapter on literature, art, and learning since 1863. This is again an unusual feature in one of the Cambridge Histories.

M. T.

A SHORT HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1920-1939. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Oxford University Press. 1942. 12s. 6d.

IN five hundred pages the author traces the political history of every continent from the Peace Treaties to the non-aggression pacts. The survey is extraordinarily well planned and executed: the Royal Institute of International Affairs is to be congratulated on its decision to entrust this necessary enterprise to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy.

This is the third edition of his book. The first was published in 1934, the second in 1938. The author suggestively remarks of the post-war settlement that "the road along which the world was to travel was paved with the very best intentions": it has been unfortunate that each of his previous editions appeared just in time for one of the sharpest and steepest descents on that road. In this edition he has very properly confined himself to the most necessary corrections, so that the hopes and fears of pre-war politics should not be overlain by reflections on their realisation. In all too many cases the irony of those hopes, the justice of those fears, will impress the reader.

In a survey of this scope it is clearly impossible to notice all, or nearly all, of the currents and cross-currents of the pre-war years. So many institutions, so many men, have lost or gained or lost and regained their reputations that already it is difficult to recapture the political assessments of the early thirties. In those years Mussolini considered the French Army to be the strongest in the world; he himself was chiefly known as the restorer of the Italian State, the innovator of corporative reform. Tourists still found that German tanks were made of cardboard; the Little Entente still dictated the economics of Austria and Hungary. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald had just saved Great Britain from the Bolshevism of Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Bevin; the British people still basked in the thought that they could trust Baldwin. In later years the pace of change grew quicker still. Yet one may recapture much of these feelings in the skilful compression of this book. To the present reader it seems that the author has especially succeeded in his treatment of two great experiments, either of which could have secured peace had they not fallen into utter disaster, the Disarmament Conference and the policy of appeasement. It is indeed a triumph to revive things that were never more than half-alive.

One feels that much of the political development surveyed in this book is of almost antiquarian interest, so far removed it seems from the world that we see to-day and are promised for to-morrow. Necessarily much of the first two parts, covering the 'twenties, is devoted to the League of Nations. It makes gloomy reading. It seems a pity that, as this survey is purely political, no mention is made of the International Labour Office which did, and does even now, represent the greatest degree of international co-operation yet achieved.

It must not be thought that this survey is confined to Europe. The intermittent Sino-Japanese quarrel is fully described; the progress of Indian nationalism is faithfully set out. The author is especially effective in his description of the dualism of United States political isolation and financial intervention that so unhappily ended in the defeat of the latter. The conflicts of Jew and Arab, of Paraguayan and Colombian are narrated with equal lucidity. One thing the reader will not find—anything more than a passing reference to this country. On the whole, we ought to be thankful for that.

J. F. M.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR SCHOOLS. Vol. I. (A.D. 30-800). By Rev. J. Mahony, S.J. Educational Co. of Ireland. 1942. 2s. 9d.

ONE of the most obvious tasks that awaits Catholic educators in this country is the re-interpretation of all History, and especially European History, in the light of Catholic and Irish tradition. Irish boys and girls—as any who have taught them will bear witness—are keenly interested in the problems of history. We may not as a nation have any very marked aptitude for technical scientific research into documentary evidence. Indeed documents as such make little appeal to our people. But there is an intense interest in the major issues of European History, which comes as a shock of pleasant surprise to those who have to face a class of Irish students or to correct their examination-papers. One English examiner put it to me in these words: "I envy you your work over here in Ireland. In England we might as well be teaching Mathematics as History, but here the problems are all so alive." No better ground could await the seed of a sound Catholic education.

But text-books are the real difficulty. For almost every period of European History the text-books most commonly used in our Irish schools have been written by Englishmen or Americans who lack sympathy with everything that means most to Irish boys and girls. Nor is it easy to supply the want by a new series of Irish Catholic text-books, for the very simple reason that the limited Irish market makes it difficult to produce text-books that can compete, in excellence of printing and presentation, with the best modern school books produced elsewhere. None the less, the task must be faced; and it is obvious that the problem of a suitable text-book for classes in Church History is more urgently in need of solution than any other. The late Dr. McCaffrey produced a book which has long been used in Irish schools and was a real boon in its day. But it was not the work of a practical teacher, and there has been felt for some time past the need of a new text-book, covering the same ground but in a manner better adapted to the intelligent interest of young boys and girls.

Father Mahony has now attempted to supply this need in a series of small volumes, of which this is the first. His aim is clear and well-conceived—just to tell the story over again, with an eye in particular to Irish Catholic boys and girls. He is faced, as all compilers of such text-books are faced, with the awkward fact that the first three centuries of Christian History include—apart from the undyingly beautiful tales of Christian martyrdom—some of the most difficult and complicated controversies of Church History. But he has done his best, in a style that is simple, pleasing and most readable, to tell the story in a manner that will interest young readers; and he has given far more scope to the story of the conversion of Britain, Ireland and Scotland than is usual in such books. Here he has had the very great advantage of consultation with Father John Ryan, S.J.—whose own books have done so much to make this early period familiar to young Irish students of History.

We wish Father Mahony every success in his new enterprise, and we hope that the remaining volumes of this series will appear within the next year or so. There is need for them, and there is reason to believe that they will meet with a warm welcome in Irish schools. A. G.

LIMERICK PRINTERS AND PRINTING. Compiled by Robert Herbert, City Librarian. Limerick: Published by the City of Limerick Public Library. 1942. 2s. 6d.

THIS may fairly claim to be a pioneer work—the first attempt at a complete bibliography of the press and all its productions in an Irish provincial town. Into 62

closely printed quarto pages Mr. Herbert has contrived to pack an extraordinary amount of information. Here are the contents of the book :—A Chronological List of Limerick Printers with (the titles of) all the known specimens of their printings, A Chronological List of Books printed anonymously in Limerick ; A Chronological List of Limerick Newspapers with the location of existing copies ; An Account of a famous Limerick Paper Mills ; A list of some Limerick book-binders ; A list of some Limerick book-sellers.

Much of this information will prove interesting and curious, not only to Limerick people but to the Irish public at large. Incidentally it throws much light on Irish town life from about 1673 to the present day. Most readers will, I think, be astonished at the quantity and variety of the printed matter produced in Limerick—especially by such printer-publishers as the Goggins, the McKerns, the McAuliffs and the Watsons. Between 1716 and the present day no less than thirty different newspapers were started. Many of them, it is true, were short-lived.

This is a work of painstaking research and an excellent piece of spade-work. Its production is a credit to Limerick printing. It will be followed, it is hoped, by a second part dealing with books by Limerick authors and by a third dealing with books about Limerick. Mr. Herbert has set a headline which deserves to be copied. S. J. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHRISTIANITY IN DAILY LIFE. An Outline Philosophy of Life. By Rev. H. V. Gill, S.J. Dublin : Gill. 1942. 3s. (wrapper), 4s. (cloth boards).

THIS book appears at a singularly opportune moment. A world in ruins is a grim commentary on the claim of materialism to have created new heavens and a new earth ; and even amid the ruins we still hear the last foolish echoes of that cry of triumph. The sciences of observation have indeed achieved wonderful things, of which mankind can justly be proud. They have travelled " up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate," but though they have " many Knots unravelled by the Road," they have left unravelled " the Master-knot of Human Fate ". Indeed, that knot is in what seems like a hopeless tangle. And at such a time there must be many even among those without any religious affiliations, who will welcome this simple, clear, and uncontroversial statement of the Christian theory of life ; the one basis, as the Christian believes, on which a world can be built in which harmony and happiness would take the place of—what we see in the world of today.

It is the great merit of this book that it expounds this philosophy in simple and very persuasive language. The whole explanation of human life and society is Love, the friendship of God for man, the Divine espousal of our race. The exposition of that theme, and its development through the coming of Our Lord and the foundation and working of His Church, form the substance of the book. Those who are familiar with Fr. Gill's writings will recognise his knack of leading the reader in a leisurely way along what seems an easy path, until looking back he is surprised to find how much ground he has covered and how many hard sayings he has, almost unconsciously, assimilated.

It is to be hoped that this book will fall into the hands of many without the Church who are searching for the truth. But most of its readers, doubtless, will be Catholics. For them it should do a valuable service by deepening and clarifying their understanding of the part Christianity plays, and the part it ought to play, in the life of the world. If all Catholics had this knowledge, how many outside the fold might not be helped and guided ! M. F. E.

CHALLENGE FROM YOUTH. By Rev. Richard S. Devane, S.J. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1942. 10s. 6d.

THE past decade has seen progressive efforts, on the part of our Government, to tackle the problem of youth. Initially, attention was focussed mainly on idle youth. From 1933 onwards, unemployed young men (amongst others) were given a weekly allowance of a half guinea. The danger of money for nothing was apparent, and after a few years an attempt was made to substitute work for dole. A camp was established at Clonsast, and the idle youth of Dublin were given a chance to work on a turf-cutting scheme at a guaranteed minimum wage instead of drawing dole. The response was poor and the results disappointing. Later the Construction Corps was formed. More recently we have seen the initiation of Comhairle le Leas Oige and the Dublin Unemployed Youth Centres. These schemes and the results have given many of us food for serious thought.

Over the past ten years I have had intimate, almost daily, contact with idle youth at the Employment Exchange in Dublin and have frequently, too, seen another phase of the problem at the Criminal Sessions in Green Street. I have had personal interviews with thousands of idle young men, and through the courtesy of the Minister for Defence I have, on a succession of " Surprise " visits, seen the Construction Corps at work on the spot. This is a good background against which to measure the practical worth of Father Devane's *Challenge from Youth* and to test the merits of its conclusions. I am in entire agreement with these conclusions.

Challenge from Youth is an extraordinarily well documented study of the technique and ideology of youth organisations throughout Europe. Each country's system is examined objectively; the philosophy underlying each is lucidly expounded; and the moral for Ireland is clearly indicated. The account is carefully impersonal throughout. This is a book that should shape policy. Its purpose is to awaken a wider interest in youth—in the general public, in our Deputies and Senators, in our Local Authorities, and in teachers of every educational status. It provides invaluable data for all those who have to deal with the problem of youth in Ireland.

Father Devane envisages not merely unemployed youth but youth as a whole. In some three hundred pages, embellished with interesting pictures, he has given a masterly account of modern youth movements. He shows how well—or ill—the problem has been dealt with in the democratic, totalitarian and authoritarian States. At page 18 he says: " Most modern states have seen through the mental fog of economic liberalism and the resultant commercial exploitation of youth which blinded them to the almost criminal neglect of those in their teens. As a result they have set up youth organisations into which a new type of education—general and physical, and specially suited to the formation of character in the adolescent—has been integrated. Unfortunately, however, in some States the economic exploitation of youth has been set aside only to make way for ideological and militarist exploitation; and, in addition, the vital factor of the Christian religion has been hostilely excluded, rigidly ignored, or admitted with hesitancy." *Throughout the book emphasis is laid on the need of an ideology* in a national organisation of youth—but it must be the right ideology.

The author has, it is submitted, made a complete case for the establishment of a national co-ordinating body, which will learn and apply the technique of integrating the Christian philosophy into an Irish youth movement. Such a body would co-operate with the State to ensure that all our youth were taught by experience that " work is not only a means of earning money but is the basis of national life "—to ensure that they would learn the dignity of labour neither from Hitler nor Stalin but from Him Who " emptied Himself in order to become a working man." Such a body would see that there was evolved a *corps d'élite* of Youth Leaders, drawn

from all classes and thoroughly imbued with Catholic ideals. Our history, remote and recent, is full of examples of heroic self-sacrifice. Surely in our day it is not too much to expect that youth be given a lead to work for Faith and Fatherland? How give them this lead? Read *Challenge from Youth*; it is a timely contribution to national thought. Its message is urgent. If you are concerned about the shape of things to come, read it and study it. TADHG MAC FIRBHISIGH

THE MIND OF THE MAKER. By Dorothy L. Sayers. London: Methuen. 1941. 6s.

IN this book Miss Sayers applies her acute mind to a real detective problem. Her *corpus delicti* is the universe and her problem the traditional "who done it?" She professes to find a clue to the nature of the Maker *of* the Universe in the nature of the maker *in* the universe, the creative artist. The pre-existence of a book, for example, in the writer's mind comprises three elements: the Idea of the book itself, the provision of the Energy or Activity that must go to its production, and the Power or Impression wrought by the concept of the finished work upon the writer. These seem to be the conditions necessarily presupposed to making in general, and so they are to be inferred also in the Maker of the world. In God therefore there is a Trinity of realities corresponding to Idea, Energy, and Power. And just as there is an autobiographical element in the work of most writers, so too the Maker of the world is likely to express Himself in external material guise in an Incarnation of Himself. Yet finally the book must be read by others and this will be the revelation of its Power, corresponding to the revelation of Pentecost in which men were given understanding and the other gifts.

Miss Sayers has on the whole a sound grip of orthodox dogma (no one will refuse her the benefit of the doubt over a few ambiguous expressions). Her insight into the working of the writer's mind is still more lucid—indeed, as we should expect, quite expert. It is the coordination of the two that gives rise to doubt. The Idea-Energy-Power triad does not seem to entail the relations of opposition necessary to make the terms attributable to the three really distinct Persons, and in this respect falls short of the traditional attribution of Essence, Idea, and Love. Indeed, St. Anselm notwithstanding, the Trinity still seems to be a mystery the existence of which we could not even suspect without revelation. In other words the natural world gives no clue to this aspect of the nature of God.

However all is clear when we advert to the nature of the analogy Miss Sayers is urging between the Divine Trinity as such and Its image, the human mind, for this analogy is confessedly a metaphor. A metaphor need be no more than a mere name for the unknown, like the word *canis* applied to the star and to the animal; but it may also represent a *real* resemblance between the things to which it is applied. It seems best therefore to regard Miss Sayer's book as a rough explanation of possible vestiges of the Blessed Trinity in creation—an explanation of the more-or-less-like-this-perhaps type. It is a good working theory for Wimsey but not strong enough for Parker to put before a jury.

The book therefore has the definite value of refreshing the interest of its readers in truths of fundamental importance, even if those readers fail to find its illustrations fully convincing. It has many subordinate values. Its literary criticism, even when commonplace, invariably illustrates its point and it is generally enlightening and penetrating. Certain digressions too—on unemployment, for instance—represent an outlook that is far in advance of most modern thought. Finally (and in some anticipatory alarm) let me add that Miss Sayers's petulance with those who misunderstand her seems to be incompletely justified. A. L.

(The list of books received has been unavoidably held over)

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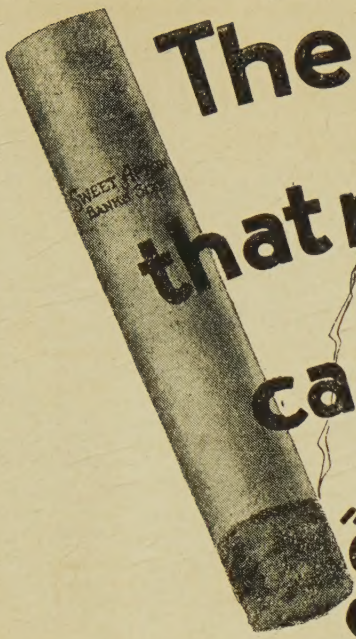

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